

EAT ALL YOU WANT AND REDUCE—PAGE 19

Chatelaine

MAY 1953 20 CENTS

FOR THE CANADIAN WOMAN



Bargains in
glamour vacations
—Page 24



See Page 16
A new complete
romantic novelette

Page 13—Prince Philip
in color for framing,
companion piece to Chatelaine's
portrait of the Queen.
Also Hector Bolitho—
"The Queen's Consort"



What to do after the
doctor leaves
—Page 28



MRS. STANLEY MANN

This lovely Canadian bride says: "I always protect my complexion with Camay all-weather care."

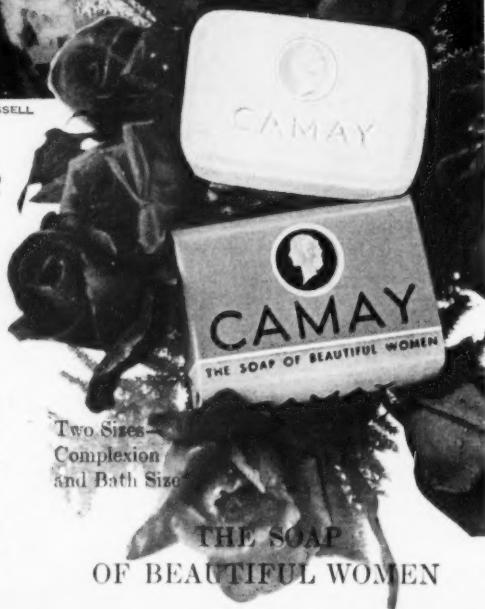
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women.



DRYING SUN



CHAPPING WINDS



FREEZING COLD



CHILLING RAINS



Our March cover-girl weds, our London leg woman works overtime, and a man outstitches seventy women.

Chatelaine Centre

Come to the Coronation. A whole year ago we started work on our Souvenir Coronation Issue. Rex Woods, an outstanding Canadian artist who is a noted stickler for accuracy, has been painstakingly creating our cover, constantly firing questions about the royal scene at Mollie McGee—shown on parade outside Buckingham Palace, above. These have kept Mollie, a Canadian turned Londoner, busy hop-checking about the palace beat for two months. Meanwhile, back in Canada, short-story writer Scott Young was writing a Coronation fiction story and poet Nathaniel Benson was composing a special tribute to "Elizabeth II, of Canada Queen." Three more salvos in our salute are the final article in Hector Bolitho's series, this one The Queen and the Coronation; an analysis by Canadian-in-England Marjorie Earl of the Queen Mother's new role, and a particularly appealing sketch of young Princess Alexandra of Kent, the "tomboy" princess. If you can't be there in person, why not join us in our June view of the big goings-on?

Airwoman Takes Off. The happy ending to Chatelaine's March story, "The Air Force Puts Romance To Work," is evidenced above, as Cpl. Douglas Stead slips the ring on the finger of our model airwoman, Gerry Campbell. Our story told how girls like Gerry can now get married and stay in the Air Force, but just to prove the best-laid plans of the Air Force, Gerry and Chatelaine can go wrong, marriage meant retirement for Gerry, after all. Husband Douglas is an instructor at Camp Borden but Gerry can't be posted to that station because it isn't a flying station.

Doubly Honored. Our art director, Stanley Furnival, has won the highest editorial award for art directors in Toronto's Fifth Annual Art Directors' Show. You might remember the winning layout. It was for Mazo de la Roche's story "Boy in the House," illustrated by Oscar Cahen. He also walked off with a Certificate of Merit Award in the Montreal Art Directors' Show for his layout of "The Fishy Mr. Kessinger" which appeared last May.

Hidden Identity. Mrs. Arnold Mathews, whose story on page eighteen tells how her minister husband coached her in her dieting until she dropped thirty pounds, is already a well-known writer under a pseudonym. As Nancy Cleaver she writes a syndicated column, For Parents Only, which runs in twenty Canadian newspapers, and also broadcasts frequently over the CBC.

Nagged Author. Charlotte Moore's first fiction piece in a major Canadian magazine appears in this issue. Charlotte tells us she lives with her husband and fifteen-year-old son on a mink farm near Duncan, B.C., and works half-days at writing. She says her husband and son are "keenly interested in my writing and positively nag me to keep it up." If nagging will produce another piece of the sincerity of "Don't Cry, Little Girl" on page eleven, we're all for it.

Child's Play. Why don't they make lightweight dolls' carriages that fold away for children in apartments . . . or dolls' clothes with big buttons little fingers can manage . . . or child-size dishes? These are some of the questions the

Citizens' Committee for Children in Ottawa has been asking toy manufacturers. The Committee, headed by Mrs. Polly Mackay-Smith, has published a bright little guidebook for buying children's toys called "What's What for Children," which can be bought for one dollar.

Royal "Mug Up." Rev. William Peacock, superintendent of the Moravian Mission in Labrador and his wife, Doris, are enjoying great popularity among the awed Eskimos of their congregation. Rev. Peacock once mentioned that in England he had lived about two hours' journey from Buckingham Palace. The Eskimos, translating this into terms of dog-team hauls, have concluded the Peacocks were practically living on the Palace doorstep. They are quite convinced that when their minister goes home, he drops around for a "mug up" of tea and biscuits with Elizabeth and Philip, which is the neighborly custom in Labrador.

Man-Made. At the Ryerson Institute of Technology in Toronto, which operates the only fashion school in Canada, one of the brightest pupils is a man. Kenneth O'Neill's latest project is a dress, cut from a Simplicity pattern such as those that are featured each month in Chatelaine, with an O'Neill-designed hat to match. The girls in the class modeled their own dresses, but Mr. O'Neill, being slightly handicapped here, got one of the Institute secretaries to model his (see above) and walked off with an honorable mention.

Chatelaine Centre offers \$5 to \$10 for humorous anecdotes. No contributions can be returned.

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Frame the color photo (page 13) of the Duke of Edinburgh to hang alongside Chatelaine's portrait of the Queen. Cover design by Oscar.

Chatelaine

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Reader Takes Over

"The Timely Subject of Royalty . . ."

I'm a third-generation Canadian too, but can't understand Canadians like Mrs. Scott and Mrs. Thomas (March, Reader Takes Over) objecting to information about the royal family. Anything that's beautiful and idealistic today should be welcome. For every canceled subscription, may you find ten new ones due to the March issue.—*Phyllis Dixon, Meota, Sask.*

The noisy well-organized minority who do not appreciate our royal family should leave Canada. The rest of us would say "Good riddance."—*A. E. Hughes, New Westminster.*

Fully agree with your two readers. I too am bored sick with articles on the Queen and the Coronation.—*Mrs. A. Thibault, Alder Flats, Alta.*

Enjoy your articles on the Queen and would like to see more. If British royalty doesn't interest Mrs. Scott, perhaps articles on the Kremlin would.—*Miss F. M. Harris, Smiths Falls, Ont.*

Thanks for Photo of Queen

There are thousands in Canada who disagree with your disgruntled readers. Keep up the good work, and thank you for the lovely colored photo of the Queen.—*Mrs. P. Moores, Glace Bay, N.S.*

I glow with pride when I read of the royal family and may God help us if we didn't have such a fine example.—*Mrs. A. Snyder, Edmonton.*

I'd much rather read about the romance of Elizabeth and Philip than some movie star . . . Already have the beautiful color picture on the wall.—*Mrs. M. Megrin, Montreal.*

The Queen has been much overdone. It's simply a rehash.—*M. Johnson, Mt. Dennis, Ont.*

The Canadian people don't know enough about the royal family. The more you write about them, the more they'll learn.—*Mrs. E. Kitchener, Toronto.*

What's wrong with these Canadians who are bored by British royalty? As a Canadian, and I'm proud of it, I say God Bless the Royal Family and Long Live the Queen.—*Mrs. A. Seelye, Charlotte Co., N.S.*

Four more pages about the Queen in March Chatelaine! We are Canadians, and would like to read about Canada.—*Florence Ball, Cedar Valley, Ont.*

Your magazine is doing a wonderful job making loyal Canadians better acquainted with their Queen.—*A True Canadian, Halifax.*

Please stop sending me your magazine. Almost every page is an advertisement for the Queen. She is no god to worship. Then why put her all over the pages of every magazine? You'd think no one was ever crowned before.—*Mrs. R. Dueck, Lethbridge.*

I am looking forward to what Chatelaine has to say about the Coronation.—*D. G., St. John's, Nfld.*

(See Chatelaine's Souvenir Coronation issue next month.)

My main reason for renewing my subscription, among others, was because I was sure Chatelaine articles on the timely subject of royalty would be choice. So don't disappoint the many who have a deep interest in one of the few remaining really solid institutions left in this world of tottering ideals.—*M. Robinson, New Westminster.*

Why do the two readers whose letters were published in March "rip" into an article they do not like? No periodical can please everyone—*Constance G. Stein, Montreal.*

Enjoy all articles on the royal family, but the March cover is too much. Why mix our Queen's lovely face with fish and awning stripes?—*W. M. P., Toronto.*

Airwomen Aren't Man-hunters

I heartily disagree with the article you tagged with the flashy title, "The Air Force Puts Romance to Work." The majority of us are not wooed with love, sambas and free wedding invitations, but with lectures (educational and cultural) and with C.C.'s or extra duty. The tommyrot you wrote may be true in rare cases, but the majority of us did not join up to rope a man, but to wear Her Majesty's uniform with pride, and to find security, adventure and most important, a career to be proud of.—*AW. D. L. Hayden, Sunnyside, P.E.I.*

Don't know where the author of the Air Force story got his information, but the girls in the last war were treated just as well or better. The present-day girls have us beat with pay—that's about all.—*L. Mason, Edmonton.*

Prize Bought a Chair

Thank you for the worthwhile course in home-decorating you published last fall. I learned a great deal from it, and it made us all decorating conscious.—*M. F., Toronto.*

I thoroughly enjoyed taking part in your decorating contest, and—as a winner—that provincial and rustic decor passed approval. My husband and I are keenly interested in this type of interior decoration and have been experimenting with our own pine stain on some unfinished captain's chairs. As a matter of fact your cheque purchased one which we have christened our "Chatelaine" chair—*Mrs. J. D. Templeman, Corbyville, Ont.*

Can't help expressing disappointment in the two prize-winners. From entries all across Canada, how could you choose these two neat but blank and uninspired rooms?—*J. L. Loring, Hamilton.*



How "young" will they be at 65?

YOUNG PEOPLE today have an excellent chance to live beyond their sixty-fifth birthday. Already there are over a million Canadians who are past 65. Within 20 years it is estimated that there will be over a million and a half.

Most of these people can look forward to being healthier, happier, "younger" after 65 than people of that age have ever been. This has been made possible chiefly by medical advances. Most communicable diseases of childhood, for example, have been substantially controlled by immunization.

In addition, new drugs, improved surgical techniques, and better methods of diagnosis and treatment have ushered in a new era of health for people of all ages.

If you are one of those to whom the words "old age" conjure up an unpleasant picture, you are likely to be heartened by the views of authorities. They say that old age need not be endured; that it can actually be enjoyed. This depends largely, however, on what you do to safeguard your health.

Over the years, adjustments in diet may be desirable. While the quantity of food required in later life usually becomes less, the need for the essential proteins, vitamins, and minerals for body upkeep and repair remains unchanged.

Moreover, proper diet is a safeguard against overweight which burdens the heart and often paves the way for diabetes, arthritis, and high blood pressure.

Of course the best way to conserve good health is to place yourself under your doctor's care and go to him for a periodic

health examination as often as he recommends it. Through early diagnosis of troubles just starting, he may not only bring you relief, but add years to your life.

By following you through the years, your doctor will also come to know you as an individual . . . what your personal problems are, what strains your work places on you, what your reactions are in times of stress. Such information is of great value to the doctor in solving many health problems.

The doctor can also advise you about your daily habits — such as getting plenty of rest and sleep and practicing moderation in all activities. With his advice, you may find yourself with renewed mental and physical energy for certain activities that you may have given up because you felt "too tired" or "too old".

Enjoyment in later years — especially those spent in retirement — also rests to a great extent upon one's mental attitude. This is why it is important to keep up your outside interests, including hobbies. Such activities will help keep you young in heart and young in outlook.

Medical science has given us the means to prolong our lives. It is up to us to make use of up-to-date medical knowledge. At no time of life should we take good health for granted. Rather, we should plan and work for it, just as we do for the other worthwhile things of life. By doing so, more and more of us can anticipate being "young" at 65 . . . and perhaps even in our seventies, eighties, and nineties.

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Cortisone Makes A Comeback

A discredited "wonder drug" has won back its good name again since doctors learned that smaller daily doses can put helpless arthritics — safely — back on their feet

HELEN MURPHY, a housewife in Dawson Creek, B.C., had barely turned thirty-five when she began to suffer crippling pains which soon put her to bed where she remained, helpless, for nearly a year. Neighbors rallied to do her housework and help care for her two school-age children—but Helen Murphy's torture only grew worse.

Yet today, exactly a year after she first began taking a daily dose of one small white tablet of a new prescription, the Dawson Creek housewife is happily looking after her own family again. She is free from the disabling symptoms of rheumatoid arthritis which a few years ago might well have rendered her helpless for life.

The case of Helen Murphy writes a heartening new chapter in the story of a so-called wonder drug which was publicly acclaimed as a hero in 1949, then later almost denounced as a villain. Today doctors have learned better ways to use cortisone, and the related substance ACTH, for safer and more lasting benefit of arthritis victims. But before medicine mastered the proper application of the two hormones, some of the first patients treated were prematurely and falsely headlined as "miracle cures;" whereas actually these sufferers experienced disturbing side effects which made continued treatment impossible.

It was after years of painstaking research that Dr. P. S. Hench of the Mayo Clinic in Rochester, began the use of the now-famous "Compound E" (cortisone) and injected a trial dose in a woman who was a hopeless arthritic cripple. Three days later she went on a shopping spree.

This and other early patients, all chosen because of their seemingly hopeless condition, became almost delirious with joy. In many cases

their pain stopped instantly. They felt highly elated and excited. Published pictures of the transformation amazed the whole world. Doctors warned that cortisone was not a cure but a treatment, that the crippling pain would return when treatment ceased—and the drug was then obtainable only in minute quantities.

But worse news came with experience. As the treatment was continued, some patients temporarily developed high blood pressure and diabetic symptoms, while women experienced stoppage of menstruation, obesity and hairy growth on the face. All these side effects ceased when the treatment was discontinued, but some patients developed more lasting and more alarming troubles, such as rarification of the bones (causing them to break easily). Worst of all, the arthritic's first elation too often gave way to deep mental depression.

Gravely concerned, the medical researchers sought for ways to control these side results. Cortisone they knew to occur naturally in the body as a secretion of the adrenal gland. It became obvious, however, that the large-dose injections of cortisone then being given (in the neighborhood of 300 milligrams) were seriously upsetting to the patient's emotional as well as physical balance.

So the doctors started cutting down on the dosage. They found that by administering as little as seventy-five milligrams (in some cases even fifteen) of cortisone daily, the benefits to many sufferers were only somewhat less dramatic and ill effects much less frequent. Pain didn't vanish immediately; but within days it dwindled away and with it went the swelling and the stiffness, while

appetite and strength increased. Most important of all—by removing the pain, the little daily dose of cortisone made it possible for the joints to be exercised, and wasted muscle restored.

The one serious disappointment in the small-dose technique of cortisone treatment is that there are many patients with rheumatoid arthritis which it will not help at all. These patients require too large a dose to make continued treatment feasible without courting serious complications. So far, doctors have no way of telling in advance which cases can be helped, but while less severe cases generally respond best, numerous cases have occurred of arthritics being helped after twenty years' severe illness. And those patients who cannot be helped by cortisone can in a great many cases be successfully treated by longer-established methods.

Helen Murphy was one of the fortunate group who can be helped by "the little daily dose" of cortisone. Another factor working for her was the achievement of research chemists in mass-producing cortisone in tablet form so that it can be taken orally, rather than by injection, at a relatively economical cost of two dollars a day or somewhat less.

However, the new treatment might never have been available to Mrs. Murphy, living in the remote Alaska Highway town of Dawson Creek, if her doctor had not been able to call upon the knowledge and services of the Canadian Arthritis and Rheumatism Society. The society's west coast branch, which pioneered such work in Canada, made arrangements to fly Helen Murphy the nearly nine hundred air miles to Vancouver last May. After a month in a general hospital her treatment was continued at the physical rehabilitation centre operated by the arthritis society in Vancouver. It was here she began to take the daily tablets of cortisone, which gave such relief from pain and stiffness she was also able to undertake the rest of the standard arthritic program—physiotherapy, wax baths, diathermy and hydrotherapy.

By the end of October Mrs. Murphy was well enough to go back home, where she continued to take the cortisone tablets under the watchful direction of her own physician. Then gradually the drug was tapered off as the disease responded to the heat, massage and exercise which might have been too much for her to stand without the temporary relief from pain provided by the cortisone.

Today Helen Murphy pays high tribute to her doctor and the society. "It was just wonderful how everybody seemed so interested and worked so hard for me," she declares. "I never thought I'd walk again." *



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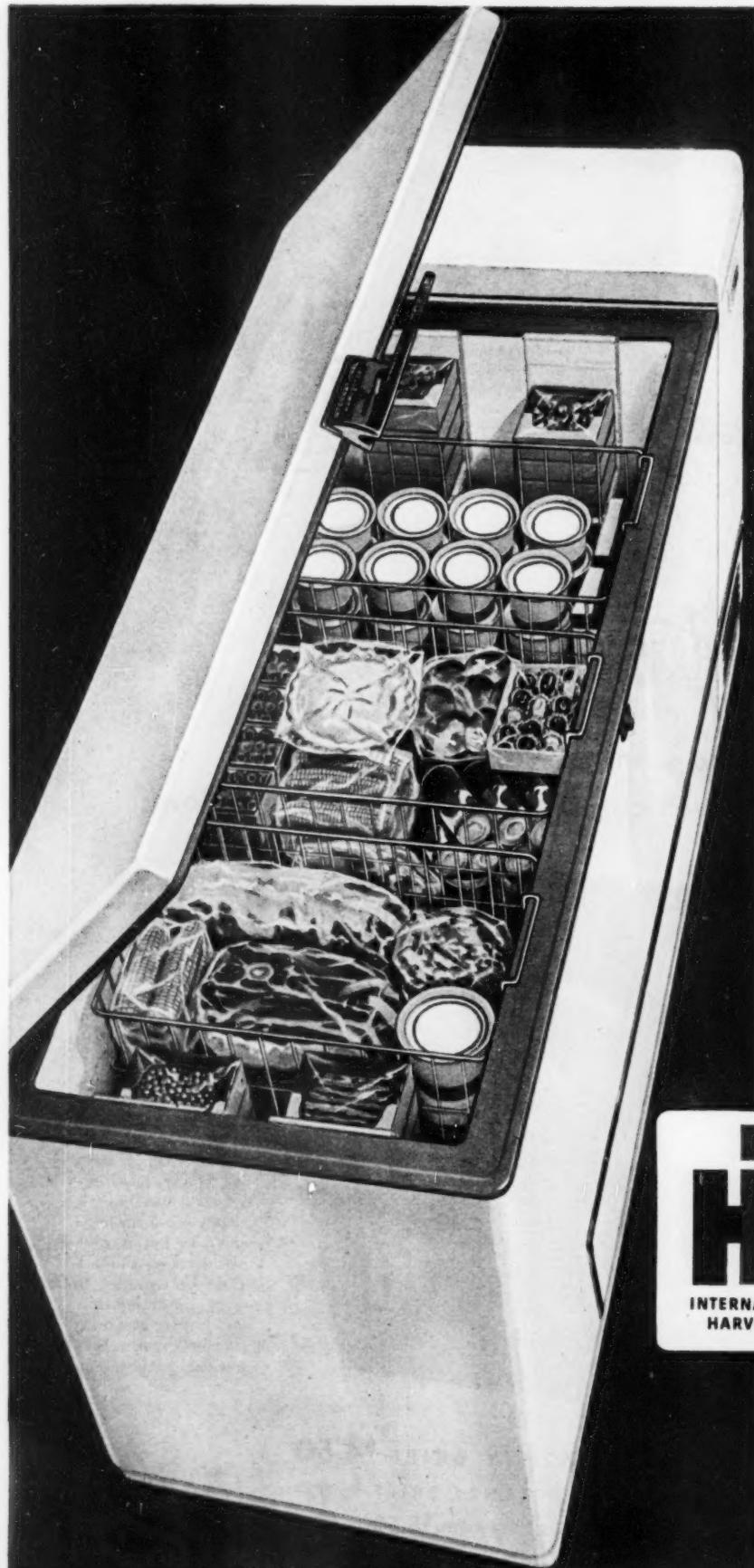
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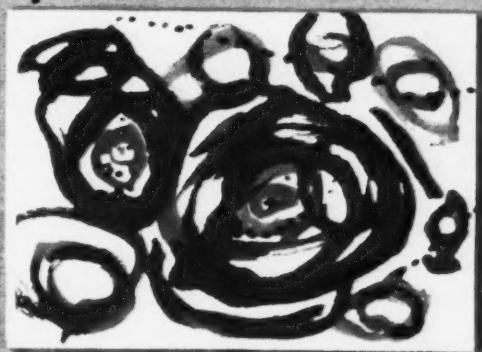
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John Coucill and nine of twenty paintings in his show.

ONE-BOY SHOW

A Toronto three-year-old who likes to paint colorful fish, train signals and sunshine, is being "hung" in the flashy Odeon Toronto theatre, which likes to hold art shows. His artist parents say his work shows the creative fun a child can have, given proper tools.



"*Flying saucers?*" John's mother asked when he painted picture above, but he said "No—those are eyes for the people." Most of his pictures look like abstracts, but his "Fish" and "Birds on a Fence" are three-year-old attempts at realism.

An opening calls for dignitaries and Mayor Lampert arrived to congratulate John and his designer father, Walter Coucill. John showed mayor his "Fish," outlined in bright green with a tangle of red "insides." Bright paints keep child interested.

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CHATELAINE — MAY, 1953

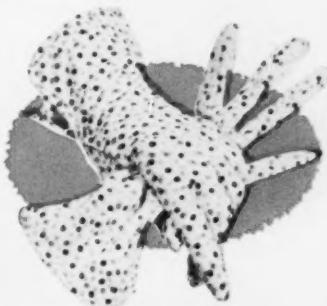
**new ways
to easy-living**
by Nancy Nylon

I often wish the old custom of dancing around the maypole would be revived! It seems to me nothing could be more expressive of the way we all feel in this lovely month than to dance around a gaily painted pole decked with ribbons! And holding garlands of flowers! Fanciful, yes—but such fun.

But one thing ladies who danced around the maypole didn't have—is nylon dresses! This one, as pretty and delicate looking as the first spring violets is actually



as sturdy as a dandelion. You can wear it, wash it, never need to iron it—yet it will look fresh and sweet all summer long. And of course, it dries in minutes. A crinkly printed sheer, it's but one of many, many delightful nylon dresses you'll find in stores everywhere, in a wide variety of fabrics and fashions.



Most everyone feels that every day is mother's day—but May 10th is the special occasion when we show our love and affection with a gift. Nylon gifts are real Mother's day gifts because they are, like mothers, both wonderful and sensible! These printed gloves are so smart and pretty, and of course, you'll find dozens and dozens of styles and glove fabrics to choose from.

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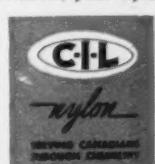
Another dandy idea for Mother's day or any other day, is one of these new nylon tricot blouses. It's a heavier weight tricot than we've been seeing up till now—and looks just lovely. This pretty style is trimmed with fluting and couldn't be more becoming. Look too, for the wonderfully tailored classic shirtwaist in heavy tricot—so smart with slacks or shorts, and such a gay summer companion 'cause it will wash beautifully, need little or no ironing.



Spring cleaning? Redecorating? Remember nylon is the up-and-coming fibre in upholstery fabrics. Wears like iron, easy to keep clean and very, very handsome.

And speaking of spring cleaning and looking after things, I've a little book called "The Care of Nylon". Tells all about keeping nylon garments looking fresh and new. If you'd like one, just write to me, Nancy Nylon, Dept. 77, P.O. Box 10, Montreal.

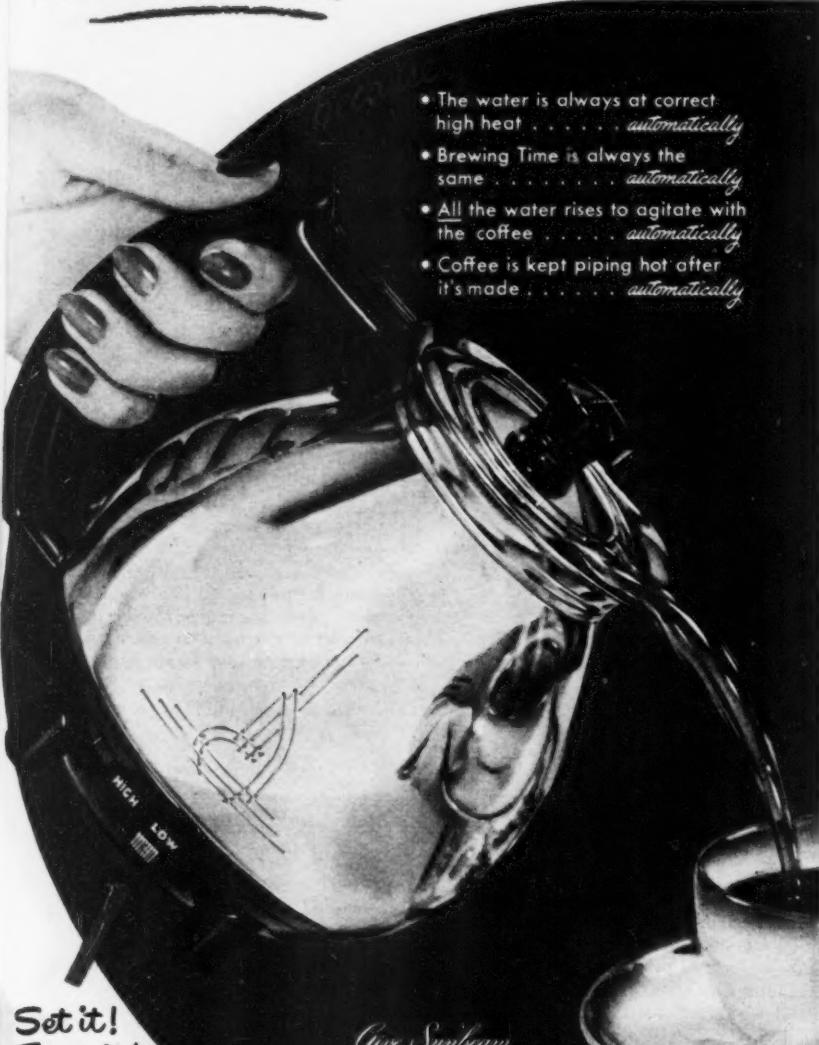
If you are (and who isn't) buying flags to deck your home for the Coronation, I know you'll appreciate my suggestion that you buy them of nylon. For nylon flags are not only very bright and gay, but they wear and wear, and when it rains, your nylon flag will dry in no time and look clean and fresh, and fly gaily in the breeze.



Sunbeam AUTOMATIC COFFEEMASTER

**Is your assurance of a Perfect Cup of Coffee
...EVERY TIME!**

- The water is always at correct high heat automatically
- Brewing Time is always the same automatically
- All the water rises to agitate with the coffee automatically
- Coffee is kept piping hot after it's made automatically



**Set it!
Forget it!**

Shuts off by itself
when coffee is done
... then resets itself
to keep coffee hot
AUTOMATICALLY.

Only the Coffeemaster gives you correct water temperature, agitation and brewing time *automatically*—the secrets of delicious coffee. Whether you make one cup or eight, you always get the same clear, taste-tempting perfection, *automatically*. All of the water rises to agitate with the coffee. Not a drop ever remains in the lower vessel to dilute the coffee when it comes down. Sunbeam Coffeemaster is a vacuum-type coffeemaker and the ONLY one that gives you this important advantage—it is not percolator. Be sure YOUR coffeemaker is the Sunbeam Coffeemaster to get the assurance of the same perfect cup of coffee every time. The *truly* automatic coffee-maker. See your dealer.

*Give Sunbeam
and you give
the finest*

No
watching!
No
guesswork!



All you do is put
in the water
and coffee and
set it.



The switch auto-
matically clicks
off when coffee
is done and re-
sets to keep
coffee hot.



Remove the
brew top and
you have the
loveliest of serv-
ers...for every
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TOASTER



SHAVEMASTER



MIXMASTER



IRONMASTER



WAFFLE BAKER

ONE-BOY SHOW *continued*



Artist and mother enjoy interest of Elsa Jenkins, CNE Women's Director; and Dr. C. D. Gaitskell, Ontario's director of art education. He said, "A child of three isn't ready to draw and should be free, like John, to have fun with colors."



John paints with bright liquid watercolor dyes (only three colors at once, a brush for each) on good drawing paper. With a blotterlike paper, skimpy brush and cake paints a small child gets the colors muddled and will soon lose interest.



Irma Coucill, painting landscape, and son John, invade daddy's studio. John usually wears an apron, with newspapers on floor. Small muscles not yet developed, John works in free-swinging style requiring long brushes, large sheets of paper.

BIRKS

*T*oday's bride is tomorrow's hostess! That is why she wants—and needs—wedding gifts for her table.

Whether it be sparkling crystal, fine china or her favourite pattern in Birks own sterling . . . you'll find the pattern she prefers at your nearest Birks store!



George II Sterling Silver, six-piece place-setting, 30.75.

Georgian Sterling Silver Condiment Set, Three-pieces, with spoons, 41.50.

Royal Crown Derby Bone China, Medway pattern, four-piece luncheon setting, including teacup and saucer, 10.15.

Water Goblet, Georgian pattern, hand-cut English Crystal, Each 2.75.

The Engagement Ring and Diamond-set Watch are representative of Birks wide selection.

HALIFAX • SAINT JOHN • QUEBEC • MONTREAL • OTTAWA • SUDBURY • TORONTO • HAMILTON • LONDON
ST. CATHARINES • WINDSOR • WINNIPEG • REGINA • SASKATOON • EDMONTON • CALGARY • VANCOUVER • VICTORIA

BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN FOR CANADIAN WOMEN



MEALTIME is one time when the entire family is together . . . so it should always be a delightful occasion. To make the most of it, remember this . . . a lovely centerpiece and pretty table arrangement "set the stage" for a gay mood and "happy talk." And now . . . a "Maybasket" of Buy-Lines:

JHE WISEST WIVES I KNOW do their spring cleaning with "LYSOL" Brand Disinfectant . . . for it *cleans house and kills germs* at the same time! And it's so quick and easy . . . by simply adding a few tablespoons of double-action "LYSOL" to your wash water as directed, you safeguard your family's health and do a wonderful job. That's because "LYSOL'S" soapy detergent action quickly whisk away dirt and removes stubborn spots . . . while its penetrating germicidal action seeks out and kills dangerous disease germs that lurk in cracks, corners and even in the invisible pores of painted walls and woodwork! The cost is small, too . . . "LYSOL" actually cleans house and kills germs for only a few pennies a room. So don't take chances with ordinary disinfectants . . . insist on double-action "LYSOL"!



FREE BOOKLET . . . "First Aid and Sickroom Guide." It shows you over a dozen ways to treat sudden household emergencies . . . truly invaluable. You really should have a copy . . . so see OFFER #1 in box.

I'M STILL SINGING the praises of that amazing new OGILVIE 4-Way Vitamin-Enriched Flour . . . for this one white flour is *right for all baking*! It's the *only* white flour you need . . . whether you want to bake fine pastry, fluffy cakes, fresh white bread, fancy sweet rolls or all four. Imagine . . . now you no longer need to keep two or three kinds of flour on hand . . . just this one! I can assure you, too, that New OGILVIE 4-Way Vitamin-Enriched Flour is perfectly milled and scientifically blended to guarantee success with all your baking . . . *all the time!* It also means low-cost protection for your family's health . . . because it's enriched with iron plus thiamin, niacin, riboflavin. Try it . . . soon.



FREE . . . Master Baking Recipes for bread, cakes, pastry and sweet rolls . . . which can be used in any number of ways with variations and additions of your own. I think they're so marvelous I want you to have them . . . so see OFFER #2 in box and write for your copy today!

YOU'LL STRIKE IT RICH at meal-fixing time . . . once you "discover" KNOX Unflavored Gelatine! But don't take my word for it . . . get a package today and try the recipes enclosed. Do that and you'll know why I call it my "prize package" . . . for I learned long ago that KNOX is the secret of deliciously different salads, des-

serts and main dishes to freshen up your menus . . . yet saves you time, work and money! But, as I've told you before, KNOX is the world's leading unflavored gelatin and is:



made from scientifically selected bone stock . . . is all protein with no sugar! Of course that means surer success with every recipe, too . . . is well worth the slight extra cost. In addition, KNOX recipes provide health-giving protein, vitamins and minerals that are missing in factory flavored brands. You'll be delighted, I know . . . so get a package of KNOX Unflavored Gelatine today . . . and surprise your family with a wonderful treat tonight.

ALL IN FAVOUR of foods with a bright flavour follow the same rule . . . they use WINDSOR SALT in the kitchen and at the table! And once you try it you'll understand why . . . for WINDSOR SALT actually makes all the difference in the world between dishes that are so-so and those that are so delicious! I find that WINDSOR SALT helps you out in so many different ways, too . . . such as improving the flavour of fresh pork. Just do this . . . you'll see what I mean.



Before you cook the pork, sprinkle it with a small handful of WINDSOR SALT and let it stand for one hour at room temperature. Then rinse the pork and bake it . . . your taste will tell you how luscious it is. And if I were you I'd also put a pinch of WINDSOR SALT in all sweet-treats . . . it will make them taste doubly tempting! So take my tip . . . to brighten the flavour of the foods you serve, use WINDSOR SALT. It's always free-running, you know . . . and iodized!



I LIKE TO BE A GUEST after meals . . . not spend a lot of time in the kitchen slaving over a sinkful of dirty pots and pans. That's why I'm so hankful for magic S.O.S. . . . for it not only cleans them, but makes them shine . . . in "no" time. In fact, I've tried everything . . . but nothing cleans aluminum with such speedy ease and efficiency as S.O.S. I'm not exaggerating . . . these Magic Scouring Pads really "whiz" through crusted, burned-on food . . . even cut the stubbornest grease like magic. Furthermore, S.O.S. does all this . . . without any hard rubbing. And here's the secret . . . S.O.S. is a magic combination of sturdy interwoven fibres and grease-dissolving soap. Since the soap is in the pad, S.O.S. cleans and polishes . . . at the same time. But only seeing is believing . . . so try S.O.S. soon! Then your own eyes tell you I'm right . . . it's the simplest way in the world to clean the dirtiest pots and pans fast . . . leave them sparkling clean and shiny bright!

SPRING TABLE SETTINGS are as varied as the sunset this year . . . at some parties I go to there are gaily colored pottery and rough woven peasant mats . . . at others, floral china and pastel organdy or snow-white linen and fine-patterned glassware. But there's one pattern that *all* my hostesses seem to follow . . . they always "serve" SWEET CAP CORKS. And they're the most delightful cigarette I've ever smoked . . . so rich in flavour and so wonderfully, wonderfully mild! In fact, SWEET CAP CORKS are so mild that last night I



asked my host (who knows about these things!) to tell me the reason why and he explained it like this . . . saying that only a fresh cigarette can be truly mild and since SWEET CAP CORKS are always fresh they're always truly mild! And with their extra-wide band of smooth cork at the tips, they're so smart looking . . . so-o-o smooth to your lips. I'm sure you'll like SWEET CAP CORKS, too . . . try a pack soon and see.

YOU'D LOOK LOVELY with a glorious suntan . . . it's flattering to all women! And you can tan beautifully (without burning!) the very first week-end if you use SKOL . . . for this grand suntan lotion "shutters out" the sun's skin-searing rays and "filters in" just enough of the ultra-violet rays to give you a radiant tan. SKOL lets you tan in languorous comfort, too . . . because there's no oil film to pick up sand. But if your skin can't "take" the sun, I urge you to use SKOLEX . . . an amazing new sun allergy cream that "screens out" all ultra-violet rays so you can enjoy the sun without any after effects! That's right . . . SKOLEX completely protects even the most sun-sensitive skin. And if you neglect SKOL protection and get a burned forehead, nose or elbow, apply SKOLEX . . . it will protect the burned spot while you have fun in the sun! So use SKOL for a glorious tan . . . SKOLEX for protection! Both at all Drug and Toiletry Counters.



HOILDAYS SHOULD BE HAPPY DAYS . . . and they will be if you let the BANK OF MONTREAL help you with your going-away problems. That's what I always do . . . but let me explain. First of all, the minute I get home from one sojourn under the sun, I start building up my B of M Sunshine Account again . . . for it's the safest, surest way I know to save for next year's holiday! And I never worry about leaving our precious silver and other valuables at home, either . . . we simply leave them with the B of M for safe-keeping.



in its vaults. It costs oh-so-little, too . . . just a few cents a day. As for worries about losing our money while traveling, we eliminate those by buying B of M Travellers Cheques . . . because even if they're lost or stolen, nobody can cash them without *our* counter-signing them. But why say more . . . if you really want to eliminate vacation problems, see "My Bank." There's a neighbourhood branch near you . . . and they'll be glad to give you all the information you need.

MOTHERS, REJOICE . . . for here's some really good news for you. Just listen . . . now you can get a dozen CURITY Diapers for only \$4.95 . . . the same *low price* you paid before the trouble in Korea! I'm as excited about this as you are . . . for we all know that two dozen



CURITY Diapers do the work of 3 dozen of other brands. But let me tell you why . . . it's because CURITY Diapers are made of a special Layettecloth with a surgical weave . . . which makes them amazingly absorbent and as soft as a fleecy cloud. I've discovered, too, that they're easy to wash and dry in a wink . . . better in every way for baby and you! And this isn't just my opinion . . . CURITY Diapers are endorsed by mothers, medical authorities and hospitals.

SPECIAL SAMPLE OFFER . . . so you can prove to yourself that I say about CURITY Diapers is true. It's yours almost as a **GIFT** . . . see OFFER #3 in box and enclose 25c. I'm sorry . . . but only one diaper to a family.

WHAT'S YOUR CHOICE in a car . . . economy plus safety plus beauty? Then a HILLMAN MINX is for you . . . because it "boasts" a bounty of all three! To begin with, it gives you *more car per dollar* when you buy . . . and *more miles per dollar* when you drive! You just can't match a MINX . . . at any price. And as for safety, you're protected by tough British steel all around . . . as well as with brakes that stop at your slightest suggestion. A HILLMAN MINX is a real beauty, too . . . with



smart new 1953 styling, "big car" comfort and roominess you don't find in ordinary small cars. And I've never known a car that was as much fun to drive . . . it glides through traffic and up the steepest hills with the greatest of ease and parks in a space hardly bigger than a quarter. What's more, if you're going to England or Europe, you can buy your HILLMAN MINX here and have it delivered promptly any place you wish . . . then ship it back home *freight free!* Ask your Dealer all about it.

Write Nancy Sasser, 50 King St., W., Toronto 4.
 OFFER #1 . . . Free LYSOL Booklet . . . "First Aid and Sickroom Guide."
 OFFER #2 . . . Free "Master Baking Recipes" . . . OGILVIE 4-Way Vitamin-Enriched Flour.
 OFFER #3 . . . Sample CURITY Diaper . . . enclose 25c, please.

Don't cry Little girl



They might live on your street — these two nice kids who grew up too fast

DORRIE WESTWOOD turned from the stove and crossed heavily to the window. Time to pull down the shade and turn on the light, bill or no bill. She started to reach across the card table laid for two and pushed close against the sill, remembered that she could no longer make it and sidled along the edge, bumping awkwardly against a chair.

She paused, her hand on the shade pull. That boy and girl on the corner under the street lamp, holding hands, swinging them a little, two bundles of books under the boy's arm. Now he was handing the girl one bundle, bending to place a swift, shy kiss on her forehead. Now they were moving away from one another. Reluctantly, lingeringly.

Only a little while ago she and Biff had been like that. High-school kids. Biff in cords and lettered jacket, she

in a tartan skirt and sweater. Biff still had letters on his jacket but they spelled out the name of a filling station. She still wore a two-piece outfit but the top was very loose and full. And from the way she had been feeling today she would not be wearing it much longer. But she mustn't panic, mustn't assume that each new sensation was the beginning of the final warning.

Dorrie turned from the window and switched on the light. She glanced at the clock. Another fifteen minutes before Biff would be home. Really, the room wasn't too bad at all, now, she was thinking as she sat down in the one comfortable chair the furnished flat afforded. Biff had painted the walls a mellow rose, the woodwork a soft grey. Though it was primarily the

Continued on page 37

BY CHARLOTTE MOORE
Chatelaine presents a new Canadian writer

THE QUEEN'S CONSORT

BY HECTOR BELL

WITH AN EXCLUSIVE COLOR PHOTOGRAPH

The first man in the realm is a simple, forthright sailor who shares his late father-in-law's love of the sea and dislike of "that damned red carpet"

ON JUNE 21, 1926, I went to the 100th birthday party of General Sir George Higginson, in his garden at Marlow, by the Thames. He fascinated us, as he tapped the knob of his walking-stick with thin, restless fingers, and said, "Yes, I was patted on the head by King George IV when I was three years old. And I can remember the black ribbon being put round my hat for King William IV's funeral." Then—"I can remember riding in Windsor Park with the Prince Consort, soon after his marriage. He was the handsomest young man I have ever seen. A brilliant young man. But the people weren't very nice to him—being a foreigner."

The story makes us realize that we, "the people," have grown in wisdom since then—that we have learned to accept a second "foreign" prince consort, who has won, in a handful of years, esteem and public approval for which the wretched, virtuous Prince Albert had to wait until he died. He wrote, in 1839, when he was about to marry Queen Victoria, "My future lot is high and brilliant, but also plentifully strewn with thorns." The Duke of Edinburgh might write, in 1953, "My future lot is high and brilliant, but already safeguarded by private harmony and public affection."

In many characteristics the Prince Consort and the Duke of Edinburgh are alike: we observe in both a seriousness of purpose, a sense of duty, a tendency to moralize, and the blessing of domestic virtue. The Duke can repeat Prince Albert's boast, "I wish you could be here and see in us a couple joined in love and unanimity . . . Become as happy as we are, more I cannot wish for you . . . I have formed a prize life for myself." In no sense could either of them be compared with Queen Anne's consort, of whom King Charles II said, "I have tried him drunk and I have tried him sober, but there is nothing in him." In one aspect, the Prince Consort and the Duke of Edinburgh are vividly unlike. We know, from a hundred photographs, that the

Duke thrives on laughter. The Prince Consort had no sense of humor: a crime comparable among the English—only with treason and cruelty to animals.

In tracing Prince Philip's descent, we could easily become lost in the foliage of his family tree. It is sufficient if we remember that, with Queen Elizabeth II, he shares Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort as great-great-grandparents; that his great-grandmother was their second daughter, Princess Alice, who married the future Grand Duke of Hesse-Darmstadt. She was no ordinary princess: she was unusually wise in her relationship with her less emotionally controlled mother, and she was quite "advanced" for a Victorian woman in that she took up medical studies and anatomy. She even attended a series of lectures on Voltaire, and afterward allowed them to be published and dedicated to her. There was no stuffiness in this branch of Prince Philip's family. Of more immediate interest is his own family name—Mountbatten. For several generations the Mountbattens have been devoted to the hazards and pride of the sea and, when the time came, it was their ancestral voice that commanded Prince Philip in choosing his career.

The changing backgrounds of Prince Philip's education might have confused a less determined boy. He first went to an American kindergarten and an American primary school in Paris, then to an English preparatory school, at Cheam in Surrey, where he remained until 1933, when he was twelve years old. Then to a remarkable school, at Salem in Germany, which had been created by Dr. Kurt Hahn, the educational reformer. Dr. Hahn played, in a milder way, the role that Baron Stockmar had played with Prince Albert; he was the first considerable influence on Prince Philip's mind, during sensitive and formative years.

Hitler, and Prince Philip's sense of humor, were the next reasons for a change. Dr. Kurt Hahn's ideas, and his school, were anathema

to the Nazis: he was imprisoned, and then banished. He went to Scotland, where a group of sponsors, who included John Buchan (Lord Tweedsmuir) and William Temple (later Archbishop of Canterbury), established him and his lively educational plans in a school at Gordonstoun.

In the meantime, at Salem, Prince Philip developed an embarrassing vein of humor: whenever he saw anyone give the Nazi salute, he "roared with laughter." He was admonished, and he subdued his mirth to a grin. His elder sister thought it best to hurry him across the Channel, where he could laugh as he chose. She took him back to the care of Dr. Hahn—at Gordonstoun—and remarked, "We thought it better for him, and for us, if he returned to England right away." We need not trouble with details of these school years: it is enough to quote the comment of his headmaster, "He was often naughty, never nasty"; and the report of his instructor in seamanship, who wrote: "He is one of the most efficient members of the Seamanship Guild at Gordonstoun, and he can be trusted to take charge of a cutter under oars and sails. He has taken part in two of the school's sea expeditions, the first to Norway and the second cruising on the West Coast of Scotland. During these cruises he proved himself to be a cheerful shipmate and very conscientious in carrying out both major and minor duties. He is thoroughly trustworthy, not afraid of arduous work."

After Gordonstoun, Prince Philip went to Dartmouth as a naval cadet, in 1939, and for the next few years his life story ran almost parallel with that of his father-in-law, King George VI, who went to Dartmouth twenty-eight years before. Prince Philip served with the Navy, at sea, for the duration of the war. King George VI had served in the Battle of Jutland and had been mentioned in dispatches for his "coolness and

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Chatelaine Magazine

May, 1953

H.R.H. The Duke of Edinburgh

CUT HERE FOR FRAMING



Gene Tierney munched lunch while interviewed.



Dana Andrews said opera trained his voice.



Hedy Lamarr was friendly despite a bad cold.

THEY'RE ALL IN MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK

Want the Queen's waist measurement, a singing garbage collector, or a shop that sells buffalo meat? They're all in my little black book — and I'd be as lost without it as without my mike



by CLAIRE WALLACE
Radio, TV personality

UNDER E, in my little black book is written: Elizabeth, Queen, measurements—bust and hips thirty-four inches, waist twenty-four, skirt length thirty inches. Might come in handy, I thought when recording it a year ago.

As it happened, I haven't required this information but two other persons have been glad to obtain it from me—an art editor busy on pre-Coronation illustrations and a thoroughgoing schoolchild who, when asked to write an essay on the Queen, decided to get right down to basic statistics.

Want to know how to build a mud house? Or hear about the time Claire Wallace was suspected of an imaginary murder? Need the name of a good whistling instructor, or a taxidermist who will mount a shrunken human head for you?

In a life of writing and broadcasting newsy human-interest stories, I never know when such assorted information

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Frank Sinatra kept calling Claire "dear."

Bette Davis wore a lucky charm from Canada.

Gable's unlisted number is no secret to Claire.



A complete novelette by Charlotte Edwards

Joan was held prisoner
by her own pride — and only the
man she loved could set her free

The Golden Circle

THE FADED BROCADE DRAPES were pulled tight to the wide recesses of the windows. The walk-in fireplace pushed a vigorous warmth and a flickering light across the breadth of the old room, softening the worn spots, adding gleam to the peeling places.

Joan Ellison lay on two big pillows before the fire, her head on her folded arms, a book in front of her, and the record player surrounding her with the fine brave harmonies of a Brahms Concerto.

Three stories up, in the attic which he kept locked even when he was in it, Uncle Jasper worked on one of his eternal and unseen paintings. Beside his door were the thin brown sandwich and the small glass of wine which he allowed himself for lunch, and which Joan arranged carefully on the silver tray each morning as she finished the meagre breakfast dishes. Uncle Jasper was set until sundown.

She sighed and stretched. Hard-won serenity was a taste in her mouth, a sweet flavor that trickled down to her heart, making it feel limp and loose and easy in her breast. She pushed her hand against the smoothness of her long pale hair, and if for a brief trembling moment her content was rippled by the unwanted remembrance of another hand, fine and strong and masculine, it was far away and an echo.

The music lulled suddenly. Into the near silence rumbled the sound of trucks.

"I ought to get used to them," Joan said to herself in the calm reasonable voice she used for such talking. "I ought not to hear them, after all this time."

She could remember far enough, to the days when the old town of Villamont was quiet with itself, when the stone house, their house, on the edge of town, was a sanctuary surrounded by the lawns that were then trim, by the clipped bushes, the paths, the filigreed iron fence. She could see Aunt Mandelon serving tea to friends from the city, her starched white piqué skirts making patterns as she moved or sat. And there was only the tinkling sound of silver and the voices of ladies, to mingle with the birdsong.

The trucks were hushed now, covered by the sound of bass violins, of booming chords. It was then she heard the knuckles on the satiny wood of the front door. They sounded determined, and as if they had been pounding for some time, growing more impatient with each thump. For a moment she sat still wondering. Not many people made their way to the door of Uncle Jasper's house. Not any at all really, since Aunt Mandelon died.

She pulled herself slowly to her feet,

continued on page 73

Illustration by Len Steckler



*In his arms, Joan stood
very still, waiting.
"My dear," he said, "I've
been a complete fool."*



Mrs. Mathews before she reduced, and after.

I was a worried overweight
with a weakness for nibbling
between meals—and I
couldn't stick to a diet. But I
shucked off thirty pounds
in three months when



MY HUSBAND HELPED ME TO REDUCE

I LOST THIRTY POUNDS in less than three months. When I think how simple it was, once I learned the trick, I can only shake my head about those other times I tried and failed.

The time I won—and there's been no backsliding since—it was because my husband helped me to reduce.

"It's not that you lack any determination at the start," he told me when I bemoaned my futile attempts to lose weight. "Where you weaken is in the long haul." Then, seeming to realize that the greatest hazard faced by anyone on a diet is that "alone-against-the-world" feeling, Arnold said, "This time I'll help you stick to it."

He did, too, and without starving himself in the process. I was the only one who went on the diet, but Arnold helped me work it out and produced a simplified eating chart to save me

BY EVELYN MATHEWS

counting calories. (He knows I have enough trouble keeping the family accounts straight.)

He also suggested three little stunts designed to keep me on the straight and narrow—a daily score card of everything I ate, a weekly weight chart, and a regular Monday checkup session when together we reviewed my progress . . . and my failures.

Most important, my husband stayed with me right through the long haul, as he had promised. He discovered handy detours to take me around the minor obstacles I met along the road—a way to stick to my diet without insulting my hostess when we were entertained; and a substitute for those midmorning and midafternoon snacks so many housewives can't resist.

And Arnold showed surprising grasp of feminine psychology when, at the hazardous halfway mark, he bought me a new suit two sizes too small, so I'd have a goal to work my way into.

The day I went on my reducing diet I weighed one hundred and fifty-eight pounds. In a little less than three months the bathroom scales, when I stepped on before dressing, registered one hundred and twenty-eight. I have a heavy frame and this is the weight at which I feel most fit.

I'll never be exactly willowy and even at my worst I was scarcely in the fat-girl class. Actually, I was a not-far-from-average middle-ager, beset by a bad case of middle-age spread. It happens to so many women that I wonder more of them haven't hit on my solution.

But when I told one friend about our system she declared, "Bill teases me so about being

plump, I'd never mention reducing to him!" Exclaimed another, "My husband thinks women who talk about diets are the worst possible bores." Said a third, with a hint of self-pity, "Men don't have to stay home and cook so they have no idea how difficult reducing is for a woman."

Yet my husband and I proved that two will powers are better than one—and lack of will power is certainly to blame for most reducing failures. However, I shouldn't give all the credit to Arnold. It was the frank remark of my nine-year-old daughter which started me thinking about losing weight this last time.

I was dusting my wedding picture on the dresser, in our Peterborough home, when Rosemary observed with a little giggle, "What a pretty dress, Mummy! Bet you couldn't get into it now."

I laughed at the mental picture of me squeezing into my white lace bridal gown, for I weighed precisely one hundred and twenty when I wore it at my wedding. But I didn't laugh very hard. Being fat is never very funny to the person concerned.

Boys and girls growing up today are more figure-conscious than their parents were when they were young. I doubt if many modern girls will let themselves get overweight either before or after marriage. But I know how easily it can happen.

After my wedding, more regular hours and every cook's habit of "just a taste" when I was baking and preparing meals paved the way for my downfall. My husband was a young United Church minister so we were entertained quite a lot and we loved to have friends in. On these special occasions it just seemed impossible to say "No, thank you" to second servings.

Then, too, although there is a popular modern theory that overweight may be caused by inner tension and hidden misery, I suspect that the reverse is often true. Overweight, from my own experience and also from my observation of quite a number of wives, frequently creeps up unawares on the happily married woman.

It is so much more fun to have good company for meals than to eat in solitude. Contentment helps relaxation and digestion.

Even now, although I am determined to keep my weight below one hundred and thirty pounds, I show an increase if I am careless about what I eat for a couple of days. I will admit that my resistance to munching candy is at a low ebb not only when I am enjoying company but also if I am fatigued. It is so easy to rationalize, "I'll have more energy," or say like the toper Rip Van Winkle, "I won't count this time!"

The arrival of three babies was no help to my figure. My friends assured me, "You'll soon go down to normal," and I went down—but not quite to normal. A year after my second pregnancy I weighed four or five pounds more than I had before. After my third child's appearance, to my horror I reached an all-time high of one hundred and seventy-two pounds.

Fortunately I

Continued on page 66

YOU CAN

LOSE TWO POUNDS A WEEK

ON THIS DIET

... AND EAT ALL YOU LIKE

Without counting calories you can lose weight by following this simple diet, broken down as Evelyn Mathews' husband showed her, into three basic food lists. Tear out this Chatelaine diet sheet and pin it up in your kitchen. It has been checked by expert nutritionists and modified where necessary to make it generally suitable for anyone wishing to reduce. Actually, Mrs. Mathews lost more than two pounds a week, but most doctors and nutritionists think two-a-week is a safe maximum.

Eat as much as you like of:

Lean meat, poultry, liver—cooked in any way but without added flour, breadcrumbs, gravy or thick sauces. Cut off any visible fat.

Fish—fresh, frozen and canned (except sardines and tuna), use no fat in cooking and no sauce. *Eggs*—boiled, poached, scrambled in double boiler or raw—at least one a day.

Vegetables—all kinds, fresh, canned or frozen. No fat in cooking or serving.

Salads and tomatoes without oil, dressing or mayonnaise.

Fresh fruits and water-packed canned fruits. No fruits packed with sugar, no dried fruits. One serving of citrus fruit or their juices daily.

Sour pickles—no sweet pickles.

Clear soups, bouillons or meat extracts.

Salt, pepper, mustard, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce—no other sauces.

Saccharine for sweetening.

Water or soda water.

Tea and coffee—milk only as allowed below.

Eat these in limited quantities:

Skim milk or buttermilk—one pint a day. No cream or whole milk.

Bread—up to three average slices of whole wheat, dark rye or cracked wheat bread per day. *Potatoes*—one small potato a day, provided it's boiled, steamed or baked in its skin, *never* fried, French fried, roasted or as potato chips.

Fish liver oil—enough to give you 3,000 to 5,000 units of vitamin A daily, in capsule or liquid form.

Eat none of these:

No butter, margarine, fat or oil except for cooking meat.

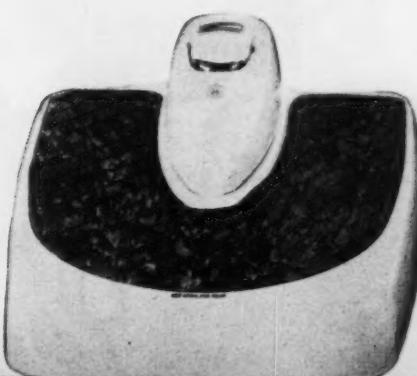
No sugar, jam, jelly, marmalade, honey, syrup, candies, chocolate, cocoa.

No puddings, ice cream, canned fruit (except water-packed), dried fruits, nuts or peanut butter.

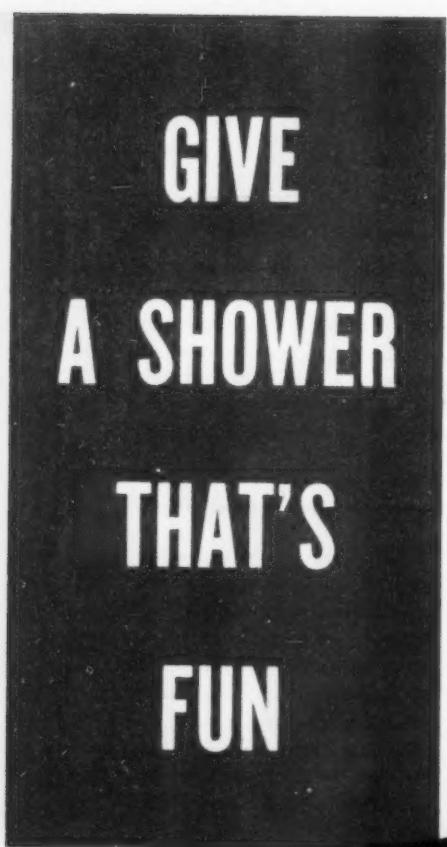
No bread (except as above), no cake, biscuits, rolls, buns, doughnuts, toast, patent reducing breads, cereals, oatmeal or similar foods.

No barley, rice, macaroni, spaghetti, sausages or cheese (except cottage).

No soft drinks—or beer, wine or spirits. (If you're a teetotaler, like Mrs. Mathews, the last will be no hardship; if not, be warned that alcohol in any form is loaded with calories.)



The poet said "Love is full of showers"



Hurry, hurry, hurry for

THE CARNIVAL SHOWER

THE CARNIVAL SHOWER comes to a bang-up climax as the bride-to-be pops the balloons one by one, plucking from each a tiny scroll bearing a verse to guide her to a hidden gift: "Beside the window and under the chair, you'll find a gift for a happy pair." The shower is sure to start with delighted exclamations from all the guests at the charm of your novel carnival setting. Yellow terry cloth suggests the sawdust of the circus ring. The centrepiece and base for the balloons is an ingenious circus tent you make up from a child's cut-out book (at stationery counters)—or a toy merry-go-round. Ask your record shop for hurdy-gurdy tunes or circus machines, as background music.

The carnival menu begins with thick vegetable chowder, topped with crisp popcorn. Guests help themselves to ham rolls and cool, tart carnival salad. These make a bright red and green whirligig around the clown's head (a masquerading cookie jar). There are also pinwheel rolls, and ice cream with Harlequin sauce. (Carnival recipes on page 58.) Costume of bride-to-be in printed tie silk with contrasting collar and ascot, by David Taub, Montreal.

Fashions by Rosemary Boxer

Table Settings by Marie Holmes

Food by Peggy Stroud



Fill yours

GIVE
A SHOWER
THAT'S
FUN

with new gifts and gay ideas



The crowd buy the bride's favorite china—and invite her to brunch.

THE BRUNCH SHOWER

IDEAL FOR an office group working the five-day week is the Saturday Brunch Shower . . . and perfect if the girls club together to start the bride-to-be on her favorite pottery. From there on everything follows in reverse. The bride unsuspectingly brunches off her own china, later helps to wash the dishes, delightedly discovers they're all hers as the set is packed away—complete with gift card. The last moment of this shower becomes its brightest.

Clothes are all casuals for this patio party. The bride's skirt of mattress ticking with over-all two-tone Swiss embroidery. Others in braided, striped and tucked Canadian denim. Toppers are pique or matching denim. Designed by Jeanne Campbell for Michael Segal, Montreal.

Patio setting and table accessories by Simpson's.



Catch! The bride-to-be helps dry her own dishes . . .



. . . and watches as they're gift-wrapped.



Presenting the gift? That's last on the program.

Everybody's put to work—including the bride

MENU:

- Fruit Cup in Grapefruit Baskets
- Cheese and Rice Bake
- Tiny Sausages
- Orange Coffee Cake
- Lovers' Knot Rolls
- Coffee

GIVE
A SHOWER
THAT'S
FUN

*The gifts,
the food,
the decorations—
all have a globe-trotting
touch at*

THE TRAVEL SHOWER

Beaucoup fun, amigos, and aloha . . . It's Chatelaine's version of the progressive party where everybody goes together to buy the perfect honeymoon gift—a travel case—and (so that nobody gets all the work) three girls are elected to turn their living rooms into French, Mexican and Hawaiian sets with posters, sombreros, flower leis, native foods and as much foreign flavor as imagination and ingenuity can concoct. One course of the evening's meal is served at each stop and the travel case is dismantled in advance and presented in sections.

FRANCE The first port of call finds the gang fenced in by French tourist posters obtained from travel agencies. An entrée of delicious Vichyssoise and toasted French bread is served and here the bride collects the first installment of her gift—a tray fitted with plastic cosmetic jars and bottles. She won't know what it's all about yet but she will know there's more to come. Her hostess (centre) is wearing a silk and acetate party dress with a scooped neckline and full dirndl skirt. The bride (right) is wearing a dress in the same fabric with a deep vee neckline.

MEXICO The next stop finds the party in the land of the sombrero and the siesta where they tie into a hot main dish of Mexican tamale pie served in an earthenware casserole with a tossed green salad and crisp bread sticks. The table setting goes native with a handwoven cloth, pottery mugs and cactus-filled carts. Here the bride collects the second installment of her gift—the matching brush-and-comb set that go with the cosmetic bottles. Guest at left wears a peppermint-stripe silk and acetate costume with pert bib and sleeve button detail.

HAWAII As the guests arrive at their final stop flower leis are tossed over their heads in true island tradition. Here the bride receives the traveling case itself and can now admire her gift as a whole. The progressive supper ends with Hawaiian Pineapple Dream Cake and hot coffee. Guest at left wears a black and white taffeta harlequin skirt over a lined black rayon sheer top. At right, a silk and acetate costume with large black and white checks and halter neckline.

All costumes by Klever Klad, Toronto.

HAWAII

Plan to hold this one early for the bride-to-be who

*will sew most of
her own trousseau*

Yesterday's sewing bee goes modern for this shower, and a bride-to-be gets a judy exactly her own size to build her wardrobe on.

Chances are the June bride who likes to sew her own clothes is probably already in the midst of making her honeymoon wardrobe—now she'll be able to finish it faster and easier with her own judy and use it for years to come.

Adjustable judys can be purchased through the mail-order houses for around \$20, so that you should plan to have at least ten guests to help share expenses. Send your guest of honor's measurements along with your order to obtain the right size and when she comes to use it, she'll

find it easy to adjust to match her figure exactly.

To add to the fun and effects, each girl brings along some small sewing-aid such as thread, pins, measuring tape, etc., to help decorate judy for her party debut.

Your sewing spree winds up on the right note with patchwork (checkerboard) sandwiches, pastry roll-ups topped off with a lazy-daisy cake and tea or coffee. (Judy shower recipes on Page 60).

Our bride is wearing a Swiss cotton sheath dress with a small bolero. Guests in the foreground are wearing pure silk party dresses and in the background costumes of crisp Swiss cotton. All by Sam Sherkin, Toronto.

THE JUDY SHOWER

The Future Mrs. laughs her delight and surprise to find her friends posing tintype-fashion around a truly made-to-order gift—a dressmaker's dummy.



All shower photos by Desmond Russell



MORE SHOWER IDEAS AND ALL THE RECIPES ON PAGES 57 TO 60



GLAMOUR HOLIDAYS AT BARGAIN PRICES

*Off-season travel can
be the business girl's
passport to paradise
if she takes advantage
of low summer rates*



Splashing in New Orleans went to the feet of the writer (left) and her companion.

1 New Orleans and Miami \$180

A bus doubles as a bedroom—but don't expect to sleep

LAST OCTOBER a friend and I took a four-thousand-mile holiday jaunt to New Orleans and Miami from Toronto. We crossed twelve state borders, dined like gourmets in world-famous restaurants, night-clubbed, slept in century-old mahogany beds in New Orleans, breakfasted on our own private patio overlooking Miami beach and did the whole trip for less than one hundred and eighty dollars each.

Our magic carpet was a grey-and-chrome, bullet-nosed bus. Our round-trip ticket cost \$67.55, averaging one and one half cents a mile. Our hotel bills were small because we were in the South in the off-season. There weren't many of them anyway because we spent seven nights sleeping jackknife-style on a bus seat. We saved money en route because meals in stations are cheap and even we couldn't carry on full-scale shopping sprees in ten-minute bus stops.

The seven nights on a bus stops most people. "How did you sleep?" they enquire. "Like babies," we reply. Ordinarily a light sleeper, I dreamed away at least twelve hours out of every twenty-four in my chrome-trimmed buggy. To help, attendants rent pillows at twenty-five cents a night.

The first night was a waking horror of draughts and aching muscles. If we hadn't maintained a polite and weary silence the next day we would have called the whole thing off. The next

night we were so tired we could have slept standing on our heads in the middle of the aisle. But although buses are air-conditioned with adjustable foam-rubber seats and foot rests we warn you that this mode of travel is not for sissies.

If you are wise, you'll have your local travel agent chart your route, and buy your ticket in advance. We didn't do any of these things. On the night we arrived at the ticket wicket and decided on impulse that it would be pleasant to ride along beside the Mississippi, the busy ticket-seller gave us two yards of tickets that took us four hundred miles out of our way on local routes and twelve hours extra traveling time. We did catch a muddy glimpse of the Mississippi for three seconds when we passed over the Memphis bridge. Advance planning would have spared us that.

You can wear almost anything on a bus — suits, cotton dresses or slacks. Dark, durable clothes that are loose enough to sleep in are best. A light top-coat is also a must if you travel in October as we did because it's cold in the northern states.

Dendre, my fellow bus-traveler, and a better organizer, carried a useful plastic bag filled with soap, towel (even the best-run bus stations can run out), comb, cleansing tissues, toothbrush and make-up. We soon adopted an efficient routine on stops. One of us would join



Miami even boasts gladhanding parrots.

By DORIS McCUBBIN

sleep the first night

the stampede to the washroom while the other saved two places at the counter and ordered food. We fought the tendency to snack at every stop. Our chief vice was squandering money on juke boxes and fashion magazines—which we couldn't read because the motion of the bus tired our eyes.

Try to get a front seat. It has several advantages. You have a picture window view of the countryside. You're first off the bus at stops. There is more room to get your feet up—which is important. One of your chief problems will be keeping your feet from swelling on long hops. If they have this tendency you had better plan on shorter distances between hotel stops.

Buses run on a strict schedule and drum along the highway at an even fifty-five miles an hour. Drivers are monuments of politeness, patience, efficiency and good humor. Washrooms are clean and well attended in most depots. In the bigger ones you can even hire a bathroom for twenty-five cents, be squirted with perfume for ten cents and buy anything from a set of dishes to a hamburger. In all stations you can check baggage in serve-yourself lockers for ten cents. Porters expect to be tipped ten to fifteen cents a bag for loading your baggage into the baggage hold under the bus.

From the time we left Toronto until we arrived *Continued on page 45*

2 Jamaica for \$300

You'll save enough by staying in a guest house to afford one luxury week end at a resort hotel

By CYNTHIA WILMOT

JAMAICA is an ideal vacation paradise for members of the aristocracy, Hollywood glamour gals, international millionaires—and you.

Sounds contradictory? Maybe—but it's true. The travel-wise career girl can enjoy all Jamaica has to offer, and that's plenty, on a total budget as low as three hundred dollars, for two weeks.

The secret lies in the magic phrase, "off-season travel." The season in the British West Indies lasts from mid-December to mid-April. During this time travelers who can afford to take extended winter vacations crowd the hotel patios and beaches. Up until a few years ago, most West Indian hotels closed down completely from mid-April to mid-December. Airlines offer tempting excursion fares. Now a summer trade is encouraged. Hotel rates plunge downward, from one third to one half less than winter prices—and that's where you come in. This is generally true from Bermuda south to Trinidad and west to Jamaica.

You may fear that a tropical island in summer would be unpleasantly warm. Yet even in July the Jamaican temperature seldom rises much above the eighties. Even then sea breezes from the Caribbean keep you cool. Mad dogs and Englishmen are safe in the noonday sun—although it's more fun to take a

siesta from one until three o'clock.

Columbus discovered Jamaica in 1492. He told the folks back home that the new land was incredibly beautiful—just as tourists have been doing ever since. There were no palm trees then (Captain Bligh of Bounty fame was to bring palms and breadfruit many years later), but there were the long miles of silver beaches which have lured Noel Coward, Lord Beaverbrook, Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, Mary Martin, Gary Cooper and thousands of others to these shores.

A little more than four hundred and fifty years after Columbus discovered Jamaica—I did. My husband, two sons and I came, saw and were conquered from the moment our plane landed at Palisadoes airport. To the south the Caribbean ocean stretched away toward Brazil. Northward, the Blue Mountains lifted their heads against an even bluer sky. Nearby gardens were a profusion of poinsettias and poincianas, blue lignum vitae, orange marigolds and bougainvillea in shades ranging from scarlet to purple. We soon realized that for once the travel folders had spread their adjectives too thin, the picture-postcard pigments were too pallid.

Since then we've been unofficial greeters for dozens of Canadian working girls and honeymoon couples. After doing the *Continued on next page*

Canadian writer Cynthia Wilmot (left) made her gay African print sundress for only a dollar.



JAMAICA *continued*

rounds with them and realistically totalling expense accounts, we've found that in almost every case Canadian visitors left convinced that a Jamaican vacation in the summer months is actually cheaper, comparatively speaking, than a holiday closer to home.

But let's get down to brass tacks. You want a vacation within your budget? Then plan to stay at a guest house instead of at a posh hotel. Book your room here in advance through a reliable Canadian travel agent. Then, using your guest house as a home base, you can sample the best of Jamaican resort life.

Running through Jamaica like a dinosaur's backbone are the mountains which cut the island in half. On the North Shore are the luxurious resort hotels. The broad highway which skirts the sea from Port Antonio westward passes Noel Coward's hillside home at Port Maria, winds on to beautiful Ocho Rios with its golden strip of resorts—Tower Isle, Sans Souci, Jamaica Inn, Silver Seas, Shaw Park and many more—and onward to Montego Bay. In the interior of the island are the cool mountain resorts at Mandeville and radioactive mineral baths.

Because all rail and bus lines seem to begin and end at Kingston, it makes a good starting point. You can stay at the YWCA for as little as a dollar eighty-five a day, three meals included, or you can be pampered and cosy at a guest house for from three dollars up. Guest-house rates, too, include three meals a day. You do your tipping when you leave—fifty cents or a dollar for the maid who does your room, fifty cents for the laundress, and lesser amounts for those who have served you in lesser capacities will be ample. The laundry is a smiling, barefoot woman who carries off your bundle on her head. Your guest-house proprietor or hotel clerk will arrange this detail for you. Prices are approximately the same as in a Canadian hand laundry. Best not to bring clothes that will require dry cleaning while you're here: Jamaican cleaners, called renovators, mean well, but sometimes a nylon or rayon that requires expert treatment comes back to you in a sorry state.

With what you save on guest-house rates you can splurge on a glamorous week end on the North Coast. The following table will give you some idea of comparative summer rates. (All rates are subject to change, of course, but guest-house prices are fairly constant.)

Kingston: Myrtle Bank Hotel—Single with bath \$13 a day. Double \$22. Guest houses—Single from \$2.30 to \$5 a day. Rates for doubles can be arranged.

North Coast: Jamaica Inn at Ocho Rios—No singles. Double with bath \$22 to \$30. Casa Blanca at Montego Bay—Single with bath, \$14 a day. Double \$28. Guest houses—Single, from \$3 to \$7 a day.

All above rates include three meals. Guest-house meals are good, though not as fancy as those served by the best hotels.

Complete lists of all hotels and guest houses can be obtained by writing to the Jamaica Tourist Trade Development *Continued on page 48*



Ronald Smith

Ruth Sanders and Mary Lewis of Vancouver model gay outfits they bought south of Rio Grande.

3 Mexico for \$400

Travel rail-bus-plane to get there cheaper. And in Mexico, never buy anything without a little canny haggling first

By MARGARET ECKER FRANCIS

FOR TWO WEEKS this summer you can become part of the pageant of a Mexican fiesta, see a bullfight, and explore romantic towns south of the Rio Grande for no more than a hundred and eighty-five dollars. That's not counting transportation, of course, but if you shop around for travel bargains, fitting bus, train and air schedules together, your whole vacation, from the time you leave one of the nearer Canadian points, such as Vancouver, can cost you less than \$400.

You can do it, because two Vancouver schoolteachers and a school nurse recently did. Mary Lewis, Dorothy Kennedy and Ruth Sanders traveled south of the Rio Grande at Christmastime to have a fortnight in the sun between school terms, but already they are planning a return trip to the land of the Aztecs and Conquistadors one summer soon. Although prices vary little throughout the seasons, ten percent at most in the large centres and little or nothing elsewhere, the travelers now know that, with more time, they could seek out the remote, hidden historic

towns off the beaten track, where living can be less expensive. Climate, they also found out for you who can only travel in summer, need not be a problem. The seasons are not sharply defined at any time, with year-round, springlike weather on the high plateaux where the large cities are, and even at the tropical seaside resorts the temperature only varies between 76 and 86 degrees, on an average, with ocean-cooled evenings.

Between early June and October, you will encounter the sudden, heavy showers of the rainy season, but these are short in duration and they leave the air refreshed and the lush vegetation sparkling. Also the tropical flowers, which you will see in profusion in markets everywhere, are at their best during the showery season.

A good travel agency will help you make your transportation arrangements the smart way, the way one showed the Vancouver girls that, by hopping from train to coach, to bus, back to plane, they could travel to Mexico City and Acapulco *Continued on page 53*

Red Letter Day

Now he's old enough to have a bowl of Campbell's Soup with the family



START BABY WITH THESE:

- | | |
|--|---|
| Tomato
Vegetable
Vegetable Beef
Vegetarian Vegetable
Cream of Asparagus
Beef Noodle | Chicken with Rice
Chicken Noodle
Cream of Celery
Green Pea
Scotch Broth |
|--|---|

These soups taste so good, you just know they are made from carefully selected vegetables, fine meat stocks, tender meats and chicken. . . . Adding an equal quantity of milk is the ideal way to prepare these soups for Baby.

Campbell's SOUPS

TALK about Big Moments! Only a year old, yet Doctor says Baby already needs "growing-up" food.

When this happens to your baby, choose the food millions of mothers have chosen for years—Campbell's Soups, a food they *know* is good!

Mothers have found that babies enjoy the tender vegetables and choice bits of chicken and beef. And they make fine, easy-to-manage first-chewing foods.

Campbell's Soups (the same ones the family likes so much) are easily digested, and nourishing for Baby. Start him on them just as soon as the Doctor says he's ready.

Best wishes, Baby, on that Red Letter Day! You'll be off to a good start!

CAMPBELL'S SOUP ARE EATEN BY 4 OUT OF 10 YOUNGSTERS BEFORE THEIR FIRST BIRTHDAY... BY 7 OUT OF 10 TWO-YEAR-OLDS



CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS



Be matter-of-fact at medicine time—don't coax, wheedle or say it'll taste nice. But you can promise candy after it's taken.

YOUNG PARENTS



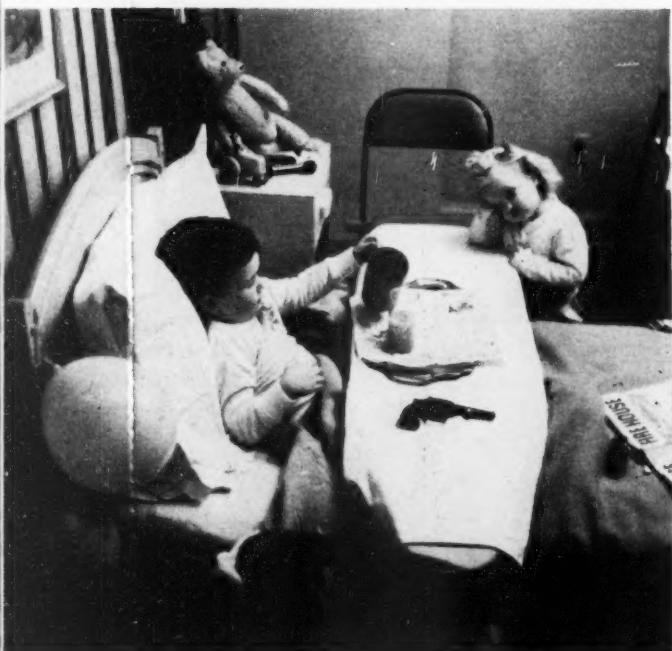
Give him crayons to use on cloth, then iron cloth to make his design washable.



Keep him happy tossing rubber jar rings at cup hooks screwed into a carton top.



Save old greeting cards to give to the young convalescent, who will be amused for hours cutting out pictures with blunt scissors to paste into scrapbooks.



Set up an ironing board between two chairs to give your sick child a play surface for all sorts of in-bed pastimes.

WHAT TO DO

Here's how to make your
keep your sanity when
Mummy?"

BY JUNE CALLWOOD



For fevers, give liquids
—but milk doesn't count.



You must spend more time entertaining sick toddlers, who can't concentrate on one game for long. Show them how to have fun with simple playthings.



Cut up straws or use macaroni for stringing necklaces.

PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT



Use cool water without soap for sponge baths and wash the child's body with long strokes.

AFTER THE DOCTOR LEAVES

child swallow nasty medicine without a fuss — and to the young convalescent wails, "What can I do now,

A HAZARD of motherhood which seldom occurs to the former secretaries, hosiery saleswomen and plastic paring-knife demonstrators who commence the project with glowing eyes is that many nights in their next twenty years will be spent giving sponge baths and administering medicine to small children and that many days will be filled with a plaintive wail from the upstairs bedroom, "Maaaaaw-ther, can I get up now?"

This turmoil is known as nursing the sick child and leaves millions of mothers every year considering the immediate purchase of one-way bus tickets out of town. No period in the entire sequence of raising a child is so exhausting, mentally and physically, and conversely few occasions during the harried motherhood cycle can

have such tender moments during which mother and child rediscover their mutual importance.

The nurse-mother can expect her experience to include the common childhood diseases such as measles, chicken pox and mumps, a fulsome selection of rarer ones like jaundice, pneumonia and scarlet fever, a smattering of broken arms and cuts requiring stitches, a hundred or two colds, a few dozen ear and throat infections and some fevers that never will be identified. Before her children are grown and can make their own mustard plasters, the time she has spent by a sick bed should almost qualify her for a nursing certificate.

At the outset of her exhaustive period of home training, however, she is likely to be anything but well *Continued on next page*

*Another Canadian youngster
who believes in*

**"THE BANK AS A PARTNER
IN MY COMMUNITY"**

*"When Community Chest
drives, Red Cross, etc.
are made, you can find
the bank man working
hard with other citizens." **

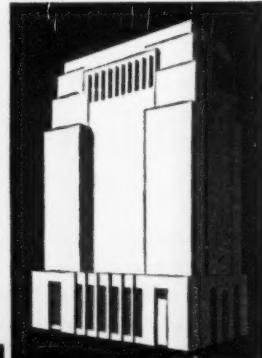


*Albert Mott,
Saint John, N.B.*

THREE are over 400 branches of The Bank of Nova Scotia both at home and abroad. Each one is in charge of a friendly manager, whose job goes further than just running his branch. He has a responsibility to his community—a responsibility to help everyone who comes to him, within the framework of the Bank's services—or even outside it. Through him and the other members of the branch staff the Bank makes the thousands of friends which are its strength.

You will find practical proof of this when you make use of the Bank's services. Whether you want to open a Savings Account buy Travellers' Cheques, rent a Safety Deposit Box, arrange for financial assistance for yourself or your business, see the friendly staff of your neighbourhood branch of The Bank of Nova Scotia. You'll find they're good people to know.

*Extract from Albert Mott's prize-winning essay in nation-wide competition for High School students, sponsored by The Bank of Nova Scotia.



The Bank of Nova Scotia

• YOUR PARTNER IN HELPING CANADA GROW

qualified. Doctors interviewed for this article claim that the average young mother knows as much about the art of modern home nursing as a voodoo priest.

The commonest shortcomings are a lack of information on such procedures as taking a temperature, giving an enema or a sponge bath, a misunderstanding of the meaning of a fever, a tendency to get the child out of bed too soon, ignoring the early symptoms of a disease, overdressing the patient, overheating the sickroom and poor planning for the child's recreation while he is bed-bound. Most important, however, is the mother's attitude toward her ailing offspring: she should be efficient, sunny and matter-of-fact, but too often she is wretched, fumbling and aimless.

"I suppose sympathy is all right," a distinguished pediatrician once observed to a distracted mother, "but I don't know what good it does except to make the child feel worse."

This seems to be the sort of remark doctors toss off lightly because they themselves are reasonably composed and assured in the presence of a sick child, in contrast to the natural instinct of a mother to droop and worry. Doctors say their attitude is based on more than a wistful yearning to be surrounded by smiling faces. They can prove that the child of a tearful, handwringing woman feels much worse and gets better more slowly than the child of a brisk, cheerful person.

Too Much Sympathy

A case in point is that of a ten-year-old girl who suffered severe cuts and a badly broken leg in an automobile accident. Two weeks after the accident the doctor was called because the girl had begun to shake. When he arrived the child's shaking was so pronounced that the bed rattled. He talked to her about her Christmas presents and her convulsive shivering stopped but when the subject returned to her injuries she began to shake again. Her case was diagnosed as a nervous breakdown, brought on by the overwhelming sympathy the neighbors and relatives had been showing the child. She had become convinced because of their over-solicitude that something terrible had happened to her from which she would never recover.

Similarly, surgeons are almost able to predict from the attitude of the mother how quickly a child will improve after a tonsillectomy. The mother who accepts such an operation as run-of-the-mill almost invariably has her child hale and in full voice in two weeks while the mother who orders special nurses and paces the hospital corridors with an expression of imminent doom on her face usually phones in two weeks to report that her child still has a sore throat and isn't eating properly.

The "poor dear" tendencies of some mothers have more important ramifications than just the sense of misery they impart to the youngsters. Such mothers have difficulty administering medicines because they cannot bring themselves to be firm with a feverish child; they are reluctant to force the child to sit up and take fluids because the child's wan face weakens their resolve.

One mother phoned the doctor because her small son, suffering a high fever from measles, was refusing to drink any of the sweetened liquids the doctor

had ordered. When the doctor arrived the mother was in the process of urging her child to drink. "Come now, dearest," she was pleading. "Just take a little sip of this for Mummy. Please dear. Now dear, just try it for Mummy." The doctor sat down, took the glass from the mother and said curtly, "Drink this." The little boy, with a startled glance at the doctor's face, reached for the glass and drained it.

"Granted that children will do more for a stranger than they will for their own parents," the doctor commented later, "it still remains that the child knew his mother wasn't going to force that drink on him, and he knew that I meant business."

Sweet Drinks for the Feverish

A feverish child refuses to eat and frequently refuses to drink. Food is a commodity he can manage without for the duration of his fever, but drink is vital to maintain body fluids without which organs will cease to function. It must also be remembered that milk cannot be regarded as a liquid; since it curdles as soon as it reaches the stomach it is considered as a solid.

It is also important that the drink be highly sugared, not to make it more endearing to the child but to prevent acidosis, a situation which occurs when the non-eating youngster begins digesting his own fats. By the way, common headache tablets (usually prescribed to reduce fever) should never be left near a sick child. The mild acidosis already present can be aggravated by an overdose of such tablets (which contain acetylsalicylic acid) to the point of death.

Doctors are also annoyed by the normal parental attitude that the higher the temperature the closer the child is to rigor mortis. Mothers phone their doctors in a desperate panic over a temperature of 104, but are unruffled by a fever of 101. This situation can be dangerous. One child whose temperature was normal in the afternoon died that night of bilateral pneumonia—the mother had been reassured by the absence of fever. A relatively harmless ear infection can produce a fever of 104 or 105, but polio sufferers' temperatures rarely go over 101.

Temperature May be Misleading

Some doctors hold that thermometers should only be available on prescription, since the information they give is often misleading. One outstanding Toronto pediatrician has practiced forty years without using a thermometer, and regularly chides more conservative doctors whose thermometers are vest-pocket fixtures.

Since no parent, even on this evidence, is likely to abandon thermometers, there are some rules to observe with regard to their use. Children's temperatures are so unstable that every parent has had the experience of calling the doctor when the child has a fever of 103 and having the doctor discover the temperature is normal a few hours later. This deception, according to the experts, is not to be considered a recovery. The phrase doctors use to describe it is "intermittent fever" and until the temperature has been normal at least twenty-four hours the child cannot be viewed as "normal." Therefore it is a good idea to keep a child in bed at least

Bringing Up Baby

Hints Collected by

Mrs. Dan Gerber
(MOTHER OF 5)

Good start for baby! Even tiniest babies learn to make quick associations—

such as connecting food with happiness. So if you never coax or force, and if you always season every feeding with plenty of love and laughter—you're well started on good eating habits for your little one.



Mrs. Dan Gerber

for your little one.



Good start for you! National Baby Week is April 25-May 2. A good time to tally up all the experts who are constantly standing by to help you with your baby's well-being, from the very beginning. Your grocer, for instance, does his share. If you check the many, many things he has in the way of baby products, you may be surprised to see how very many are needed by your baby.

Other baby experts include that invaluable person—your doctor. Out of his years of study and experience, he brings you reassuring recommendations for the care of your own special little individual.

Trustworthy, too—the experts at Gerber's. There's good reason, for instance, why so many doctors suggest Gerber's Cereals for baby's first solid food. There's a choice of four to start on—Rice, Barley, Oatmeal, and Cereal Food. All are nutritious—with vitamins and minerals added to make them even richer than whole-grain. Gerber's Cereals appeal to babies, with their mild flavors and nice smooth texture. Appealing to you, too—because they're all pre-cooked and ready to serve! Just add milk, formula, or other liquid.



Solid tips: When baby first experiences the feeling of spoon-fed food in his mouth, he may seem to "spit" it out. That's only because he's not used to solids yet. You help him if you dilute his cereal till it's quite soupy. Feed him only a tiny bit and place it well back on his tongue.



What makes a Happy Baby ?



From baby's earliest days, his personality flourishes on warm, natural love that tells him he's a welcome member of the family. Giving yourself freedom to show this love is one of the most important things you can do for your baby.

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when you
serve Coke*

Indeed there is!

Coke has a flavor unmatched in all the world
... a sparkling and refreshing quality
that sets a mood for entertaining.
But serving Coca-Cola does more.
It's an assurance to your friends
that you want them to have the best.
Serve ice cold.



You trust its quality

a day after the temperature has been normal in order to rest the child and make sure the infection has been banished. The so-called miracle drugs, which transform a flushed and inert child overnight into a frisky youngster who wants to play outside, mislead parents into believing bed is no longer indicated.

New mothers commonly confuse a baby's temperature, taken by rectum, with the temperature as taken orally. Temperature by rectum is almost exactly a degree higher than temperature by mouth. Temperature taken in the armpit is a degree or more lower, but while this method is given in most home nursing manuals, some authorities say it is so unreliable as to be entirely useless.

Low Marks for Sponge Baths

While few homes are missing the controversial thermometer, almost no one purchases enema equipment. During an illness the child's bowel must be cleared and laxatives may be dangerous. Doctors have observed that most mothers give inadequate enemas, which produce no result, because they are afraid of a rupture. A rupture is impossible, since the bowel ejects the enema fluid (soap suds and warm water) when it is filled.

Another technique on which most mothers get low marks is the matter of a sponge bath. "When I say 'Give the child a sponge bath' ninety per cent of my mothers immediately wipe the child's face and hands," one doctor complained bitterly. "They're afraid of uncovering the child because he might get a chill!"

For a proper sponge bath, which can be instrumental in reducing fever and in making the patient feel better, the body is uncovered and washed with cool water and no soap. Long strokes of the wash cloth are used, especially along the child's back, arms, legs and chest. The process is continued for ten to

twenty minutes, then the patient is dried with light patting motions.

Grandmothers, a species doctors feel are the natural enemy of modern science, howl with dismay at the idea of exposing a fever patient. One doctor has evolved a shock treatment he uses to shake such adversaries loose from their sanity. He describes the method used to combat extraordinarily high fevers, which sometimes reach 108. The patient lies naked under a sheet, which a nurse continuously sprinkles with alcohol while a fan blows the length of the child's body. The same doctor's sardonic advice to mothers who enquire how much clothing to put on a sick child is "Two layers less than you want to."

All mothers have observed the phenomenon that the really ill child is "good," demands no attention, wants for nothing and spends hours in a deep, drugged-like sleep. Doctors are horrified that mothers often take this peaceful opportunity to preserve cherries or braid a rug. The child must be wakened to take fluids, doctors insist; the medicine must be given punctually despite the adage about the health-giving properties of sleep and sponge baths should be given several times a day.

When the combination of the doctor's education, the wonder drug's medicinal effect and the mother's loving care have had their desired effect the patient embarks upon a period of pure horror which is known as convalescence. He is still too ill to get out of bed, but he is well enough to have a desire for companionship and new and interesting toys. His appetite for entertainment is insatiable. "Maaaaaw-ther," he calls to his female parent who is in the basement rinsing out the pyjamas on which he spilled his tomato juice. "Come here quick." "What is it?" says his mother, staggering in like a lady alcoholic. "See my drawing?" remarks her sprite. "Shall I color the shoes blue or green?"

There are several things a mother can



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LI'L ABNER by AL CAPP



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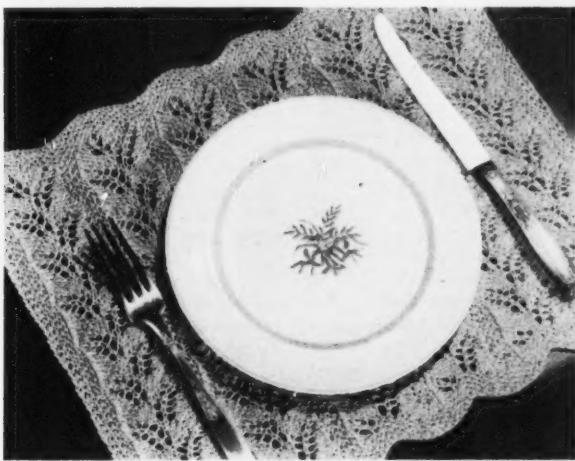
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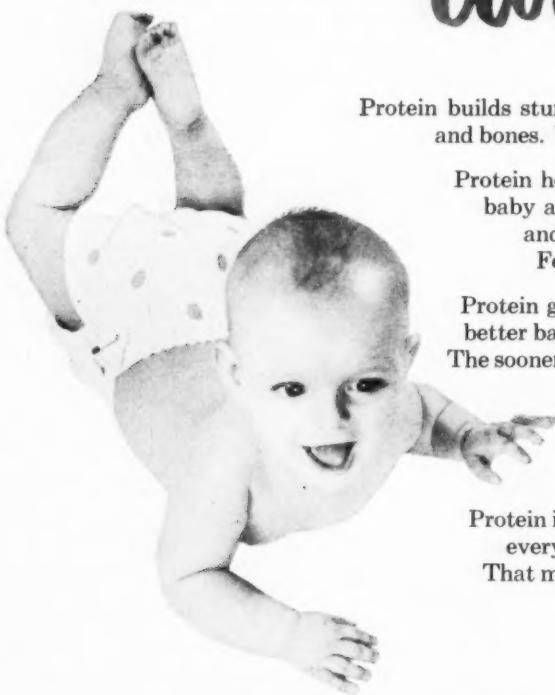
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do about this problem, none of which involve an axe. She must first refrain from the temptation to pile all the child's belongings on his bed and leave the room for the day. The galaxy will only confuse and irritate him. Mechanical toys are of little use as time-consumers because the possibilities of a steam shovel or a windup clown are soon exhausted. What is required is a series of toys which will stimulate the child's imagination and keep him absorbed enough for his mother to continue with her housework.

Occupational therapists and nursery schoolteachers have devised dozens of such toys, many of which are inexpensive and can be made in the home. Children of seven and older can enjoy drawing with crayons on plain white material, which when pressed with hot iron through brown paper becomes a washable pattern; cutting out pictures from magazines or catalogues and pasting them in scrapbooks; painting macaroni with poster paint, finished with lacquer, and stringing the pieces for necklaces and bracelets; weaving belts with a ball of yarn and a corking spool made of an empty spool of thread and four nails; ring toss games with rubber sealer-jar rings aimed at a board at the end of the bed, reading and simple jigsaw puzzles.

The child from four to six has a much shorter attention span and the mother must be prepared to spend five or ten minutes every hour demonstrating how to play. Psychologists suggest that some children in this age group might co-operate better if a clock is placed in the room and the child can expect his mother to make regular visits. The older child can understand that mother is busy all morning, but will spend from two until three each afternoon reading and talking to him but the preschool child requires frequent short visits. Blocks are well received by four- to six-year-olds, who can construct garages and forts all over the blanket. Other time-tested toys are crayons and blunt scissors (further demilitarized by pithy comment about the inadvisability of applying same to the sheets); straws cut in one-inch pieces and bits of bright paper which can be strung into a necklace with a dull tapestry needle and some bright yarn; strips of paper and glue to make a paper chain; plasticine, big buttons and a dull needle and some bits of cloth to sew them on and Christmas cards to paste in a book.

These children require a good back rest while they are playing in bed and pillows which slip out of position are almost useless. A card table set at a seventy-degree angle and tied to the head of the bed makes a reliable back rest, most effective when it is accompanied by a rolled blanket or pillow under the knees and something solid and heavy to brace against the soles of the feet to keep the child from slipping down.

After the child has been in bed for a few days the ligaments and muscles of his legs become weakened, a situation which is aggravated if he subsequently flops around the home in bedroom slippers. To avoid aching leg muscles at night, insist that the child wear his street shoes even for the short trips from bed to bathroom.

The problem of entertaining a sick one- to three-year-old is a nightmare all its own, and one at which even spe-

cialists cringe. Mothers will almost have to provide a conveyor belt of toys moving endlessly in and out of the crib. Expensive educational toys are not likely to prove as successful as plastic measuring spoons in a coffee percolator; and colored clothespins in an empty soup tin might be beloved for hours longer than a fourteen-dollar fire-engine. Blocks will sometimes win toddlers' attention for minutes on end.

If the home equipment doesn't include a bed tray on legs, several substitutes can be arranged. An ironing board supported by the backs of two chairs on each side of the bed makes a good surface for toys and so does an orange crate with the centre cut out so it forms an inverted U. The latter will require some covering to protect the child from splinters.

The ideal sickroom is clean and bright, located near the bathroom but not too near the kitchen so that cooking odors might nauseate a patient with a queasy stomach. There should be plenty of fresh air in the room as long as there is no draught on the bed. If the child has a cough most doctors agree that closing the window at night is indicated —particularly, of course, if the room is being steamed to help rout the cough. If possible, the sick child should have the room to himself.

Few mothers any longer concern themselves with the clumsy sterilizing

MATERNAL TRIANGLE

By Jean Leedale Knight

**Our babe finds many open arms,
And Dad's his closest pal;
On countless folks he casts his
charms —
But I'm his pin-up gal.**

routine that used to be required when homes were quarantined for common childhood infectious diseases such as measles. Doctors have established that measles is contagious up to five days before the rash appears, a period during which the child coughs a bit and may have a runny nose but is likely to be still at school and playing with his brothers and sisters. By the time measles has been identified, the rest of the family has already had ample opportunity to catch the disease. For this reason, the placarding of a home for measles has been abandoned almost everywhere.

Mumps is also contagious before the swelling appears, chicken pox is believed contagious the day before the first blister appears, even almost-extinct diphtheria is infectious before the symptoms have resolved themselves. Since it takes about three weeks for a doctor to be certain of a whooping-cough diagnosis, this is another infection that is spread around generously long before it is identified. Whooping cough is fortunately becoming rarer, however, thanks to inoculations which will prevent the disease in nearly all children.

With such ailments, then, mothers keep their children separated not so much to protect the apparently healthy ones from the disease but in order to protect the patient from any colds his

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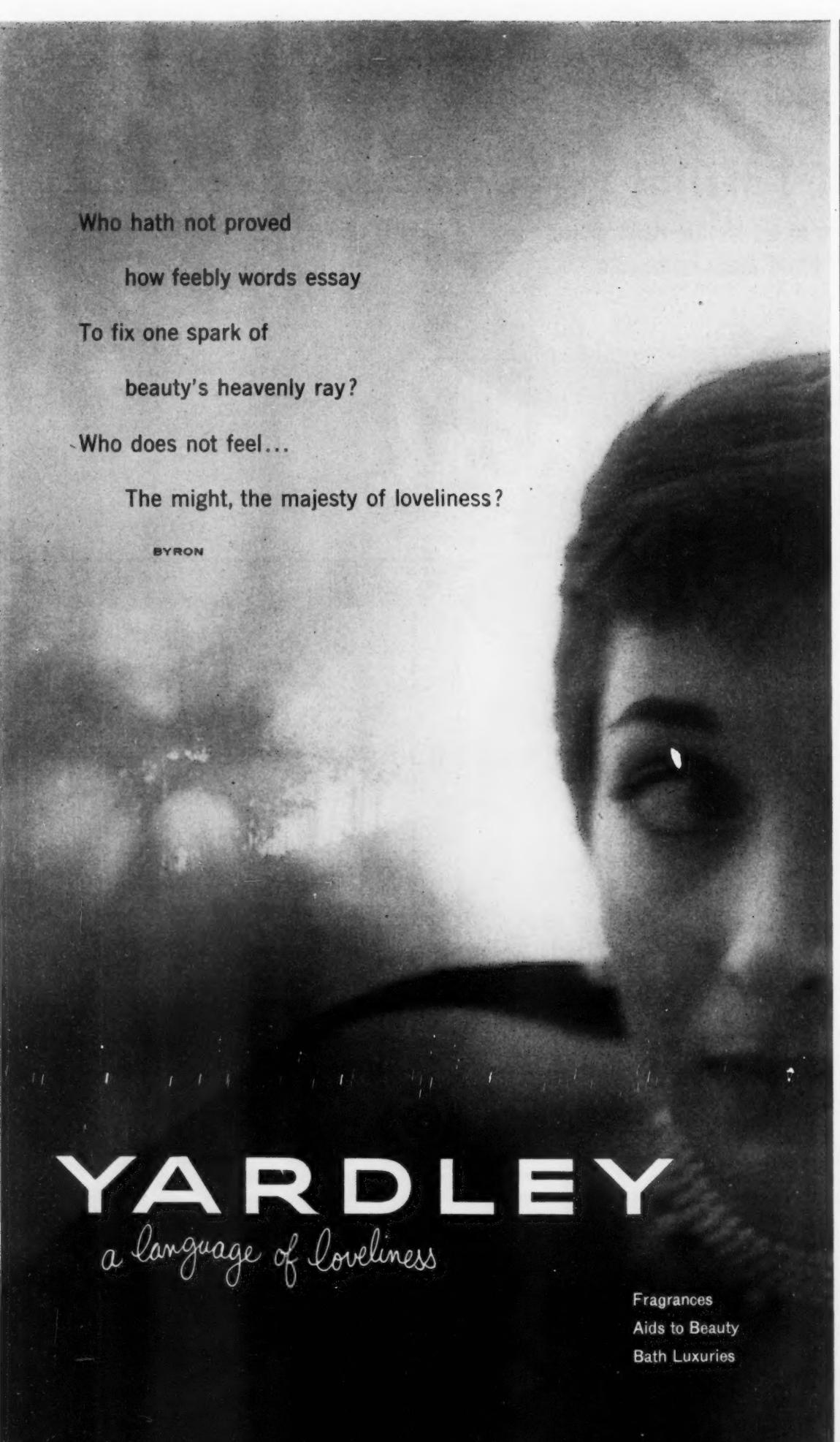


Even if you had your own cornpatch, you couldn't give your corn the tender care the Green Giant does. He watches over each growing field until his pedigreed kernels (exclusive D-138 breed) have stored up all the flavor their tender skins can hold. That's the *fleeting moment of perfect flavor*—the signal for the Green Giant to pick and pack his baby corn into Niblets Brand cans. Say, aren't those golden kernels just what your appetite is calling for?

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Who hath not proved

how feebly words essay

To fix one spark of

beauty's heavenly ray?

Who does not feel...

The might, the majesty of loveliness?

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a language of loveliness

Fragrances
Aids to Beauty
Bath Luxuries

brothers and sisters might have. In his weakened condition pneumonia is a constant threat.

Only occasionally does some infectious illness come along about which doctors are unsure. For example an epidemic of a type of infectious jaundice recently swept several communities just west of Toronto and medicinal science wasn't sure how it was transferred from one child to another. In these cases mothers must take the old-fashioned precautions to isolate the sick child and his germs so the other children might be spared.

Preventing Infection

One home in Streetsville where there are four children was singularly successful. The only boy in the family was struck by jaundice and immediately separated from his sisters. His mother kept his toilet facilities in his room—an important point; kept his dishes in a small cupboard by themselves and washed them last; washed her hands thoroughly after every visit to his room and even kept his soiled pyjamas and bed linen away from the family laundry. When he recovered she boiled his dishes for ten minutes before returning them to their proper places, boiled his sheets and pyjamas and aired his blankets for a day in the sunlight. No one else was infected.

Some aspects of home nursing can never be mastered by an untrained mother; changing the dressing on a bad burn, for example. In such cases it is possible, almost anywhere in Canada, to call in the services of a visiting nurse, such as a member of the Victorian Order or a St. Elizabeth nurse. These competent women are also efficient at rigging up bed trays and back rests out of material around the home.

Medicine Time Tactics

The happiest side of home nursing is observing the improving health of your youngster, and the most unpleasant part is the administering of loathed medicines and holding the child down while the doctor gives him a hypodermic injection. The mother's best attitude toward this is a realistic one. She should never tell a child that something which tastes nasty is really delicious. One mother has a system for such moments. She advises the child in a matter-of-fact way that it is medicine time. The child throws himself to the farthest side of the bed and screams that it tastes horrible, awful, and he won't take it, he won't take it, he won't take it, he WON'T take it. She says serenely, "You're perfectly right, it isn't very good. I've got an orange here and some candy to pop in your mouth after you take the medicine. Which would you prefer?" The child relaxes, entranced by the problem of making a succulent selection.

It is always a mistake to advise a child that the needle the doctor is about to give him won't hurt. The needle certainly will hurt and the child will feel betrayed by his nearest and dearest. Future relations will be improved if the child is told the needle will prick or sting for a moment. This psychologically sound approach does not ensure a docile child, but it comforts him in the knowledge that the woman holding his shrieking head and flailing arms as the needle sinks home is a thoroughly reliable person.

Yes, motherhood is quite a trade. *

DON'T CRY

Continued from page 11

kitchen, they had not wanted the usual kitchen colors because they used it for everything but sleeping. They were lucky to have a tiny bedroom even if they did have to share the bath with the Stenstroms across the hall. A lot of young couples had only one room or lived with their parents. Their parents, hers and Biff's, had never even suggested it.

She pushed back a strand of cornsilk hair that had fallen across her eyes, irritating them. That wouldn't account for the queer tightness in her throat, though. She leaned back in the chair, balled fists against her eyelids, a little girl fighting back tears. All day she had longed for her mother till it was almost a physical ache. But her parents were in Montreal on a combined business and pleasure trip.

"Promise you'll make Biff let me know, darling," her mother had begged when she came the day before they left for the east. "If we're not back have him wire to the Mount Royal. But we should be back . . . your father will be all right about everything, darling. You'll see. It's—just that men somehow seem to need more time to —to make adjustments."

Her mother had been coming to the flat once or twice a week ever since she found out where Dorrie and Biff were living but Dorrie had not seen her father since the night she and Biff came home together to announce their marriage. Seven months ago now.

When she heard Biff's step on the stairway that divided the grocery store from the butcher shop, she got up to pour water into the coffee maker.

She lifted the kettle, set it down quickly. This was no sensation, it was a pain! She bent over the stove, pretended preoccupation when Biff came through the door. By the time he'd hung up his cap and jacket and set his lunch bucket on the kitchen cabinet she was able to face him smilingly. At least, enough of a smile so he wouldn't notice the effort. He had been so looking forward to this night with the boys, she wasn't going to do him out of it, no matter what. He needed it. Besides, this discomfort was probably a false alarm for there should be two weeks yet. And even if it was the real thing Biff would be home in plenty of time to take her to the hospital.

Biff leaned down to kiss her, a long arm encircling her shoulders, his body carefully sideways to hers. She reached up and patted his cheek, understanding the self-conscious way he avoided anything but virtually casual physical contact with her. At not quite eighteen she was, she realized, actually several years older than this redhead, still gangling nineteen-year-old boy who was her husband.

That was the trouble with their kind of marriage. You had to grow up so fast, miss so much. But then, of course, if you had not been so greedily afraid of missing something, there'd have been no marriage. It didn't make sense, but that's the way it was.

"Are you sure you don't mind me going out with the fellows, honey?" Biff asked when they were seated at the dinner table. "I'll call it off if you say so."

"Don't be a goon, of course I don't mind. Trying to make me out a nagging wife, yet!" Dorrie chided lightly.

The college crowd was home and the boys were going out for a beano before separating for summer jobs. The boys Biff should have been with all last winter instead of plugging at a filling station.

"Strictly stag, see?" Biff had emphasized when he told her about his special pal, Bob Carson, stopping by the filling station to ask him. "Guys get tired of dolls once in a while, you know!" he had grinned, then flushed embarrassedly.

That was another thing about marriages like theirs. You had to watch your words so carefully. It was so easy to make an innocent remark that could be mistaken for an intentionally hurting barb.

It wasn't quite true when she said that she did not mind Biff going out. She did, in a way. It hurt that while he was still "one of the boys," the girls had virtually ostracized her. Long ago, none ever came here to the other side of town to see her and the occasional chance meeting was stiff and strained. About a month ago she had met Maribeth Hunter in Wilson's Department Store. Maribeth Hunter and Dorrie Seaton had been "best friends" all their lives and when they were ten had exchanged solemn promises to be godmother to each other's children. Now Maribeth's eyes had slid away from Dorrie's bulky figure and there was no mention of that childhood promise. After all, Maribeth was still only a senior in high school. Had Dorrie herself been only a junior last year? Or was it a hundred years ago?

"Swell chow, honey," Biff said presently. "Any seconds?"

"Plenty, but maybe you'd better heat it up a little. Lukewarm stew is not so hot."

"You don't say! I don't believe it!" Biff teased and they laughed together.

When finally he was replete, Biff lolled back in his chair. Thank goodness he hadn't noticed that she ate very little. "Guess I'd better shave, huh?" He rubbed the faint fuzz on his chin reflectively. Shaving was still not a daily routine for Robert Everett Westwood, nicknamed Biff because he used to biff anyone who called him "Carrots."

Dorrie looked at him lovingly, merrily. A phrase, perhaps a question that she had heard somewhere came into her mind . . . "a beardless boy." That was Biff. A beardless boy who was about to become a father. He had not grown up overnight the way she had. Oh, he had accepted his responsibility, gotten a job, a place for them to live but he still had not accepted the fact that for them there would be no bridge from youth to maturity. They had burned the bridge and leapt the stream. Every now and again she'd catch him eyeing her wonderingly, puzzled but, thank God, never accusingly. Looking at her over the top of a book while she sat knitting a baby sweater. *How did he happen to be sitting quietly in this room with this strange woman? He should be over at Dorrie Seaton's, helping her with math, walking her to the drugstore for a soda.*

"You'd better grab the bathroom now, honey," she advised, "it's Mr. Stenstrom's lodge night and he'll be wanting it pretty soon. And don't forget to wipe off the ring! It's hard



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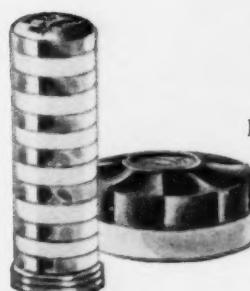
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BETTER STORES**

for me to stoop," she added apologetically to keep it from sounding like nagging. Biff was so careless and untidy and when you shared a bathroom with someone else you had to be extra particular. At home Biff had been used to having two women to pick up after him, a maid and a housekeeper. His mother had died when he was three.

Dorrie cleared the table and stacked the dishes. She'd wash them after Biff left. It would give her something to do, take her mind off the way she was feeling. Maybe she was foolish to let Biff go but she wanted so much to give him this carefree night as a sort of present. The next time he went out with the fellows, he'd be set apart, different. He'd be a father who'd feel out of place careening around with a bunch of college types. Besides, after the baby came their living expenses would be a lot higher and Biff would not be able to hold his end up with the fellows. Not for a long time and by then everything would be changed.

She heard Biff come out of the bathroom, pause to knock on the Stenstrom's door. When he came in he said, "I stopped by to tell Mrs. Stenstrom that I was going out, dear. She said to tell you to come over and sit with her. I'll—I'll feel better if you do."

She turned aside to hide the sudden moisture in her eyes, not at all sure why she was so touched. Just then Rod's car honked.

"I'll try not to be awfully late, Dorrie," Biff said as he shrugged into his jacket.

"I'll never know the difference so you might as well make a night of it," she laughed. For suddenly she knew that

she would not be there when Biff got home. If only he'd go quickly before this spasm got so bad she couldn't control her facial muscles! Her tightly clenched hands didn't show in the folds of her skirt. "I'll be asleep, probably snoring," she assured him blithely. Asleep maybe, but not a natural sleep.

After Biff clattered downstairs she began on the dishes. She should get them done before the next pain came. Then she must pack her bag. She should have had it ready but she'd thought there would be two more weeks. And she must leave a note for Biff. Let's see, his pillow would be the best place to leave it. No, hers would be better because when he realized she wasn't there he'd turn on the light. She giggled a little. Leaving a note on her pillow was so corny!

When she sat down to write the note, she had to drop the pen and grip the sides of her chair. After a little she relaxed and sat there idly, trying to think what to say; retracing the pathway that lead to this moment. Would Biff be angry at her doing things this way or would he understand that she was trying to spare him. Trying to make up, for a little while, for what she had done to him? For a long time now Dorrie had blamed herself. Entirely. She should have been strong that night on Silver Point. Not that Biff was a weak character or anything like that but boys were—well, different. And Biff loved her, respected her. He'd have listened to her if she'd tried to dispel the urgency that had gripped them. But she hadn't. She'd clung to him, hating and fearing the change that was coming so soon. He was

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leaving for college tomorrow, leaving his high-school sweetheart behind. It would be a whole year before she could join him. She was afraid, desperately afraid that she'd never catch up with him . . . and then fear had dissolved into the magic of belonging.

But there had been no magic in the weeks that followed. There had been only anguish and stark terror. The tear-blotted letter that had taken hours to write. The torment of waiting for an answer. The blessed relief of Biff's long-distance phone call to which she had had to reply so guardedly. She was to come up to the football game the following week end, he told her. He would have the license and they would be married. He'd have to lie about their ages but he could make it stick all right. She was not to worry. After they were married they would go home together and tell her parents and Biff's father. Through all the years to come she would sing to her heart the knowledge that Biff had married her without either pleading or compulsion.

On the way back to Oreville after the brief, cold ceremony, Biff had been so sure that everything would be all right. He and his dad had always been pals; his dad had married very young, he would understand. He'd still send Biff to college and Biff would get a part-time job to help out on their living expenses. Naturally, he wouldn't expect his dad to foot all the bills. And Dorrie was pretty sure her people would give her an allowance; probably regard the sudden marriage with startled but good-natured indulgence.

But things had not worked out that way. Not at all. Dorrie's father had started to shout about "underage" and "annulment" and her mother had immediately sensed the truth. Then there had been tears and accusations and recriminations; phrases about "failing us, betraying our trust, shaming us." Dorrie had thought, for one awful moment, that her father was going to hit Biff. She had slipped between them, standing up for Biff, realizing in that instant that she was infinitely more to blame than he. Then her father had phoned for Mr. Westwood and there had been another terrible scene. Very definitely he would not help Biff finish college. He would not help Biff at all. Furthermore, Biff had been a damn fool to marry her right off the bat like that. How did he know *he* was the one?

This time Biff and her father had joined forces against the common enemy but before a blow could be struck Mr. Westwood had flushed beet red, directed a hasty, gruff apology to Dorrie's mother. "She's your daughter, ma'am. I shouldn't have said that." He had turned on his heel and stalked out.

"Maybe I'd better go make some coffee," her mother had said nervously. "We—we can make—er—plans while we drink it."

"No need to make a social occasion of this mess, Helen," her father had said acidly. "For your sake I'll see that Dorrie gets a monthly cheque but I don't want to lay eyes on either of them. The cheque will be paid into the bank."

Biff had held himself very tall and straight and his grey eyes had blazed in his chalk-white face. "Dorrie won't need your cheques, Mr. Seaton," he had said evenly. "I can take care of my wife." Then he had put his arm around

Dorrie and swept her from the house.

Later in the auto court where they went that night she had sobbed in his arms till she was emotionally and physically exhausted. Then reaching up to stroke his face, she had felt the moisture of his tears. Looking back, that was when she had begun to feel older than the boy she had married.

"But why, Dorrie, why?" he had begged in hurt bewilderment. "Why are they so hard? Weren't they ever young themselves? Can't they remember

or—or understand?" he had fumbled. "They seem to hate us so."

"I don't believe they hate us, Biff," she had answered slowly. "They're just terribly disappointed in us. But more disappointed in themselves. They feel that our—our mistake was, somehow, their own failure."

She picked up the pen again and began to write hurriedly: "Had fun? It was later than we thought! See you in the nursery!"

She pinned the note to her pillow,

picked up her bag and switched out the light. Standing there in the darkness before she opened the door to go across to Mrs. Stenstrom's and ask her to call a taxi, she suddenly felt terribly alone and terribly frightened. As pain clutched at her again she felt the bravery, the nonchalance, the high resolve stream from her like a nylon garment dissolving under a searing iron. Somehow she made it to Mrs. Stenstrom's door.

"Will you please call a taxi?" she
Continued on page 43

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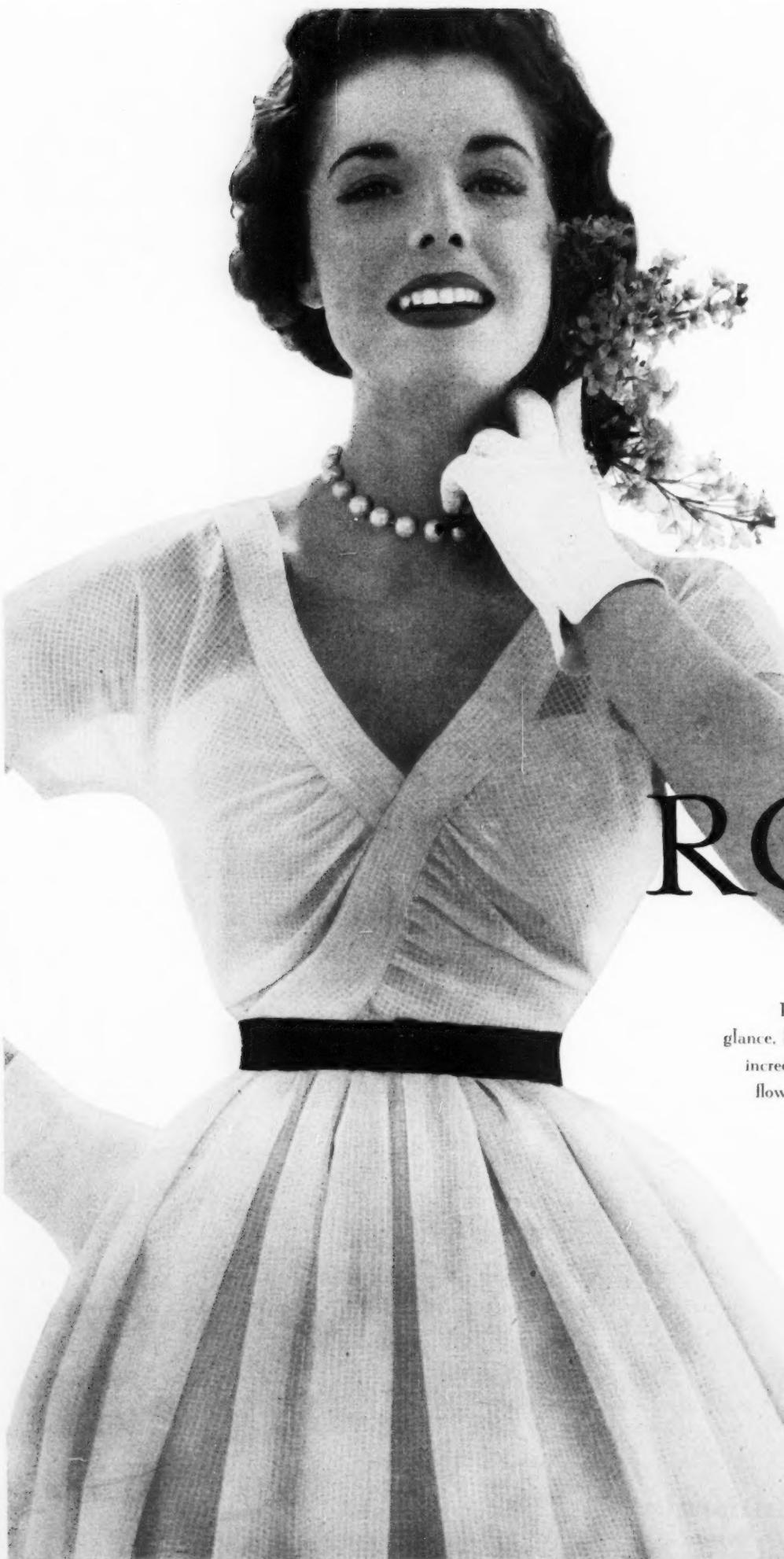
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BLF-23M

Continued from page 39
gasped. "I—I think I'm . . ."

Then Dorrie was sobbing against the older woman's pillow, motherly bosom, her fingers gripping the soft flesh of Mrs. Stenstrom's shoulders.

"There, there, child," Mrs. Stenstrom was saying soothingly, gently drawing her to the sofa. "You just hang onto me till you feel a little better. Then we'll see about getting you to the hospital. Any notion where I can locate your husband?"

"I don't want my husband!" Dorrie heard herself saying wildly. "I want my mother!" She was suddenly a hurt little girl crying for her mother.

When she was a little calmer Mrs. Stenstrom asked her for how long and how regularly the pains had been coming.

"Golly, I didn't time them too accurately," Dorrie said ruefully, "but the last three were less than an hour apart and each one packed more of a wallop than the one before," she tried to grin.

"Well, I think we've time for a cup of coffee and a little visit before you rush off to meet the stork," Mrs. Stenstrom said comfortably. "Let's see, it's a few minutes after nine, now. Three hours to midnight. Why, maybe you'll be giving me a birthday present, Dorrie. It's my birthday tomorrow but if it's a girl I won't expect you to name her for me. Sabina would be just too awful to wish on a defenseless baby," she laughed.

All the time she fixed the coffee and got out some of her wonderful Swedish pastry, Mrs. Stenstrom rattled on inconsequently. Dorrie sensed that the older woman was trying to divert her, trying to mother her and she was grateful. But oh, how she longed for her own mother!

"Now, honey, while you're drinking this," Mrs. Stenstrom said, setting a small tray on the coffee table, "I'll tidy my hair a bit and phone for a taxi. Guess I'd better leave a note for Mr. Stenstrom, too, for of course I'll go with you."

The two women were crossing the sidewalk to the cab when a convertible

drove up. Biff jumped out and the car zoomed away.

"Excuse me," he said automatically when he veered around them, heading for the entry way. Then he saw who it was. "Hey, what gives?" he demanded. "You two gals going out on the town?"

"I'm taking your wife to the hospital," Mrs. Stenstrom said crisply, a faint note of censure in her tone. "It seems she's having a baby."

"But that's my job," Biff said firmly. He took Dorrie's arm and started for the waiting cab. "Thanks, though. Thanks a million for standing by," he added.

"He didn't know how I was feeling, Mrs. Stenstrom," Dorrie said over her shoulder. "I hadn't told him." She couldn't bear for the older woman to disapprove of Biff for not being there.

"Dorrie, why didn't you tell me? I wouldn't have left you for anything. But it wasn't near time . . ." Biff's voice trailed off and he put his arms around her, held her tenderly close.

"I want you to have fun," she said simply.

"Well, it wasn't fun. None at all," he said soberly. "Kid stuff. Whistling and stomping in the show till we got kicked out; driving up and down and yelling at girls. When the guys began promoting the Dime-A-Dance it was time for me to bow out."

"It was, darling? It was?" His wife's shining-eyed comment was half question, half assent.

Biff grinned self-consciously and nodded. "I don't belong with those guys any more, sweetheart. I belong with you and young Inglefritz."

Her heart sang. It was the first time Biff had ever joked about the baby, tagged it with a nickname like young couples you read about in magazine stories.

At the hospital entrance they had to wait a while before she could get out of the taxi. She gripped Biff's firm strong hands like a vise, but she did not utter a sound. She was no longer a little girl crying for her mother. She was a woman leaning on her husband's strength. *

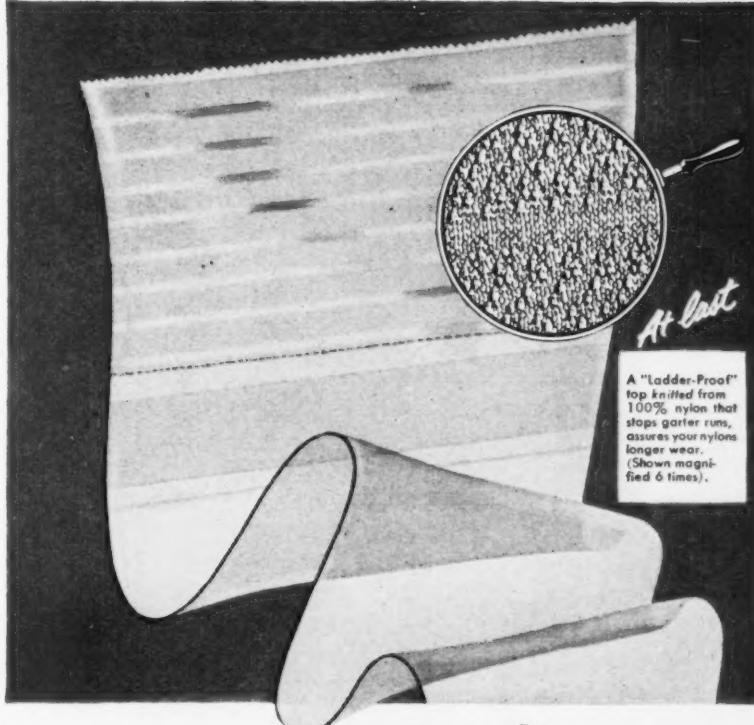


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TRAVEL

Memo from Rosemary

Lou Larry of Toronto designed this hat-in-a-pocket costume with vacations in mind. The skirt is in washable sackcloth straw and the top is in linen.

Here's the hat-minus-skirt . . . ↑ and here's the skirt-plus-pocket . . . ↑



Going somewhere different on vacation this year? London for the Coronation? . . . France for the fun of it? . . . Florida for the sun of it? . . . New York to do the theatre-night club whirl? . . . A big resort for the luxury of being waited on? . . . If so, some words of advice from a girl whose first trips to these places were fun but often fraught with clothes, luggage and living problems . . .

Destination London? . . . Pick your clothes with care. Summer nights are often as chilly as our Octobers and 80 degrees is considered warm for day . . . Take along wool suits, lightweight wool dresses, a topcoat, a raincoat, walking shoes (most sightseeing is done on foot), a few formals (they wear more evening clothes in London after dark than they do here), an evening wrap (could be a wrappy wool stole), and leave slacks at home (they're considered in bad taste in London).

Destination Continental Europe? . . . Be sure your travel iron is an international model, or before you go, buy the different plugs needed for each country you'll visit. (I once used the wrong plug in a small hotel outside Paris and blew out every fuse in the place) . . . Carry a statement of ownership from your insurance agent on expensive cameras, binoculars, jewelry, etc. Customs can be difficult without proof that you bought such items in Canada . . . Always pack a first-aid kit . . . Take along your own face soap and tissue (they're not always supplied in hotels and are costly to buy in quantity).

Destination New York? . . . You'll make better time if you keep the fact that you're a tourist under wraps so . . . leave white shoes at home, wear lots of smart blacks, gloves and always a hat . . . Buy a street map and pick up a where-to-go-and-what-to-see booklet at a travel counter before you spend a mint on taxicabs and useless meandering . . . Book theatre seats and hotel rooms well in advance through home-town travel agencies . . . Never tip more than ten per cent . . . Be sure to see the real New York on a Sunday walk through Central Park, or early a.m. on Fifth Avenue to watch the hordes of office workers heading for the storied beehives they won't leave till five.

Destination South? . . . See Chatelaine's three glamorous travel bargains, starting on page 24, which illustrate that the summer season in expensive winter resorts is just as attractive for much less money . . . You'll need a few formals if your spa is close to a city, lots of beachwear and cool cottons, one lightweight wool dress and a jeweled cardigan to wear over evening dresses.

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Richer color tints glamorize your hair when you use Nestle COLORTINT. Enriched with Processed LANOLIN to enhance natural hair color or add exciting new color. Blends-in streaked, bleached, dyed or graying hair. More than a rinse but not a permanent dye!

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Ask your beautician for Professional Applications of Nestle Hair Color.

MIAMI FOR \$180

Continued from page 25

at 6.40 in the morning in New Orleans took fifty-six hours. We changed to dresses in the station washroom before venturing out on the street. The South frowns on women in slacks.

For atmosphere, stay at one of the little hotels in the French Quarter. We had a high-ceilinged, air-conditioned room with four-poster mahogany beds, with telephone and bath for six dollars each a night. For slightly more the proprietor will guarantee one of the quarter's famous ghosts.

The French Quarter is the original old city and is small enough to be toured on foot. Everywhere you turn you're bumping into history—crumbling brick, grilled doors, embroidered iron balconies and patios filled with oleanders and jasmine. There are two main streets—Royal for shopping and Bourbon for night life. On Royal Street shops of every kind sell dolls, bric-a-brac, porcelain, books, lace, prints and antiques at expensive prices. You will probably want to buy New Orleans-made perfume at a dollar-twenty a dram, Aunt Sally's Pralines (sweet, pecan-studded candies), a set of earrings at the button shop for four dollars a pair or Chinese reed slippers at fifty cents a pair. Cotton, which is cheap and varied, can be bought at any one of many shops on Canal Street.

Every house in the quarter is teeming with history but some of the sights you won't want to miss are "Pirate's Alley" with its outdoor art exhibits and Jean Lafitte's blacksmith shop which is now a bar, but used to be a front for the scarlet-coated pirate's smuggling. On Dumaine Street visit "Madame John's Legacy," the oldest house in the Mississippi Valley. So far you haven't spent a penny on sightseeing.

Follow Dumaine Street down to the French market where everything from pomegranates to live chickens are sold in open stalls. If you're hungry, have a "Poor Boy," a French loaf halved lengthwise and filled with beef, cheese and tomatoes, for fifteen cents. Be sure to have coffee at the "Morning Call." For ten cents you get a mug of steaming French coffee and two square, flaky doughnuts, with lots of atmosphere in the shape of cement floors, white-tiled walls and battered silver sugar bowls chained to a wooden counter.

By Walking up Ann Street you reach Jackson Square and have a magnificent view of St. Louis Cathedral. While you're in the neighborhood be sure to go through the museum where you will see the black death-mask of Napoleon and the tarnished dusty gowns of generations of Mardi Gras queens. This is also free.

You've probably been wondering when the Mardi Gras would whirl into view. It won't—on a business girl's budget. It occurs in the ten days preceding Lent when everything in New Orleans is very, very expensive.

Transportation around "The City that Care Forgot" is cheap. Taxis register fifty cents when you get in and that takes you the first mile. Every mile after that is an additional ten cents. Deirdre and I toured City Park with its famous oaks laden with Spanish moss, the zoo and the University grounds for around a dollar each. Street cars are

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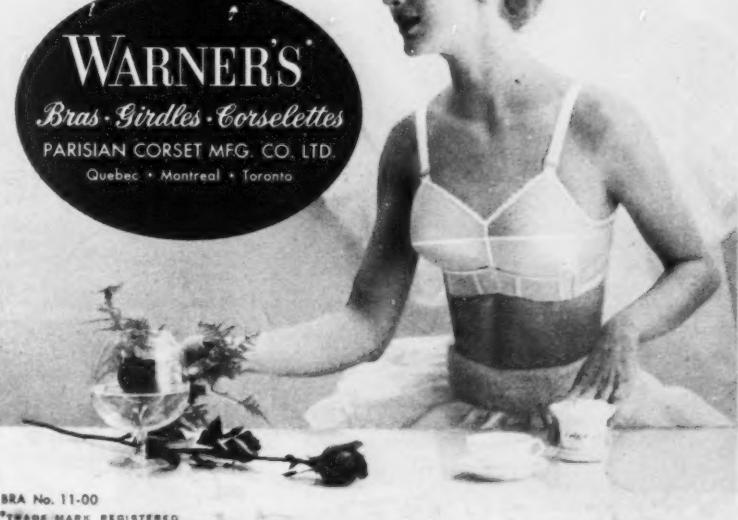


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old and rickety with the back seats reserved for colored people. The streetcar named "Desire" is now a bus on Royal Street but the driver will slow down for tourists to take pictures.

New Orleans is a gourmet's paradise. Although you'll probably want to eat at the famous Antoine's, plan to have one meal in a courtyard restaurant — Patio Royale or Court of Two Sisters. Some of the dishes you might order are Oysters Rockefeller, crayfish

bisque or chicken a dozen different ways you've never heard of. Try a flaming dessert — strawberry brûlot or crêpes Suzette. Top it off with café brûlot which is made by submerging sugar, cinnamon, cloves and orange peel in a bowl of brandy, burning them, pouring strong drip coffee over the mixture and then into you. This kind of living will cost you four dollars a meal or more with a generous tip.

For cheaper fare try the Gumbo Shop where gumbo soup with shrimp is sixty

cents and tomato stuffed with shrimp is one dollar. For breakfast go to the Coffee Pot on Peter Street with its brick floor and blackboard menu. We had an egg, toast, hominy grits and coffee for forty-five cents. Don't miss Patisserie Aux Quatre Saisons where you pick out a flaky French pastry and eat it on the patio for twenty-five to fifty cents.

At night Bourbon Street comes alive and bounces with Dixieland rhythm. Outside many of the night clubs is a

hawker who urges you to come in as the show is just beginning. The show is always just beginning and the hawkers are sometimes more amusing than the strip-teasers, blues singers and acrobats inside. There are no cover charges for night clubs but drinks run from a dollar twenty-five to two dollars each. Without entertainment they can be had in any New Orleans bar from sixty cents up.

New Orleans was such a fascinating place that we would have liked to spend longer than three days there, but we pressed on instead to Miami in a thirty-six-hour hop.

Miami and Miami Beach are two different municipalities but the beach is where the ocean is and where you'll probably want to be too. In October you don't even need a hotel reservation. There are nine miles of hotels strung along the island that make up the beach.

The hotels are big pastel creations with private terraces, lush broadloomed lobbies, dusky bars, glass-enclosed dining rooms, salt-water swimming pools, sidewalk cafes, sun decks, private terraces and handsome life guards. From April to November is the off-season and we had a big air-conditioned room with our own terrace for eight dollars each a day. In season this room was forty-two dollars a day. Very good rooms may be had in the off-season for as low as three-fifty each.

The main occupation in Miami is soaking up sun and you can do that on one of the public beaches for a ten-cent locker charge, or at a hotel solarium for lots of money. You'll probably prefer the hotel pool. For seventy-five cents a day or three dollars a week you rent a chair and a clean towel every day.

Almost every pool has its ring of cabanas, each with a changing room, lavatory, telephone and locker. A cabana costs twenty dollars a week in the off-season and we decided this was a luxury we could quite easily skip. The solarium, located on the top floor of the hotel, provides massages, nude sun-bathing, oil treatments, physical therapy, salt glows, bicycle vibrators, and various ray treatments for five dollars and up for thirty-five minutes. We did our sun bathing at the pool.

Clothes in New Orleans were pretty rather than smart. Gloves, hats and clothes with the stress on femininity seemed to be the rule. But Miami goes casual. Housewives shop in shorts. Strapless cottons and sports shirts appear in the best bars and restaurants. What you wear depends upon your figure and age. Essentials are sun-glasses, sandals, swim suits and something to wear over your swim suit when you go down the elevator to the pool. We wore our coats.

In summer and fall most of the little shops on the beach and the big name shops on Lincoln Avenue are clearing stock and you can pick up cottons and sports clothes cheaply. Alligator bags run from eight to fifteen dollars which is just about one third of what they are in Canada.

Taxis are expensive. The first one third of a mile costs thirty cents and every mile adds another thirty. It cost us five dollars to get from the bus station to our hotel. Buses, at two tokens for twenty-five cents, go past all the big hotels on the beach. For transporting luggage, it's wise to take a jitney. A jitney is a battered-looking



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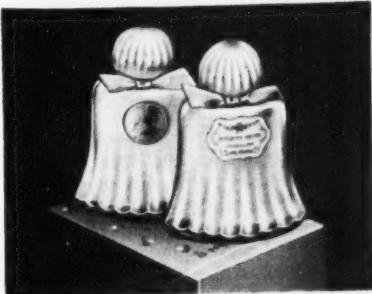
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CHATELAINE — MAY, 1953

taxis that follows the bus route and runs every fifteen minutes. It holds eight people and operates on the serve-yourself principle. The driver opens the door with a system of ropes and pulleys. You stow your bags in the trunk yourself. But for twenty cents you can go as far as we went for five dollars in a taxi. Jitneys stop one block from the bus station.

Miami is a good place for a good appetite. There are any number of expensive and good restaurants where meals cost from two-fifty up. For cheaper meals you can eat in the cafeterias. We had a filling and well-cooked meal of roast spring chicken, candied yams, apple sauce, tossed salad, cheese cake and coffee for one dollar and twenty-five cents. We usually ate breakfast at the drugstore across from the hotel. For sixty-five cents we got an egg, toast, jelly, hot Danish rolls and coffee.

When you're in Miami City be sure to visit Sloppy Joe's where fresh fruit drinks are served in an open bar. Whole grapefruit, oranges and limes are squeezed in a big iron squeezer and a brimming glass costs ten cents.

If you get tired of sun-bathing there are plenty of other things to do. You can take one of a dozen bus trips. The cheapest at two-fifty tours Miami City, including a visit to the Seminole Indian camp where you will see an Indian wrestling an alligator, putting it to sleep by rubbing its stomach with sand and waking it up with a mating call.

You might take a day-long trip through the mangrove swamps of Everglades National Park. En route you visit the parrot jungle and see flamingos mincing like ballerinas, and the monkey jungle where humans walk in wire arcades while monkey life goes on free and furiously around you. This trip costs around eight dollars and includes lunch. Another trip to Key West, hangout of freebooters, includes a lunch of crawfish and turtle steaks and costs around twenty dollars.

You can take a boat tour of most of these spots for about the same money. A jaunt in a yacht costs five dollars for the afternoon. A ride in a glass-bottomed boat to see the coral reefs and a deep-sea diver in action will cost you two dollars.

When it came time to go home we wanted to make fast time so we boarded the Sun King bus back to Detroit. This de luxe trip cost us two dollars and fifty cents extra for a reserved seat. Four different de luxe buses run from Miami, each with a washroom, a steward, refreshments and very few stops. We boarded the bus at Miami on Friday night and got off at Detroit Sunday morning.

When we boarded the Sun King we walked on a little red carpet that mounted a stairway (like boarding a plane). We were given a deckle-edged welcoming folder which contained two labels, a tag, tissues for cleaning our glasses, a folder of match-like sticks for stopping stocking runs and thread in six different colors if we couldn't stop the run in time. Pillows on the Sun King are free.

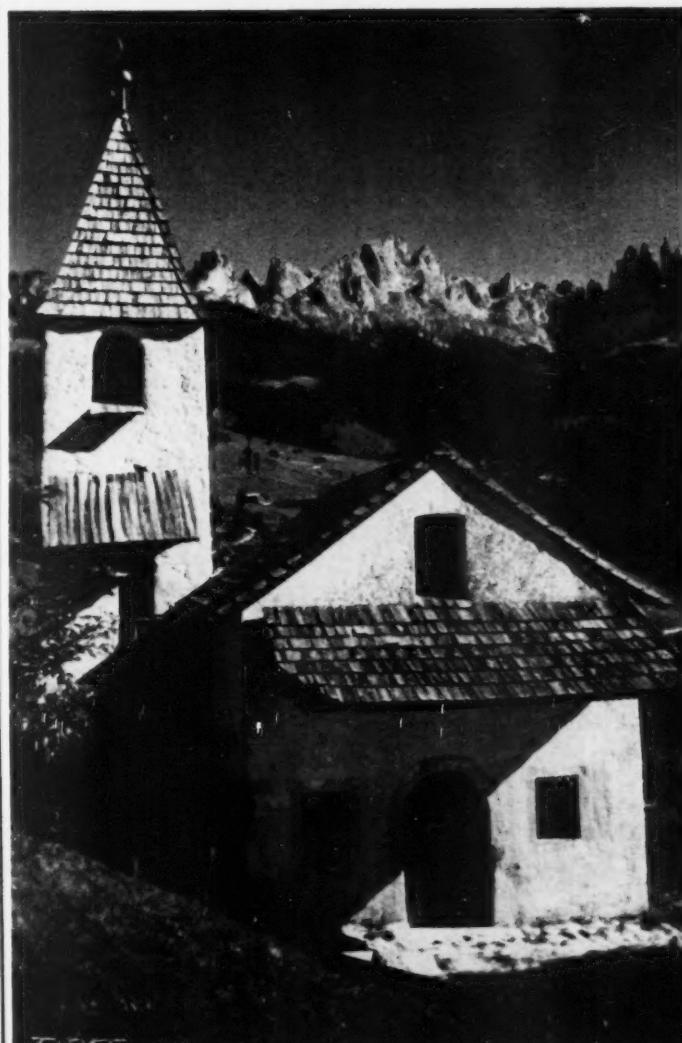
It was a wonderful trip. We're still boring people talking about it—and planning to do another one including the Grand Canyon, the Painted Desert, Hollywood and San Francisco next year. *

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International Aviation Building,
1080 University Str., MONTREAL,
and all Travel Agencies.



JAMAICA FOR \$300

Continued from page 26

Board, Harbour Street, Kingston. As rates change slightly from season to season, it is best to consult the latest sheet available. When booking rooms, a mention of the Tourist Trade Board is a good idea. You can put your problem straight into the hands of a travel agent, of course. He'll be very

helpful once you've explained, firmly, that Daddy doesn't own any oil wells and you haven't won the Irish Sweep.

If you choose Kingston as your base of operations, you'll find it a fascinating place to explore. You can travel almost anywhere in the city by bus. Fares are about four cents a trip, and no tip for the driver. For taxi rides and throughout Jamaica, the ten per cent tipping rule is your guide.

Unless you are hep to pounds, shillings and pence, you will find shopping

a bit of a problem. Stores are glad to take your Canadian money but you'll find your cash goes further if you change your money into Jamaican currency. Always ask for the sterling price of objects you want to buy. To refresh your memory, there are twenty shillings in a pound, twelve pennies in a shilling. A shilling today is worth fourteen cents. A pound is worth, roughly, \$2.80.

Thanks to devaluation, your Canadian dollars will bring "plenty plenty bargains" as the natives say. You'll

want to buy souvenirs for the folks back home. Higgler or peddlers will offer you long strings of seed necklaces for a shilling or one-and-six (that's fourteen or twenty cents) and you can buy lovely straw-work in the markets. You must bargain for the best prices: I've paid as low as sixty cents for a straw handbag when the asking price was two dollars fifty.

Jamaica has a large East Indian community and the East Indian merchants import beautiful articles from India for resale in downtown Kingston shops. Hand-wrought silver jewelry will turn your head at the Indian stores. Indian sandals are a must—for yourself and the girls back home. They come in natural leather, well-ornamented, at three dollars. Evening styles in black or white satin embroidered in silk, silver and gold, sell at up to ten dollars and are worth every penny. Straw-work sandals (about two dollars) and big floppy hats (from fifty cents up) will also be on your list.

At Coronation Market, the largest and most Jamaican, you'll enjoy a treat denied winter visitors because you will arrive in mango season. The luscious, juicy Bombay mangoes sell for a few pennies each. A New York hostess may pay up to a dollar apiece when these delicacies are flown north.

Oddly enough, Kingston has no good sea beaches which can be reached by bus. Most hotels open their pools to the public, fortunately. The Myrtle Bank is Kingston's best hotel, and the guest list always sparkles with the names of celebrities. You can spend the day at the Myrtle Bank pool for sixty cents—a fee which includes the use of pool, locker and private dressing room.

In Jamaica, by the way, you'll find little "high pressuring." Once you have paid your entrance fee to the Myrtle Bank pool, for instance, nobody bothers you. Beach chairs are provided free and the attendant will bring you a canvas beach cot without charge, although he'll appreciate a shilling or a quarter tip. Towels can be rented but you can easily bring your own. No waiter will approach you for an order unless you clap your hands briskly, Jamaican style, and when he has served you, the usual ten per cent tip is sufficient. If you want to stay at the pool through lunch, a waiter will bring you a soft drink and sandwich at reasonable prices, or you have lunch on the terrace for \$1.50. The pool is crystal clear, bordered with palms on one side and the harbor on the other. While you swim and sun, watching diving boys beg for pennies, calypso bands wander down to entertain.

If you want to swim every day you may find the Myrtle Bank too expensive. So hop on another bus and go to the Bournemouth Club, operated by the city, which has an excellent pool, garden and cocktail bar. Not a tourist spot, the Bournemouth is favored by wives and families of the British military colony and the Jamaicans themselves. A dime will get you in.

Night life in Kingston offers a thrilling new experience to one accustomed to night life, Canadian style. Liquor laws are extremely liberal in Jamaica where you can buy rum at the corner grocery. Night clubs are open seven days a week and drinking places can be frequented by those of all ages. Despite this the sight of a Jamaican under the influence of alcohol is extremely rare. Jamaicans

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look with distaste on any display of drunkenness, and convivial restraint is the rule.

Although class lines are rigidly kept in Jamaica there is relatively no color line. Thus in even the most exclusive night club you'll meet complexions of every hue. Jamaica's prime minister and most of her public figures are colored men and women, as the population is ninety per cent colored.

A must is a visit to a native dance or a Pocomania meeting. Pocomania is a religious sect which specializes in a holy-roller type of display. Members of the sect are found among the poorer laboring classes, and meetings are held by torchlight in slum areas. Sometimes special Pocomania services last for twenty-four hours at a stretch, accompanied by singing and a type of hypnotized dance movement. Visitors from abroad are welcomed. The Chief Shpher (the priest) asks only that visitors maintain a dignified silence, light a candle (it costs you a shilling to light a candle placed on a long table loaded with fruit and bread, from which you may be invited to partake) and treat the service with respect. Travel agents often arrange visits to Pocomania meetings for tourists. A Jamaican agent can take you to a native dance for a few dollars, where you'll see the native mento and samba danced in all their sizzling, hip-swinging glory.

No Jamaican holiday is complete without at least one North Coast week end.

Try Port Antonio, for a start. Rates at Errol Flynn's Titchfield Hotel are quite high, but there are a number of pleasant guest houses. A complete rate list can be obtained from the Tourist Office. Perhaps the prettiest and pleasantest is Bonnie View, six hundred feet above sea level, with a magnificent view of the sea below, the town, and Errol Flynn's Navy Island. The view alone is worth the five dollars a day you pay for room, bath and board.

Port Antonio is a thriving little seaport and each week end sees at least one British or American boat tied at anchor, it seems. The hotel is a week end rendezvous for Navy men and planters from nearby estates.

There is always a shortage of pretty girls when a ship is in, so you'll have plenty of partners when you go dancing Saturday night at the Casino Del Mar. Round about midnight the calypso band gives way to a native floor show.

If you plan to spend a second week end on the North Coast the logical choice is Montego Bay or Ocho Rios. Guest house rates there run from five dollars a day up.

There is no train service to Ocho Rios as yet. The journey by car costs seven dollars each way—an expensive item—but at the end of the trip is the glorious, out-of-this-worldly Tower Isle Hotel. So celebrate your frugality to date with a Friday-to-Sunday holiday there. Room, bath and three meals for the week end will cost a total of close to thirty dollars, but rates include room service, swimming in pool or sea, movies, native entertainment, tennis, archery, shuffleboard, sailing, spear fishing, riding and cycling.

Let's review briefly the costs of this Jamaican holiday.

Your one big item will be transportation. Here are two ways you can travel:

Continued on page 52

QUESTIONS OF ETIQUETTE . . .



What is the Correct Way to Answer an Invitation?

The first rule in answering all invitations is that they must be written promptly . . . and in the same manner in which they are sent. An engraved invitation, for instance, is always answered in the third person, and is written on your own personal notepaper.

In the same perfect taste, the smooth, rich finish of Barber Ellis stationery is ideal for all your formal and general correspondence. Illustrated below is the deluxe box of CAMEO . . . available also in smaller-size boxes and in "open stock" . . . in smooth Vellum finish or laid Deckle edge.

There is a Barber-Ellis paper in the correct size and style for all occasions . . . for all members of the family . . . at prices to suit every purse.



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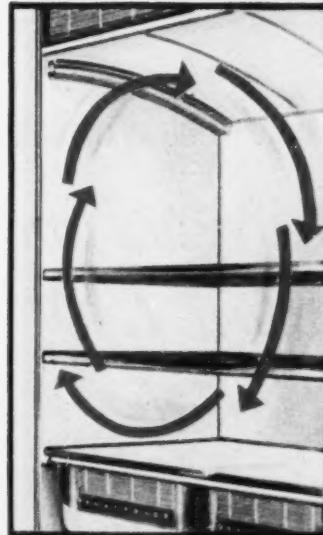
Automatic Defrosting, of course

No pans to empty, no food to move—no need to defrost, ever! How is this possible? The new Frost-Limitor never allows frost to build up—gives you completely automatic defrosting—plus the lowest average temperatures ever provided in a G-E Refrigerator.

All this, and more—more space than ever before, new beauty of design, a big full-width freezer, roomy Rolla-Drawers—all the most desired features. Truly—you owe it to yourself, to your family and your pocketbook to visit your G-E dealer—to see with your own eyes the last word in refrigerators: G-E ROTO-COLD. Other refrigerators priced as low as \$319.00.

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How to make Asparagus and Devilled Egg Salad

Serve these attractive salads to the bridge club . . . and as a main dish for the family's supper, too.

They'll like their eggs and vegetables in this refreshing form!

The dressing is important, so be sure it's delicious Miracle Whip Salad Dressing . . . preferred by millions for its lively, delicate flavor and satin smoothness. Find out what Miracle Whip's "one and only" flavor does for salads of every kind!



1. Cut 6 hard-boiled eggs in half lengthwise. Remove the yolks. Mash the yolks with a fork, or force them through a sieve.



2. Blend in 3 tbsps. Miracle Whip; season. Arrange lettuce on plates, with cooked asparagus tips and hard-boiled egg halves.



3. Fill egg whites with egg yolk mixture by forcing it through pastry tube. Place spoonful of Miracle Whip in center of each salad.



1. Via TCA all the way. Summer excursion return fare from Toronto or Montreal, \$237.40 (over \$30 cheaper than the regular fare).

2. By bus to Miami, by KLM from Miami to Kingston, via Havana. This is for girls who have more time than money. Your \$110 return air fare on the Miami-Kingston run includes a stopover in Havana if you wish.

It is important to buy all airline tickets in Canada, to avoid fifteen per cent U. S. tax.

Your expenses in Jamaica will vary according to the type of accommodation you select and the amount you spend on extras. But here are three alternative draft budgets:

1. Twelve days at Kingston YWCA, plus tips Week end at Port Antonio: Train fare Guest house Pocket money, etc.	\$ 24.00 3.80 10.00 25.00
	\$ 62.80
2. Twelve days at Kingston guest house, plus tips Week end at Ocho Rios: Transportation Hotel Pocket money, etc.	\$ 40.00 14.00 25.00 25.00
	\$ 104.00
3. Twelve days at Kingston guest house Week end at Montego Bay: Train fare Guest house Pocket money, etc.	\$ 40.00 6.00 14.00 25.00
	\$ 85.00

Two girls traveling together can share a double room and cut costs a fraction, or hire a small English car (thirty-three dollars a week) and see Jamaica in style. You will be told, perhaps, that it is dangerous for a girl or two girls to travel alone in Jamaica. Take my word for it—as long as you exercise the same caution as you would in Vancouver or Montreal, a friendly smile and manner will take you anywhere you want to go. Admittedly, you'll have to beware of pickpockets, particularly in the streets and markets. A good rule is to put your money in travelers' cheques and carry only a small amount of cash with you.

Bring light summer clothes, and lots of film for your camera. Bring a pair of good evening shoes and a sturdy walking loafer or sandal. For dancing and dining the cocktail length dress is ideal. Jamaican women prefer opulent taffetas and nylons, but cottons are seen in the best places as well. A strapless cotton can carry you through the day—you wear it shopping, for sports, for dinner, for dancing. Slacks and shorts are taboo on Jamaican streets, although shorts or pedal-pushers are nice to have along for bicycling.

Leave room in your bag to take home at least one African print sun-dress. These exotic prints, ironically enough, are manufactured in Britain for export only, and are sold in Jamaican stores. The fabrics are good strong English cotton, patterns are out of this world. The prints sell for about sixty cents a yard, and a local dressmaker will make you a sun-dress or evening gown in forty-eight hours. She'll charge you from two-fifty to four dollars depending on the style you choose.

You'll want a light evening cape or jacket, and two swim suits. You can get along without hat, stockings or gloves. I came down with a good supply of nylons and three hats. I've worn stockings once—when I went to call on the governor's wife. The only time I've worn my knitted cloche is when I have had a date and my hair needed setting. My velvet toque still languishes in its box unseen, and my black straw was long since given to a maid who wanted to go to a funeral.

Life in Jamaica is casual all day and glamorous after sundown. Choose your wardrobe accordingly.

Buy a pair of straw slippers at the market, or bring slippers from home, to wear as you step out of bed. Scorpions exist in Jamaica. I've seen only one in two years—but that was the one which sent my little boy to the hospital. Scorpions like dark corners, so think before you chase an escaping earring under your bed, and if you must turn over stones, use a stick and do it from a distance. You need no special shots or protective ointments. Mosquitoes are no problem. A dusting powder and camomile lotion will cure a heat rash, and a heat rash is probably the only ailment you'll suffer, if you suffer one at all.

Our own six-month holiday ended officially more than a year ago—and we're still here, buying oranges for a dime a dozen, T-bone steaks for thirty-five cents a pound, and living in cottons and sandals the year round.

When I try to describe this magic Island to Canadian friends at home, I find I simply run out of adjectives. You come along and see for yourself. *

MEXICO FOR \$400

Continued from page 26

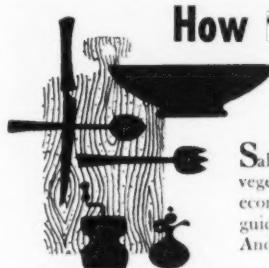
for two hundred and fifteen dollars return. Regular air travel from Vancouver would have been approximately three hundred dollars, but by traveling by train from Vancouver to Seattle for six dollars return, they were able to get a tourist air coach flight to Los Angeles for eighty-seven dollars return. Bus and limousine services took them across the Mexican border to Tijuana for nine dollars twenty-five return from where they flew to Mexico City for a hundred and seven dollars return.

"Shop around!" is the travelers' advice to the Mexico-bound. Shop around for living accommodation too, they advise. Make your first hotel reservations ahead through a reliable travel agency, they urge, but don't send a down payment in advance. As soon as you have parked your suitcase in your hotel, start looking around, and the chances are, you will find much cheaper accommodation that will suit your purpose as well. In Pacific-side, romantic Acapulco, the Vancouver trio had been booked into the touristy Cleta Hotel, which gave them near-movie-star splendor at thirteen dollars a day for a shared room and meals. The second day there, they quickly discovered Las Palmas, a motel-like guest house, where the rooms were individual adobe cottages set in a palm grove, at just over five dollars each, including food they are still raving about.

Never pay the first price you are asked for anything in Mexico. Mexicans love

(Advertisement)

How to make Better Salads for all occasions



VEGETABLE SALADS are suitable for a side dish or a main course. You'll find that cabbage combines well with carrots, green peppers, and raisins. Tomatoes go well with onions, cucumbers, celery; or stuffed with cheese, egg, meat, or potato filling. Add thinly cut strips of Velveeta cheese for extra nutrition.



In tossed salads, combine the ingredients lightly. Toss with two forks . . . never stir or mash. To a tossed salad, add green or red pepper rings; onion rings; thinly sliced green beans, carrots, asparagus, or cauliflower. Serve with Kraft French Dressing (smooth and tangy) or Miracle French Dressing (with just a hint of garlic).

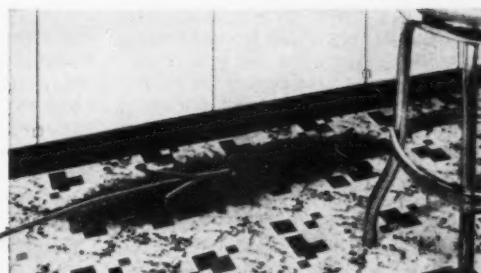
MEAT SALADS Men particularly enjoy these. Combine equal quantities of diced meat or chicken and celery. Moisten with Kraft Kitchen-Fresh Mayonnaise. For variations, add sweet pickles, cooked peas, olives, hard-boiled egg slices. Another idea: spread potato salad on ham or luncheon meat, and roll as a jelly roll.



Made in small molds, these are cool and pretty "one-to-a-person" appetizers. In ring molds, make lemon gelatin, and when it firms slightly, add diced celery. When jelly sets, fill center with Miracle Whip Salad Dressing and arrange shrimps around it. Or substitute any seafood your family enjoys most.

FRUIT SALADS make a delightful luncheon and an attractive dessert. Use fresh or canned fruits. Combine apples with celery and dates or nuts. Or with

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haggling, and they set the prices accordingly, often twenty-five per cent more than they expect to receive. They think you are more sucker than polite if you pay what is asked. The girls, when they first arrived in Mexico, paid exorbitantly for souvenirs, taxis, everything they bought, until friends wised them up.

They put their new knowledge into practice the day they went to Xochimilco, outside the city, to see the place once the home of the Aztec nobles, and the "floating islands" they left behind them.

These flower-covered islands were rafts, anchored in the lake by the Aztecs, and covered with earth and vegetation, which over the centuries have become stationary.

As they piled out of the bus from Mexico City, boatmen besieged them, each urging them to take his flower-decked barge to sail among the islands. "Only twenty-five pesos," urged one. (There are about 8.6 pesos to the dollar.) "Fourteen pesos," Dorothy said firmly. The boatmen hesitated, then

one spoke up quickly, "Fourteen pesos, okay, come along." (Incidentally, although most people you will encounter speak some English, if you can learn a little Spanish you will find your bargaining powers greater, and if you want to stray off the beaten track you will find that in more remote places, few people do speak English.)

When you climb out of your plane at the Mexico City airport, 7,349 feet high in the Valley of Mexico, you will see the snow-capped peaks of Popoca-

tepelt and Ixtaccihuatl in the distance. Even in summer, the weather will be only pleasantly warm, and the nights refreshingly cool.

You will realize what Mexicans mean when they call their country "land of eternal spring," but don't forget those cool evenings, warn the Christmas visitors. You'll probably need a light coat, or fur stole, when you go dining or night-clubbing. Also remember the sudden showers in the afternoon and evenings, and bring along plastic overshoes that fold into a small bag for your purse, and a light, collapsible umbrella. In Mexico City, the linen suits you wear on a Canadian summer day in town will be just right for sightseeing junkets.

Do bring comfortable shoes, because you will find that just walking is fun, along streets lined with magnificent buildings—some sixteenth century, some startlingly modern. You'll get an eerie feeling, too, when you see how many of the large buildings are sinking into the soft, underlying soil of the city, which has been weakened by extensive drainage and artesian wells.

Museums, ancient cathedrals, ruins, historic buildings—a good guide book will list more than you could visit in a year—and don't try to see everything, warn the Vancouver girls. The high altitude will give you an exhilarated, walking-on-air feeling, but you will wear yourself down, if you are not careful, and arrive home too tired even to talk about it. In fact, anyone with a heart condition of any type is warned against visiting Mexico City without first consulting a doctor.

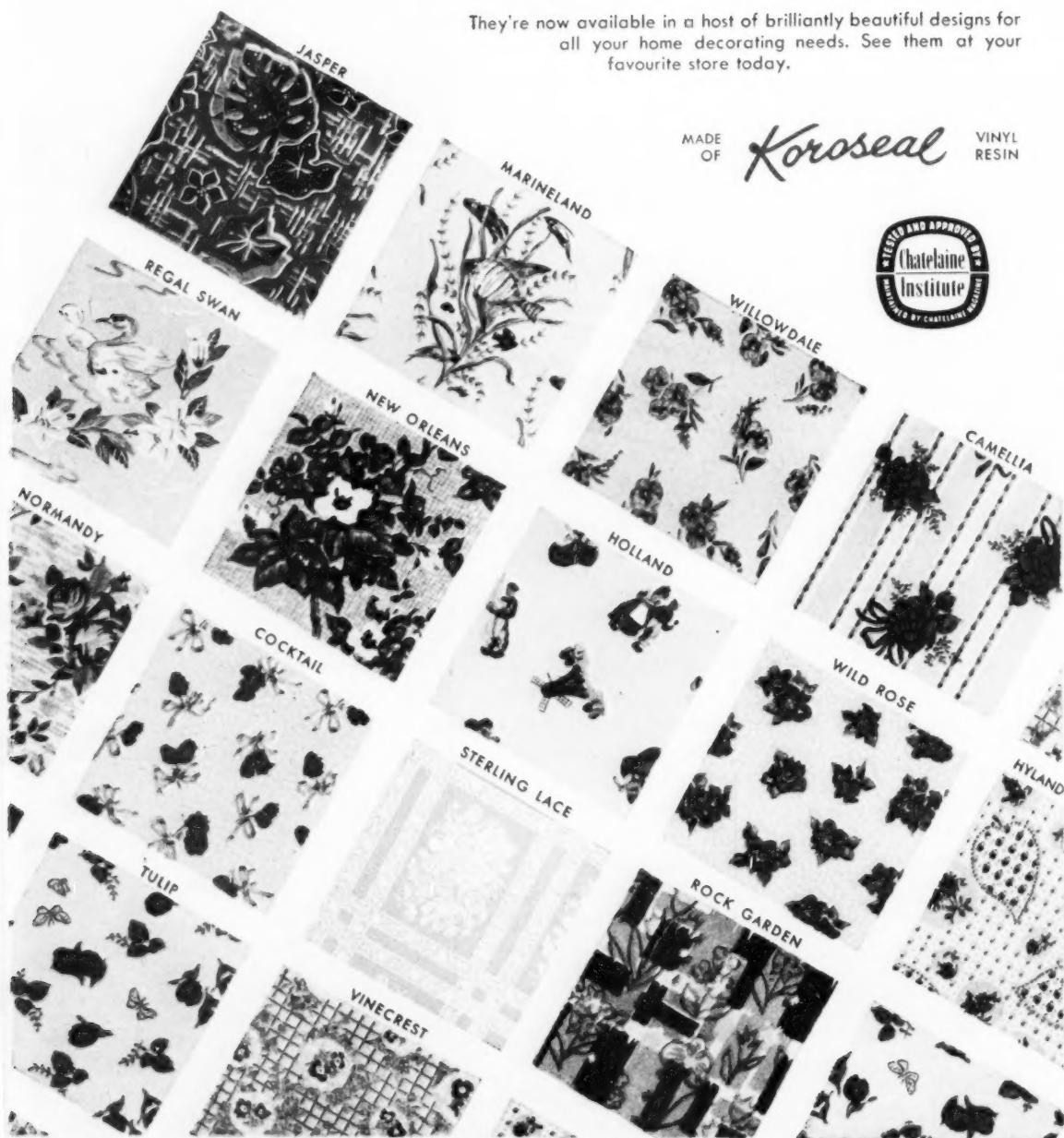
But don't forget you will want to have a few hours visiting the street markets. It's here you will look on the face of the real Mexico; the Indians, noisy, gay, argumentative, the women, Madonna-like, with their stoles wrapped around their heads and their babies in their arms. At the San Juan market, with its displays of exotic fruits and flowers, baskets, pottery and woven fabrics, the Vancouver women were so taken with the stoles worn by the Mexican women, called rebozas, that they all bought some on the spot. After a little haggling, wide, skirt-length hand-woven ones cost two dollars apiece.

You may have vowed already that you will bring home a sombrero, but you probably won't. Only a few peasants wear them, and they are not typical of the country. In fact with the exception of a kerchief over your head for church visits, you probably won't wear a hat at all in Mexico. The sun is bright enough for sun-glasses, but not hot enough to make head covering necessary, except perhaps, a glamorous reboza draped over your hair for evenings.

The flowers in the markets you will love; heavily perfumed violets, roses, brilliant gladioli—a large bouquet for the equivalent of about twenty-five cents. The fruit is cheap too—oranges ten cents a dozen, pineapples a few cents each. The strawberries are cheap and luscious too, but you are warned against buying them, or any fruit or vegetable to be eaten unpeeled or uncooked. Northern innards apparently do not adjust too readily to raw food in Mexico.

Everywhere you go, salads of fruit and vegetables served with hotly spiced dressing will tempt you, but the warning is—don't. You will have no difficulty finding fascinating food that is cooked.

New TOWER Plastic Fabric Designs



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OPAQUES

TRANSLUCENTS

CANADIAN GENERAL TOWER LIMITED
GALT, ONTARIO CANADA

Dorothy, Ruth and Mary didn't take to the peppery chilis—meat cooked with red beans, lashings of chili powder and other spices; or to enchiladas, a cornmeal pancake rolled around heavily spiced meat or chicken, and served with a rich, hot sauce.

But whether you like these or not, you will find every type of European or North American food served in Mexico City. The girls discovered the famous Maria Cristobel, a gourmet cafe where continental food is served in elegant surroundings. At Angelo's, also elegant, they sampled Italian food, and Swiss food at the Swiss Village.

Like the school workers, you may not subscribe to the Mexican dining schedule. People there have little breakfast, dawdle over an enormous noon meal, eaten between 1.30 and 3.30, with a late supper started at nine and lasting until midnight. With a day of sightseeing before you, you will probably prefer to breakfast as you would in Canada which will cost you about sixty cents for juice, eggs, coffee. If it is convenient at lunch time, you will find Sanborns, one of Mexico's most famous restaurants, an interesting place for a noon meal. Known as "The House of Tiles," the large building is covered with a mosaic of blue tiles.

The Vancouver travelers preferred to rendezvous most days at Sanborns, for sandwiches or hamburgers, for which they paid approximately Canadian prices. For the evening meal, they splurged at one of the epicurean cafes they discovered. For several courses, beautifully served in a gracious atmosphere, they paid about three dollars each. Their favorite aperitif was a tequila cocktail—tequila mixed with lime, anis and grenadine. Like most drinks, the peppery cocktail—as close in flavor to vodka as anything—was about the same price as a cocktail in a Canadian club or bar.

If you like it, you will probably drink beer with some meals in Mexico, since visitors are warned against drinking water, unless it is bottled. Bottled water is always available in restaurants, and is provided in your room, in many hotels.

Dining out, or night-clubbing, presents no great clothes problem in Mexico. Dorothy, Mary and Ruth discovered that the costumes they would have worn at home were correct. Where they went, they saw no full-length evening dresses. Ballerina-length dresses, in silks or cottons, were popular, as were short cocktail dresses, with black the predominant color.

As they put it, "Any date-time dress you would wear in Canada for informal evenings is right in Mexico." The Mexicans you see in the better restaurants and night clubs are very conservative, and a tourist is conspicuous in extreme clothes.

Mexico City is very gay and fast-paced, the Vancouver girls remind you, and if relaxation is part of the reason for your trip, you are advised to seek out a smaller town or seaside resort. They chose Acapulco, and after a few days in the capital, started out by bus, with Taxco as waypoint: the fare, a dollar twenty-five.

The road winds south from the capital, and over a breath-taking 9,900-foot pass, dropping sharply into the semi-tropical valley of Morelos. On this road you will pass the Pyramid of Tepox-

teco, built on a hill by the Aztecs, and stop briefly at Cuernavaca, a sixteenth-century town of old houses tinted pink, blue and yellow. Cortes' Palace is still standing there, as is the cathedral he built.

The road, outside Cuernavaca, passes mansion-like homes, and goes through primitive Indian villages where scrawny children play before thatched huts. You will begin to see the contrast between the rich of Mexico, usually people of almost pure Spanish blood, and the poor

Mexicans, or Indians, as they are called.

The Vancouver adventurers fell in love with Taxco, the ancient, silver-mining town, nestling 5,600 feet high among pine-clad mountains. When you get off the bus, you step into the past. Native Mexicans mined silver there for thousands of years; Cortes, the Conquistador, worked the mines for the King of Spain. In the eighteenth century, a Spanish adventurer, Jose de la Borda, made millions from the mines and today, Taxco's Spanish-colonial

architecture and hilly, winding cobblestone streets are much as he built them. The town is now a national monument with the building of modern structures prohibited.

In towns like this, you too may find that the enchantment of the past is too strong for you, and like the Vancouver girls, let your bus go on without you. Without difficulty, they found a room in the luxurious, white-columned Hotel de la Borda, with its hand-carved paneling and antique furniture: superlative

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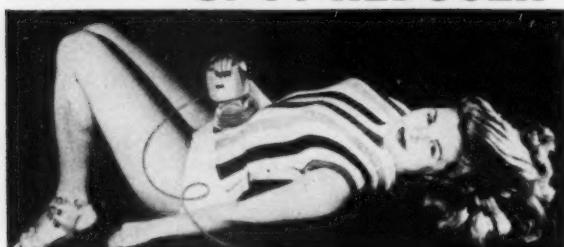
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NAME ADDRESS CITY PROVINCE

meals, large room with bath, seven-fifty each per day.

To know Mexico, you will want to explore towns like this, with their ancient streets, and ornate churches with gold-adorned altars and objects of art.

In the ancient plaza of Taxco, lined with shops and markets, you can buy whirling, handpainted skirts and carved silver jewelry, for which Mexico is famous. The Vancouver girls paid about ten dollars for their colorful skirts. Mary paid nine dollars for a necklace, bracelet and matching earrings of silver, decorated with the Aztec head in turquoise. Dorothy bargained with a vendor for a wide bracelet of silver and Mexican jade and talked him down from thirty pesos to nineteen, about two dollars.

To push on to Acapulco, you will find it worthwhile to indulge in the extravagance of hiring a car to drive the one hundred and eighty miles, for which the fare will be just under thirty dollars. The driver points out interesting sites and stops from time to time to let you explore small native villages you would otherwise miss.

Palm trees, tropical warmth and the smell of the Pacific greeted Dorothy, Mary and Ruth a few miles outside Acapulco. When they had found their restful adobe hotel, Las Palmas, they discovered life to be inexpensive and informal. Most tourists will want to spend mornings and afternoons at one of the resort's white, sandy beaches. You will wear only the coolest and simplest of cottons, and comfortable Mexican sandals, with rope soles and brightly colored canvas tops, for which you will pay under fifty cents.

You may expect your Canadian bathing suits will be strictly from Mrs. Grundy, until you discover that Mexicans dress very discreetly on the beach and the only bikini-type suit the girls saw was worn by a bride from Toronto.

Although Mexico is becoming a popular Canadian holiday safari, the Vancouver girls were almost the only Canadians in Acapulco at that time. As such, intrigued Americans and Mexicans invited them most evenings to join their parties, either exploring native dives, or visiting the swank night clubs in the large hotels. Colorful, dressy cottons, they discovered, were the right thing to wear for these expeditions during the balmy evenings.

Perhaps, in Acapulco or a similar place, deep-sea fishing will intrigue you, and if so you will pay between seven and eight dollars for a day's pursuit of swordfish, sailfish or barracuda.

And you may want to see a bullfight. The Vancouver girls didn't manage it, but it is easy to arrange. Most hotels sell tickets for the dramatic event which takes place Sundays at four p.m. in the larger centres. But a word of warning, say those who have been there; buy your tickets on Monday. Early in the week, tickets are often about two dollars for the sunny side of the arena (the shady side is slightly more), but by Sunday morning prices have advanced to a minimum of ten dollars.

Mary, Dorothy and Ruth flew back to Mexico City from Acapulco for a few days, then home, tanned, relaxed and excited about the romantic country where, with a little saving and a little planning, any Canadian girl can have a holiday she will never forget. ♦

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Your house has a thousand things to keep clean and shining with S.O.S the Magic Scouring Pad. The more you use S.O.S the more it can help you. Here are just a few things to use it for:



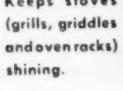
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Keep ovens clean.



S-53-2



SEVEN MORE SHOWER IDEAS

Continued from page 23

Any shower is more fun when plans and money are pooled

The Paper Shower. All your guest-of-honor can see at first are a couple of gigantic red crackers. The gifts are all inside. They must all be made primarily of paper, wrapped individually, signed and packed into dainty bedroom wastepaper baskets which are then wrapped in red paper and tied at each end. The red paper covering the baskets is pin-punched around the middle so that the cracker will "pop" with a sharp tug. Paper gift suggestions: playing cards, note paper, cookbook, monogrammed paper serviettes, etc., plus the bedroom wastebaskets.

The Bridge Shower. If your guest and her future spouse are ardent bridge players, they will get hours of pleasure from this thoughtful shower. The main gift is a card table which is piled high with small individually wrapped game accessories such as a bridge-table cover, cards, score pads, tallies, ash trays, candy dishes, etc. If one of your guests can tell fortunes with cards you can keep the party exciting till lunchtime.

The Hide-And-Seek Shower. This one is guaranteed to keep everyone

amused while the gift opening is under way. All gifts must come in pairs and each is separately wrapped and marked with colored stars to match its mate. For instance, you stick a red star on both parcels containing the candlesticks and blue stars on the parcels containing the towels. They are then hidden about the room and the bride-to-be must find the mate of the first before she goes on to the next. Other gift suggestions could include salt and pepper shakers, towels, pillowcases, and book ends, etc.

The Cleaning Cupboard Shower. First you make a mustachioed barbershop trio of faces with painted cardboard and place them over the handles of a sponge mop, a dust mop and a broom which are gifts themselves. Then you tie them together to form a tripod and suspend the other gifts from the point at which the three meet. These gifts could include such items as cleaning compounds, soaps, brushes, dusters, etc.

The Plastic Shower. A pair of shower curtains are hung on a circular wire loop and the loop suspended from the ceiling. Below, the curtains are drawn around an ordinary washtub containing gifts

From One Cook to Another



by
Mary Blake

Carnation Home Service Director

WHEN THE YOUNGSTERS RUSH IN on warm days, hot and thirsty, give them tall glasses of Iced Cocoa — made with Carnation Evaporated Milk. With Carnation, it's smooth, chocolatey-tasting and irresistible to the young fry. And so wonderfully nourishing! Carnation is good whole milk, you know — milk with all the cream left in. So it puts sound food values in hot or iced cocoa. And each pint of undiluted Carnation supplies 430 Units of vitamin D — enough to meet the daily needs of a normal child. Here's the handy way I make



ICED CARNATION COCOA

Make a Cocoa Syrup: Combine 1 cup cocoa, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon salt, and 1 cup cold water in a saucepan. Stir over low heat until smooth; boil gently 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add 2 teaspoons vanilla. Store in covered jar in refrigerator. To make each glass of Iced Cocoa:

$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chilled Carnation Milk
 $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water
2 tablespoons Cocoa Syrup
Mix Carnation and water. Add Cocoa Syrup. Shake or beat frothy. Pour into tall glass.

FROSTED FONDANT Pudding

(8 servings)

1 pkg. Jell-O Vanilla Pudding	1 pkg. Jell-O Chocolate Pudding
1 1/2 cups Carnation Evaporated Milk	1 1/2 cups Carnation Evaporated Milk
1/2 cup water	1/2 cup water

Combine Vanilla Pudding, 1 1/2 cups Carnation Milk and 1/2 cup water, in saucepan. Cook according to package directions. Do the same with the Chocolate Pudding. Cool, but do not chill. "Frost" edges of dessert glasses. Put puddings by spoonfuls in the glasses, alternating flavors. With a small knife, cut through puddings in a zigzag course, to "marble". Chill.

To "Frost" Dessert Glasses: Dip rims of glasses in slightly-beaten egg white, then in fruit sugar. Let stand until set.

VEGETABLE VARIETY can do so much to make meals enjoyable. One way that I count on achieving variety, is with interesting sauces. And among my favorite sauces is a Mock Hollandaise that gives a real lift to vegetables. It achieves that wonderful, smooth richness you look for in

Hollandaise, by using double-rich Carnation undiluted.

MOCK HOLLANDAISE SAUCE

(4 servings)

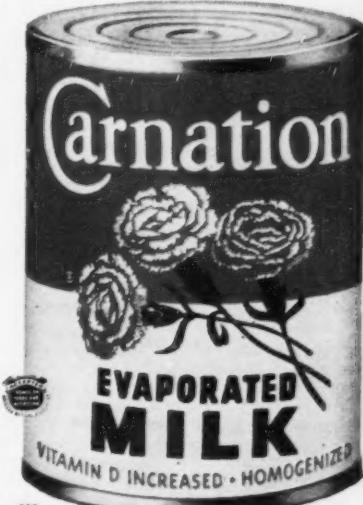
1 tablespoon butter
1 tablespoon flour
1/2 cup Carnation Milk
1/2 cup water
1/2 teaspoon salt
1/4 cup thick salad dressing

Blend butter and flour in saucepan over low heat. Mix Carnation and water. Add gradually to butter mixture, stirring constantly; stir and cook until thickened. Add salt and salad dressing and serve at once.

LISTEN to the delightful Saturday radio show "Stars Over Hollywood". A complete half-hour play every week — specially written for this entertaining programme. See your newspaper for time and station.

FREE: Carnation's "Velvet Blend Book" of tested recipes, new and old. Write to Dept. 23, Carnation Company Limited, at Toronto or Vancouver or St. John's, Newfoundland.

There is no better proof of Carnation's quality, than the fact that Carnation Milk is used and recommended more for baby feeding than all other brands of evaporated milk combined.



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"from Contented Cows"

that are all made of plastic—such as refrigerator storage containers, mixing bowls, table cloths, bowl covers, garment bag, etc. Many amusing little gifts could be included to add to the fun. At the appropriate moment the curtains are drawn to reveal the hidden tub of surprises, which the bride takes home wrapped up in the shower curtains.

The Basket Shower. At this one the guest of honor gets a host of wonderful surprises all clustered in baskets and individually wrapped. She might get

a workbasket filled with mending and sewing supplies, a market basket piled with canned foods, a hot-roll basket containing ready-mixes, a dish-drain basket complete with soap flakes and a picnic basket brimming with paper plates, cups, serviettes and a thermos for summer outings with her new husband. All these smaller basket-bouquets are arranged in a large laundry basket—a gift itself. Your presentation cards can be clipped to the gifts with clothes pins.

The Garden Shower. Here's an early spring shower for the girl with a green thumb who is moving into her own home. Gifts could include a trowel, shears, gardening mitts, flowerpots, bulbs, etc., and a hoe and rake, on which are mounted comic faces and frayed straw hats to give the party a rural flavor. The smaller items are parcelled individually and arranged in either a real or a toy wheelbarrow, perhaps borrowed for the occasion and scrubbed for its parlor appearance. ♦

RECIPES FOR SHOWERS

On pages 20-23

VEGETABLE CHOWDER

$\frac{1}{4}$ pound bacon	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery
$\frac{1}{4}$ pound mushrooms, peeled and sliced	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
1 large onion, peeled and sliced	2 cups boiling water
2 carrots, peeled and diced	2 tablespoons butter or margarine
3 potatoes, peeled and diced	3 tablespoons flour
	$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt
	Few grains pepper
	2 cups milk

Cut bacon in 1-inch pieces and cook slowly for 5 minutes. Add mushrooms and onions and cook for 10 minutes. Add remaining vegetables, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt and boiling water. Cover and simmer until vegetables are tender (about 30 minutes).

Melt butter or margarine in top of double boiler. Mix in flour and seasonings. Gradually add milk and cook, stirring, until mixture thickens. Combine sauce with vegetable mixture just before serving. Serve hot, garnished with popcorn. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CARNIVAL SALAD

Carnival Green Jellies

1 (20-ounce) can grapefruit segments	1 cup cold evaporated milk
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup finely diced celery
1 lime jelly powder	2 tablespoons lemon juice
2 tablespoons lemon juice	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped walnuts

Drain grapefruit segments. Heat juice and mix with jelly powder. Stir till dissolved. Add lemon juice and chill until syrupy. Mix in evaporated milk, diced celery, chopped walnuts and grapefruit segments cut up. Pour into moistened molds and chill until set. Makes 6 molds.

Carnival Red Jellies

1 cherry jelly powder	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup lemon juice
	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped toasted almonds
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup boiling water	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup cut up marshmallows
1 (15-ounce) can pitted red or Bing cherries	

Dissolve jelly powder in boiling water. Drain cherries and add cherry juice and lemon juice to jelly. Chill until syrupy. Mix in cherries, chopped almonds, and marshmallows. Pour into moistened molds and chill until set. Makes 6 molds. To arrange salad for serving unmold jellies and place on lettuce, alternating green and red around the plate. Top each jelly with a cream cheese ball that has been rolled in chopped nuts.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

HARLEQUIN SAUCE

1 cup maraschino cherry juice	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced candied pineapple
2 teaspoons cornstarch	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup chopped preserved ginger
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup halved red maraschino cherries	6 marshmallows, cut up
$\frac{1}{2}$ cup halved green maraschino cherries	

Mix cherry juice and cornstarch in saucepan and cook, stirring, until thickened and with no taste of starch. Remove from heat and mix in fruit and chopped ginger. When cool, fold in cut up

Real homemade chicken noodle soup in 7 minutes!



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LIPTON TOMATO VEGETABLE SOUP — Homey vegetable soup with a glorious ripe-tomato broth—6 garden vegetables—tender noodles, enriched to be more nourishing, cut to easy spooning size. Only 10 minutes cooking puts it on your table.

LIPTON SOUP MIXES

CHICKEN NOODLE
TOMATO VEGETABLE

marshmallows. Makes about 2 cups sauce.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHEESE RICE BAKE

2 eggs	3 tablespoons melted butter or margarine
1½ cups milk	3 cups cooked rice, drained
1 cup cheddar cheese grated	½ teaspoon salt
1 ½ cup sliced stuffed olives	¼ teaspoon dry mustard
2 tablespoons chopped parsley	Few grains pepper
	½ cup buttered crumbs

Beat eggs. Add remaining ingredients, except crumbs, in order, and mix well. Pour into greased 1½-quart baking dish and sprinkle with buttered crumbs. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) until set (about 1 hour). Makes 6 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

ORANGE COFFEE CAKE

Topping:

½ cup brown sugar	1 tablespoon orange juice
½ teaspoon cinnamon	1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine
1 tablespoon flour	½ cup chopped nuts
1 tablespoon grated orange rind	

Dough:

2 cups sifted enriched bread flour	4 tablespoons shortening
3 teaspoons baking powder	1 tablespoon grated orange rind
½ teaspoon salt	1 egg, well beaten
2 tablespoons granulated sugar	2/3 cup milk

To make topping: Mix brown sugar, cinnamon, flour and orange rind together. Add orange juice and melted butter or margarine and combine thoroughly with a fork. Add chopped nuts. **To make dough:** Sift together dry ingredients and cut in shortening until mixture is mealy. Mix in grated orange rind. Combine egg and milk and add gradually to dry ingredients stirring lightly with a fork. Mix only until combined. Turn into greased 8-inch square pan. Spread to fit pan and sprinkle with prepared topping. Bake in a hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 25 to 30 minutes. Best served warm. Makes 16 servings, 2 inches square.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

LOVERS' KNOT ROLLS

Make up yeast dough using your favorite recipe or roll mix. To shape lovers' knots, pat dough to ½-inch thickness. Cut into strips about ½-inch wide and 12 inches long. Tie each strip in a single loose knot and place on greased baking sheet so that there is a loop on each side of knot (as in a bow). Let rise until double in bulk and bake.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

VICHYSSOISE (French Potato Soup)

3 tablespoons butter or margarine	1 (10-ounce) can cream of chicken soup
1½ cups chopped green onions	1 cup milk
1 medium white onion, chopped	1 teaspoon salt
4 medium potatoes, pared and thinly sliced	¼ teaspoon pepper
2½ cups boiling water	1 cup medium or heavy cream
	2 tablespoons minced green onion tops

Over low heat, cook and stir chopped onions in melted butter or margarine until soft (but not brown). Add potatoes and boiling water. Cover and simmer 40 mins. or till potatoes are very soft. Without draining, put through fine sieve into top of double boiler. Gradually mix in cream of chicken soup, milk and seasonings. Reheat and then chill. When cold, blend in cream. Serve very cold garnished with minced green onion tops. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

MEXICAN TAMAQUE PIE

½ cup salad oil	¾ teaspoon salt
1 large onion, chopped	½ teaspoon pepper
½ clove garlic, minced (optional)	1½ teaspoons chili powder (more if desired)
1 pound ground beef	½ cup chopped olives
1 (10-ounce) can condensed tomato soup	1 cup kernel corn

Cornbread topping

salad oil. Mix in tomato soup, seasonings, olives and kernel corn. Pour into greased 2-quart casserole. Cover and bake in a moderate oven (325 deg. F.) for 1 hour. Then spread with Cornbread Topping and bake uncovered in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 25 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

Cornbread Topping:

Sift together ½ cup sifted enriched bread flour, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon baking powder and ½ teaspoon baking

Brown onion, garlic and meat in hot



MAGIC'S Marvellous Pineapple Cake

So luscious...so tempting...and—you made it all yourself!

Such light, clinging tenderness of texture...such flavor! You couldn't even dream of such results without time-proved Magic Baking

Powder! Yes, in all your baking you can depend on Magic for praise-winning results. Magic is inexpensive, too—protects your investment and results at less than 1¢ per average baking! Check your supply of Magic before you shop this week.

Magic Pineapple Cake

8 tbsps. quick-mix shortening (at room temperature)
2 cups once-sifted pastry flour or 1 ½ cups once-sifted all-purpose flour
3 ½ tsps. Magic Baking Powder
½ tsp. salt
1 ¼ cups fine granulated sugar
¼ cup syrup from canned pineapple
½ cup milk
1 tsp. vanilla
2 eggs

Grease two 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Measure shortening into mixing bowl. Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder, salt and sugar together once, then sift over the shortening in the mixing bowl. Add the syrup from canned pineapple, milk and vanilla. Beat with a mixing spoon for 300 strokes. Add the unbeaten eggs and beat another 300 strokes. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven about 25 minutes.

VIENNESE PINEAPPLE FILLING AND FROSTING:

Turn into upper pan of double boiler 2 egg whites, 1 cup granulated sugar and 3 tbsps. syrup from canned pineapple; stir until sugar is partly dissolved. Place over boiling water and cook, beating constantly with rotary beater, until frost-

ing will stand in peaks—about 7 minutes. Remove from heat and beat in ½ tsp. vanilla. Cover pan with a wet cloth and cool mixture completely. Cream ½ cup butter or margarine until very soft; add the cooled icing, a little at a time, beating with mixing spoon after each addition until frosting is blended and creamy. Take out about ¼ cup frosting and fold in 2 tbsps. well-drained finely-cut canned pineapple and ¼ cup toasted chopped Brazil nuts; put cold cakes together with this mixture. Fold ¼ cup well-drained finely-cut canned pineapple into remaining frosting and use to cover top and sides of cake. Decorate sides of cake with toasted thinly-shaved Brazil nuts or sprinkle liberally with shredded coconut.



Score Another CHOCOLATE HIT!

Serve the richest, most delicious chocolate dishes! Use real chocolate — Baker's Chocolate!



CHOCOLATE PEPPERMINT FROSTING

On the special side . . . with luxurious, deep chocolate flavor that's possible *only* with real chocolate — Baker's Unsweetened Chocolate. Makes something terrific of a simple "mix cake", or any cake!

**3 to 4 squares Baker's
Unsweetened Chocolate
3 tablespoons butter**

**3 cups sifted icing sugar
1/2 teaspoon salt
7 tablespoons milk**

**1 teaspoon vanilla
1/2 cup crushed
peppermint stick candy**

Melt chocolate and butter over hot water. Combine sugar, salt, milk and vanilla. Blend. Add melted chocolate and butter; mix well. Fold in crushed peppermint stick candy. Let stand, stirring occasionally, until of spreading consistency. Enough to fill and frost a 9-inch layer cake.

THE BLUE AND YELLOW PACKAGE

Easy . . . Superlative . . . QUICK CHOCOLATE SAUCE

Just melt 4 squares of Baker's Dot Chocolate over boiling water. Add 4 tablespoons butter and blend. Makes $\frac{2}{3}$ cup sauce. Wonderful served hot on all flavors of ice cream, poured over creamy puddings. Dot, the "candy-making chocolate", makes many such delicious chocolate shortcuts possible . . . just as it makes homemade chocolate candies a joy!

THE RED AND YELLOW PACKAGE

Chocolate Trickery

Real trickery here . . . because Baker's Chocolate Chips don't melt in cooking. They're specially processed to keep their firm, delicious crunchiness right through baking. For true chocolate tastiness in your chocolate chip cookies, try the recipe on the Baker's Chocolate Chips package.

THE CHIPS IN A CARTON

BAKER'S

UNSWEETENED CHOCOLATE
DOT CHOCOLATE
CHOCOLATE CHIPS

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soda. Mix in $\frac{3}{4}$ cup yellow cornmeal. Then combine 1 beaten egg, 1 cup sour milk or buttermilk, and 2 tablespoons melted shortening. Pour liquids into dry ingredients and mix just until moistened. Spread over meat mixture in casserole.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

HAWAIIAN PINEAPPLE DREAM

Topping:

**3 tablespoons
butter or margarine
2/3 cup brown
sugar
1 (20-ounce) can
crushed pineapple,
well drained**

**1 cup shredded
coconut
Maraschino cherries
Pecan halves**

Batter:

**1/3 cup shortening
1/2 cup granulated
sugar
1 egg, unbeaten
1/2 teaspoon lemon
extract**

**1 1/4 cups sifted
pastry flour
1/4 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 teaspoons
baking powder
1/2 cup syrup
drained from
pineapple**

Melt butter in an 8-inch square pan, sprinkle with $\frac{2}{3}$ cup brown sugar and mix well. Arrange over sugar mixture the cherries and nuts, then the crushed pineapple and coconut combined.

To make batter, cream shortening until fluffy; add sugar gradually and cream together. Beat in egg and lemon extract. Mix in sifted dry ingredients alternately with pineapple juice, beating smooth after each addition. Spread batter over pineapple in pan and bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for 60 minutes or until done. Let stand in pan 10 minutes then turn out on plate. To serve, cut in squares and top with whipped cream. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Note: If you prefer to use a cake mix for the batter, a 9-inch pan will be necessary.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

PASTRY ROLL-UPS

Plain pastry **1 tablespoon**
1 (12-ounce) can **prepared mustard**
luncheon meat, **minced**

Make up enough plain pastry for double crust 8-inch pie. Roll into very thin oblongs. Combine minced luncheon meat and prepared mustard and spread mixture over pastry. Roll oblongs up like jelly rolls, wrap in waxed paper and chill. Cut in 1-inch slices and bake on a greased cookie sheet, in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 15 to 20 minutes. Serve hot. Makes about 4 dozen.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

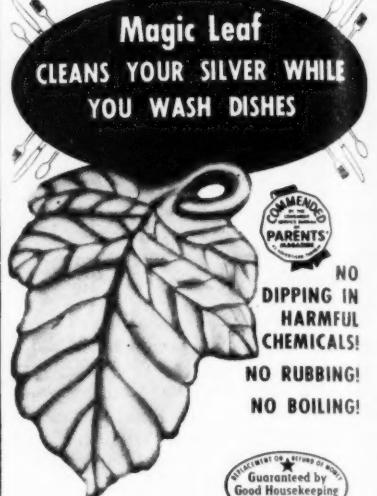
LAZY-DAISY CAKE

Make up your favorite white layer cake. Put the layers together with orange filling and frost with seven-minute icing. Decorate with daisies made with whole toasted almonds for the petals and a raisin or chocolate chip centre. Leaves and stems can be made with strips of green candied peel if desired. *

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THE QUEEN'S CONSORT

Continued from page 12

courage": Prince Philip was similarly honored, for his "bravery and enterprise," after the Battle of Cape Matapan in 1941. At the end of the war he was present at the surrender of the Japanese navy, in Tokyo Bay. One private episode during these years is important as a key to his ambitions. In 1942—five years before he was engaged to be married—he decided that he preferred to be a commoner, in the British Navy, rather than a Prince of Greece, sixth in succession to the throne. He had to cope with a great temptation: he was asked to spend his holidays in the Palace at Athens, where the prospects might have been quite dazzling. He is reported to have said, "England is my home," and he applied for his naturalization. There were formalities and he had to wait until 1947 before he became a British subject—a commoner—and, simply, Lieutenant Philip Mountbatten, R.N.

We leave the first chapter of his story, "Boyhood and early influences," and the second chapter, "Manhood and duty," and we come to "Romance." On Nov. 30, 1944, Princess Elizabeth launched HMS *Vanguard* at Clydeside: she saw the great ship take the sea, and she accepted the gift of a diamond Rose of England, of which she said—in her first public speech—"This will always serve to remind me that the first important public duty I ever undertook was a naval occasion." She was then eighteen years old. On the day that Princess Elizabeth launched the *Vanguard*, Prince Philip, then twenty-three, with a precocious golden beard, was on board HMS *Whelp*, in Trincomalee harbor, in Ceylon. They had first met at King George VI's Coronation, in 1937, when Princess Elizabeth was eleven. Two years later they played croquet together on the Captain's lawn at Dartmouth. Then followed shore leaves for Prince Philip, spent at Windsor and Balmoral. Eight more years passed before their marriage in 1947, when the old music halls of London and the provinces turned over their sheets of dusty old songs, and made England sing, once more, "All the nice girls love a sailor." It was the affectionate way in which the people showed their pleasure over the prospect of great happiness for Princess Elizabeth. Mr. Churchill described their betrothal as "a joyous event . . . a flash of color on the hard road we have to travel."

The story from then on is lively in most of our memories. The sailor, with the sea in his blood, became the Duke of Edinburgh—husband of the heiress to the throne, and obliged to fit into the intimate, self-conscious life of a Court. He remained at sea four more years, but, under the tutelage of an exacting King, his duties as a member of the royal family began to develop. He began this new life soon after his marriage, when King George VI asked him to become Patron of the London Federation of Boys Clubs and President of the National Playing Fields Association.

In no way was the Duke's will subdued by the sudden change in his fortunes. We might recall at this point that King George VI encouraged his

son-in-law into the limelight, even before he was married. The King knew, only too well, the folly of his immediate ancestors, who curbed their heirs and thus endangered their prospects; and he knew that the Duke was heir to certain functions of monarchy that a Queen could never assume. The Duke was with the Princess in October 1947—a month before their marriage—when she launched the *Caronia*; when she said, "I am so happy that on this, my third visit to Clydeside—my future husband is at my side." In May 1948, he went with her to Europe; and he was next to her when she stood up in Paris—still a young and winsome figure—and said, "Men must look beyond their frontiers. No country is morally self-sufficient any more than it is economically self-supporting." Gradually, the Duke's own responsibilities grew and spread. In the summer of 1951, while he was still at sea, commanding HMS *Magpie*, he was asked to give the Presidential address to the meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science—a terrifying prospect for any young man of thirty. Perhaps King George VI recalled a remark his father is said to have made on a similar occasion, when the present Duke of Windsor was asked to address the scientists: "The audience will consist of the most brilliant and formidable collection of brains in the country. Both your grandfather and myself had sufficient sense to decline invitations to address these people." Understanding and encouragement of the young were not among King George V's virtues.

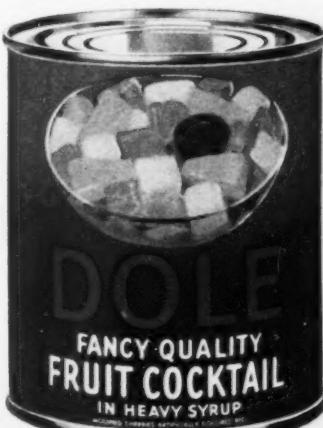
King George VI agreed to the young Duke taking on the intimidating task. The commander of the *Magpie* studied diligently, wrote his speech on a signal message pad in his cabin, had it vetted by a scientist, and when he returned to England he attended the meeting and delivered the address, splendidly.

He had the sense to speak modestly, within the limits of his experience. He said, "The instrument of scientific knowledge in our hands is growing more powerful every day. Indeed, it has reached a point when we can either set the world free from drudgery, fear, hunger and pestilence, or obliterate life itself. It is clearly our duty as citizens to see that science is used for the benefit of mankind. For what use is science if man does not survive?"

His Ready Wit

In October and November of 1951, when the Duke and the Princess made their conquest of Canada and Washington, it was quite clear to all that the Duke's charm was fortified by thought and ready wit. One little story reveals what he learned, and felt, during the Canadian tour. In the following summer, he attended the Automobile Association's annual lunch at the Savoy Hotel in London. "Peterborough," the *Daily Telegraph* columnist, told the story with nice humor, writing of the "skillful touch" which the Duke had developed "for this sort of occasion." The Duke's health had been proposed by Mr. Alan Pitt Robbins of *The Times*, who, "in the same role last year, had assured the Duke, perhaps superfluously, of his personal assistance in handling the Press in the forthcoming tour of Canada." "Peterborough" continued, "Yesterday, Mr. Robbins, starting, so to speak,

Continued on page 64



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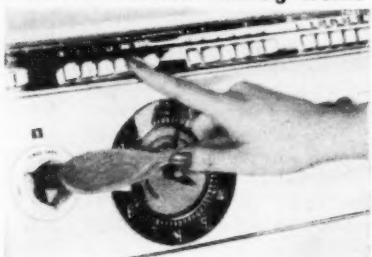
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Chatelaine Meals of the Month

May

BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON or SUPPER		DINNER		BREAKFAST		LUNCHEON or SUPPER		DINNER	
FRI 1	Grapefruit Juice Whole Grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Marmalade Milk Cheese Soufflé Carrot Radish Coleslaw Preserved Peaches Cookies Tea Cocoa	Tomato Loaf with Tomato Sauce Baked Potatoes Green Beans Rhubarb Tapioca Rhubarb Tea	Salmon Loaf with Tomato Sauce Baked Potatoes Green Beans Rhubarb Tapioca Rhubarb Tea	WED 13	Tomato Juice Whole Grain Cereal Broiled Back Bacon Toast Coffee	Jam Milk	Pea Soup Ham and Lettuce Sandwiches Dill Pickles Butter Tarts Tea Cocoa	Broiled Lamb Chops Mint Jelly Whipped Potatoes Harvard Beets Orange Bavarian Coffee Tea		
SAT 2	Orange Sections Whole Grain Cereal Broiled Bacon Toast Coffee	Milk Scrambled Eggs on Toast Sliced Tomato Sliced Bananas and Cream Tea Cocoa	Beef Stew with Biscuit Topping Tossed Salad Foamy Jelly Cookies Tea Cocoa	Roast Veal Crabapple Jelly Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Chocolate Meringue Pie Coffee Tea	THU 14	Half Grapefruit Whole Grain Cereal Toasted Tea Coffee	Honey Milk	Lettuce and Tomato Salad Toasted Scones Raspberry Sherbet Cocoa	Baked Kidneys Tomatoes and Onions Parsley Potatoes Green Peas Baked Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea		
SUN 3	Prune Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee	Honey Milk Chicken and Rice Soup Peanut Butter Sandwiches Carrot Sticks Citrus Fruit Cup Tea Cocoa	Roast Veal Crabapple Jelly Scalloped Potatoes Spinach Chocolate Meringue Pie Coffee Tea	Blended Fruit Juices Whole Grain Cereal Toasted Scones Tea Jelly Milk	FRI 15	Cottage Cheese and Pineapple Salad Hot Bran Muffins Ice Cream Tea Cookies Cocoa	Pepper Pot Soup Grilled Cheese Sandwiches Celery and Radishes Chocolate Cake leftover Tea Cocoa	Baked Fish Fillets Cucumber Sauce Mashed Potatoes Carrots Chocolate Layer Cake Coffee Tea			
MON 4	Half Grapefruit Whole Grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Jelly Milk Fruit Salad on Lettuce Hot Cheese Tea Biscuits Butterscotch Pudding Tea Cocoa	Individual Meat Pies leftover meat Boiled Potatoes Buttered Carrots Raspberry Jelly Roll Coffee Tea	Half Orange Whole Grain Cereal Poached Egg on Toast Tea Milk	SAT 16	Oxtail Soup Tuna and Vegetable Salad French Dressing Preserved Berries Tea Cookies Cocoa	Grilled Ham Steak with Peach Halves Boiled Potatoes Spinach Fruit Floating Island Tea Tea				
TUE 5	Sliced Oranges Whole Grain Cereal Toasted Scones Conserve Coffee	Milk Creamed Asparagus on Toast Celery and Carrot Curls Fresh Pineapple Tea Cocoa	Liver and Bacon Parsley Potatoes Stewed Tomatoes Rice Pudding Coffee Tea	Half Grapefruit Waffles Maple Syrup Milk Tea Cocoa	SUN 17	Eggs Baked in Toast Cups Lettuce Wedges French Dressing Preserved Berries Tea Cookies Cocoa	Roast Chicken Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Pineapple Icebox Dessert Tea Tea				
WED 6	Pineapple Juice Whole Grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Marmalade Milk Sunny-Side Up Spaghetti Lettuce Wedges French Dressing Ice Cream Tea Drop Cookies Cocoa	Baked Stuffed Flank Steak Oven Fried Potatoes Creamed Peas Citrus Fruit Salad Cheese Wedges Coffee Tea	Orange Juice Whole Grain Cereal Toasted Tea Jam Milk	MON 18	Oxtail Soup Tuna and Vegetable Salad French Bread Maple Nut Tapioca Tea Cocoa	Chicken Noodle Casserole Spring Salad Bowl Rhubarb Pie Tea Tea				
THU 7	Blended Vegetable Juices Whole Grain Cereal Scrambled Egg on Toast Coffee	Milk Tomato Soup Broiled Cheese and Bacon Snacks Orange Slices with Shredded Coconut Tea Cocoa	Chop Suey with Rice Green Beans Sliced Tomatoes Spice Cake à la Mode Coffee Tea	Grapefruit Juice Whole Grain Cereal Toasted Rolls Marmalade Tea Milk	TUE 19	Savory Supper Eggs Carrot and Raisin Salad Lemon Tarts Tea Cocoa	Round Steak Rolls Parsley Potatoes Carrots and Peas Peach Upside Down Cake Tea				
FRI 8	Orange Juice Whole Grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Jam Milk Assorted Sandwiches Tossed Salad Strawberry Jam Spice Cake leftover Tea Cocoa	Poached Halibut Steak Creamy Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Glazed Carrots Pineapple Rhubarb Cobbler Coffee Tea	Orange Slices Whole Grain Cereal Scrambled Eggs on Toast Tea Milk	WED 20	Macaroni and Cheese Tomato Wedges Upside Down Cake (leftover) à la Mode Tea Cocoa	Assorted Cold Meats Hot Potato Salad Mexican Corn Baked Caramel Custard Tea Tea				
SAT 9	Half Orange Whole Grain Cereal Soft Cooked Egg Toast Coffee	Marmalade Milk Cold Meat Plate (with potato salad and raw relishes) Butterscotch Pinwheels Tea Cocoa	Boston Baked Beans Frankfurters Tossed Salad Cherry Tarts Coffee Tea	Blended Fruit Juices Whole Grain Cereal Toasted Tea Honey Milk	THU 21	Vegetable Soup Cottage Cheese and Jelly Sandwiches Celery Sticks Stewed Prunes with Lemon Tea Cocoa	Liver Loaf Mushroom Soup Sauce Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Mocha Cake Tea Tea				
SUN 10	Tomato Juice Whole Grain Cereal Toasted Muffins Jelly Tea Coffee	Milk Curried Egg Casserole Carrot, Celery and Olive Salad Stewed Rhubarb Cookies Tea Cocoa	Roast Loin of Pork Mashed Potatoes Buttered New Cabbage Lemon Snow Custard Sauce Coffee Tea	Stewed Prunes Whole Grain Cereal Toasted Muffins Jam Milk	FRI 22	Corn Scallop Chili Sauce Lettuce Wedges Half Grapefruit Tea Cocoa	Steamed Salmon Steaks Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Asparagus Fruit, Cheese and Cracker Tray Tea				
MON 11	Orange Juice Whole Grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Honey Milk Mustard Relish Scalloped Potatoes Kernel Corn Jellied Fruit Cookies Tea Cocoa	Cold Pork Mustard Relish Scalloped Potatoes Kernel Corn Jellied Fruit Cookies Tea	Orange Slices Whole Grain Cereal Marmalade Milk	SAT 23	Spanish Omelet Coleslaw Preserved Pears Date Bread Cocoa	Mixed Grill (Sausage, Bacon, Lamb Chops) Scalloped Potatoes Buttered Beets Banana Cup Cakes Tea Tea				
TUE 12	Grapefruit Juice Whole Grain Cereal Toast Coffee	Marmalade Milk Poached Egg on Spinach Buttered Toast Sliced Pineapple Graham Wafers Tea Cocoa	Meat Patties Tomato Sauce Boiled Potatoes Cauliflower Gingerbread Butterscotch Sauce Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Whole Grain Cereal Soft Cooked Egg Toasted Tea Milk	SUN 24	Fruit Salad on Lettuce Hot Tea Biscuits Ice Cream Cup Cakes (leftover) Tea Cocoa	Shank of Ham Mashed Potatoes Carrots Pineapple and Cabbage Salad Cottage Pudding Caramel Sauce Tea Tea				
					MON 25	Ham Cheese Soufflé Lettuce Salad Jam Turnovers Tea Cocoa	Meat Loaf Baked Potatoes Boiled Onions Chocolate Sponge Tea Tea				
					TUE 26	Lima Beans in Tomato Casserole Celeri and Carrot Sticks Sliced Oranges Tea Cocoa	Creamed Ham and Mushrooms in Noodle Ring (leftover meat) Tossed Salad Asparagus Rhubarb Crisp Tea Tea				
					WED 27	Blended Fruit Juices Whole Grain Cereal Toasted Tea Marmalade Milk	Assorted Sandwiches Cabbage Salad Sweet Pickles Cinnamon Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Minute Steaks Chili Sauce Boiled Potatoes Green Beans Prune Whip Custard Sauce Tea Tea			
					THU 28	Grapefruit and Orange Sections Whole Grain Cereal Poached Egg on Toast Tea Milk	Cream of Corn Soup Grilled Bacon Sandwiches Raw Relishes Spiced Cherries Cookies Cocoa	Braised Stuffed Heart Parsley Potatoes Cabbage with Cheese Sauce Baked Raisin Pudding Tea Tea			
					FRI 29	Orange Juice Whole Grain Cereal Toast Tea Jelly Milk	Egg Foo Yong Chinese Sauce Fluffy Rice Mixed Salad Peach Tarts Tea Cocoa	Pan Fried Fillets Lemon Wedges French Fried Potatoes Green Peas Ice Cream Fruit Sauce Tea Tea			
					SAT 30	Half Grapefruit Whole Grain Cereal Toast Tea Jam Milk	Creamed Asparagus on Toast Carrot Sticks Bananas and Cream Cookies Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Mexican Tamale Pie Garden Salad Pineapple Bavarian Tea Tea			
					SUN 31	Blended Fruit Juices Whole Grain Cereal Tea Orange Coffee Cake Milk	French Onion Soup Jellied Cucumber and Pineapple Salsa on Lettuce Chocolate Mint Blanc Mange Tea Cocoa	Rolled Rib Roast of Beef Roast Potatoes Creole Celery Lemon Jelly Roll Tea Tea			

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

PINEAPPLE RHUBARB COBBLER

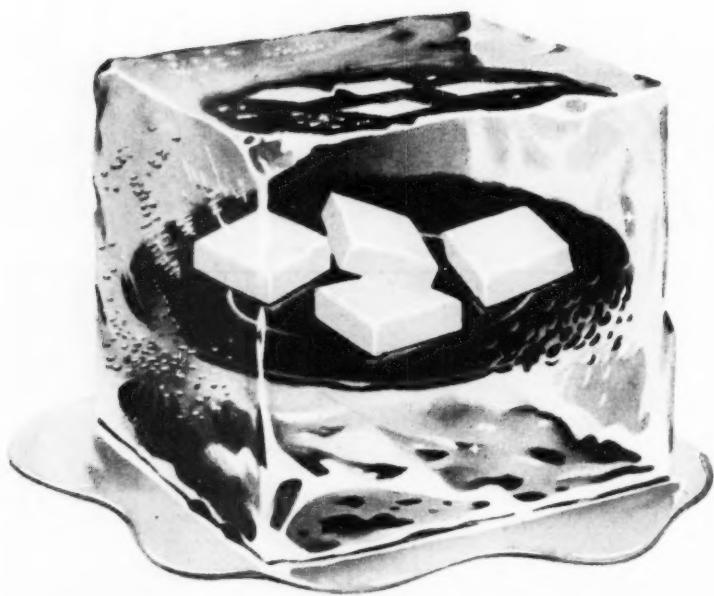
3 tablespoons butter or margarine
3 tablespoons flour
1/2 cup brown sugar
1/8 teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup water
1 1/2 cups rhubarb (1-inch pieces)
1 1/2 cups pineapple pieces (fresh or canned)

Melt butter or margarine in saucepan. Blend in 3 tablespoons flour, the brown sugar and nutmeg. Mix in water and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Stir in rhubarb and pineapple and pour into ungreased 2-quart casserole. Make scone topping by sifting together bread flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Cut in shortening until mixture is crumbly. Add milk gradually and mix with a fork to make a soft dough. Knead gently 20 seconds on a

lightly floured board and pat out into a strip about 5 by 12 inches and 1/2 inch thick. Cut lengthwise into 6 equal strips about 1/4-inch wide. Coil each loosely leaving a 2-inch end. Arrange swirls on top of pineapple-rhubarb mixture with the ends meeting at the centre. Bake in a moderately hot oven (400 deg. F.) for 40 minutes or until done. Serve warm and with cream if desired. Makes 6 servings.

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* Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue



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where he had left off, apologized because he had not, after all, made the trip. The Duke accepted this gravely. 'I am not sure,' he added gently, entering into the spirit of the thing, 'what Mr. Robbins could have done had he come. The Press could not have behaved more splendidly.'

Slowly, the Duke's personality, and his ideas, became clear in his speeches. The accent was usually on the needs and causes of youth. When he was made a Freeman of the City of London, he said, 'The ideal that my wife and I have set before us is to make the utmost use of the special opportunities we have, to try to bring home to our generation the full importance of the contribution and the effort, both at work and at play, that is required of us.'

It is, of course, easy for the young to announce their ideals in fine phrases, but it was soon apparent that the Duke would translate his promises into real action when the moment came. To leap ahead in our story, this was so practically and touchingly proved during England's floods and disasters of last winter, when the Queen and her consort crossed the thresholds of the poor and forlorn, and became one with them. During those most terrible punishments from the cruel sea, the hearts of the Queen, the Duke, and of the English, were laid bare to each other.

No Meek Role

Since the Queen's accession, the Duke, who might have thought it best to play a meek role, has, instead, spoken with surprising forthrightness on those subjects suitable to his position. One danger that besets royalty today is that it might easily deteriorate into being a negative force, because of its withdrawal from all political and governmental responsibility. But there are more ways than politics and government through which influence and authority can be expressed. A study of the Duke's speeches shows that, not only does he think, but that he thinks with originality, and aloud. His theme is often serious, and often concerned with the need for closer alliance between science, education and industry. 'The solution of our industrial problem lies in the universities and technical colleges,' he has said. Then—'When some new discovery is made it is vitally important to see that it is passed into practice as soon as possible.' Then this forceful thought—'An establishment that teaches science to soldiers and, at the same time, soldiering to scientists, is not an interesting novelty; it is an absolute necessity.'

All this will be a grave disappointment to those who over-romanticize royalty and who are satisfied by pictures of the Queen and her consort smiling in four colors from the lid of a Coronation souvenir biscuit tin. A thoughtful and eager realist seems to emerge and take his place beside the Queen. As he continues in this role, he will present a most welcome sight to those of us who seek for moral leadership in high places.

Although the Duke takes precedence "next to Her Majesty," he has no constitutional position associated with the government of the country. The red dispatch boxes from Whitehall will always be closed to him. But he has, nevertheless, to assume the responsibilities of being the first man in the realm;

the male leader of his generation.

"I am working on social improvements and I take the chair at public meetings," Prince Albert wrote to his brother, more than a century ago. The improvements were plans for little houses, with bathrooms, in the poor part of London. He also wrote, "I have my hands very full, as I also look after V's political affairs." The role is different for the Duke of Edinburgh: to fit into the pattern of constitutional monarchy in our time, he must learn to encourage all the "social improvements," without ever looking after "political affairs"—a part which demands exquisite diplomacy in an ambitious young man.

In 1843, Prince Albert's position was such that Queen Victoria set up a chair of State for him in the House of Lords—the same as her own. Greville wrote in his famous diary that the Prince was "as much King" as she could make him. No diarist of this century will be able to write such phrases of the Duke of Edinburgh. The structure of contemporary government makes such a part both improper and impossible.

But there are compensations for the Duke, and these are considerable. In considering these "compensations," it seems that he has fused, harmoniously, many of the ideas of both his great-great-grandfather, the Prince Consort, and his father-in-law, King George VI. The evidence in support of this is surprising. When the Duke went to Sandringham in January of this year, we read in our newspapers that the foresters and farmhands "feared" that he might persuade the Queen "to sell the lovely estate." We were told that, soon after the Duke's arrival, they had "cause to change their views." He did "everything that a good farmer should": he spent his days inspecting cattle, driving around the estate, talking to



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the tractor-drivers, herdsman and cottagers. Prince Albert had set the precedent for this, when he took over the management of the farms at Windsor, and did it all so well that he made them "pay." In his preoccupation with science and industry also, the Duke of Edinburgh echoes the Prince Consort's interests. But, when we total up the comparisons, the likeness to his father-in-law is predominant. The humanist is stronger than the intellectual. How pleasantly we recognize the similarity between the story of King George VI, at the age of twenty-five, saying that he wanted none of "that damned red carpet" in the affairs of the Industrial Welfare Society; and the story of the Duke of Edinburgh, at a meeting of the National Playing Fields Association, saying, "Let's get cracking. What we want is more playing fields. Now how can we get them?"

"A Born Leader . . ."

When King George VI was a cadet in the Navy, a senior officer wrote of him—in a letter to me—"I want you to emphasize that he had a tremendous lot of guts. One knew, instinctively, that he would never let you down." We read this beside the report on the Duke of Edinburgh, by his headmaster at Gordonstoun: "Prince Philip is a born leader—his best is outstanding." These are recognizable figures in our twentieth-century eyes. And there are so many other likenesses to enjoy. When King George VI, as Duke of York, was asked to become royal head of the RAF, he insisted on earning his wings by learning to fly. (He thus became, in time, the first crowned monarch who was a qualified pilot.) Similarly, during the busy months of his first year as consort of the Queen, the Duke found time to drive down to White Waltham airfield and take his flying lessons, so that he would qualify as a pilot and, in some measure, justify his new appointment as a Marshal of the Royal Air Force.

When King George VI was a young man, he made the speech which has since been quoted so much; in which he spoke of the qualities necessary for leadership—"Nobody can lead unless he has the gift of vision, and the desire in his soul to leave things in the world a little better than he found them." This is the cloak of idealism that seems to fall upon the shoulders of the young Duke. We cannot guess what title he will ultimately assume, but the Queen might be tempted to accept the proposal, from Canada, that he should become "Prince of the Commonwealth." The title suggests that he might perform a greater and more practical duty, over a wider world, than any prince before him. He proved that he is aware of Britain's duty in this wider world when he said in a recent speech, "Let it never be said that Great Britain became the poor relation of the British Commonwealth in our time. No amount of talk will prevent this happening. Hard work, with imagination, is our only chance."

These are realistic words, suited to our needs. They suggest that, without the rewards of actual power, the Duke may still enjoy the inward refreshments of living example. If he observes this difference, between *power* and *example*, in his difficult position, he will justify his schooldays misdemeanor of having "roared with laughter" at the Nazi salute. *

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MY HUSBAND HELPED

Continued from page 19

lost a good deal of that without too much trouble because of the extra work involved in looking after a family of five, while ever-increasing church and outside interests helped too. But I had about resigned myself to keeping "just under a hundred and sixty" until the day young Rosemary looked at my wedding picture and giggled.

It was soon after that I put the problem up to my husband, early one afternoon when he had been home for noon dinner and the three youngsters had just gone off to school. Then it was that Arnold announced he'd help me stick to my new reducing program—and started by helping me plan it.

I admitted that in the past counting calories got me down—arithmetic has always been my weak point—so my husband advised me not to bother trying. Instead, we made out for me lists of those foods which were permissible in a well-balanced reducing diet either in generous quantity or in small servings. We spread out several approved diet sheets on a big table, then set about making up one suited to me. We added another list headed "To quench thirst" as a guide to non-fattening liquid refreshment.

I just couldn't risk a crackpot diet which might lower my resistance and make me ill. "Being cross as a bear from hunger isn't a good idea, either," Arnold commented. "You will have to eat enough to be comfortable, for the sake of the family as well as yourself."

A high-protein diet with lots of vegetables and fruit was the basis of my new diet.

The biggest change was in my breakfast pattern. I had been eating fruit, cereal with milk and brown sugar, toast with butter and jam or honey, coffee with cream and sugar. We cut this down to raw citrus fruit or fruit juice without sugar, one poached egg, one slice of bread, and clear coffee or tea.

Some other innovations: My bread intake was limited to two slices a day (I had been eating four or five a day before). A green vegetable such as lettuce or spinach was substituted for potatoes—except for half a baked potato twice a week. Frozen green vegetables are delicious and we used them once a week. Instead of homogenized milk, I drank skimmed milk or buttermilk.

We cut out all between-meal "tastes" when I was cooking or baking. All butter and all fat meat, cakes, cookies, doughnuts, pastry and sugary desserts went on the banned list. Instead I ate lean meat, poultry or fish, and raw fruit for dessert. I also ate an occasional plain gelatin dessert or half serving of custard or milk pudding—but these have a pretty high calorie value.

I tried out various salad ideas, such as halves of pear with cottage cheese, asparagus sticks and deviled eggs made without mayonnaise. Head lettuce and raw tomatoes were always on hand in the refrigerator, as these are the main items of numerous salads.

The diet decided on, I took it to our family doctor for approval. He gave me a general physical checkup, said my weight-reducing plan was fine, and told me to report at once any undesirable



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*Prices slightly higher west of Fort William.

Kem-Tone combines beauty with quality in an economy paint

The oil paint that mixes with water — dries in one hour — one coat covers most surfaces including wallpaper — one gallon does a large room. There's no painty odor, so you can

paint with your windows closed



effects. Fortunately, I didn't have any. To help me get well launched on my reducing regime, he prescribed pills which cut down a bit on hunger pangs. "A temporary crutch," the doctor called them, and I used them only about three weeks and then gradually cut them out entirely before one and a half months were up. (These pills can be obtained only on prescription and are not recommended in all cases.)

The day I started on my diet I also started keeping score on myself in a notebook that became my diet diary. On the first two pages I wrote my own diet rules and my new pattern for meals. On the back page I drew up the weekly weight chart that Arnold had suggested. In between was enough space to devote a page a day to recording everything I ate or drank under the headings breakfast, midmorning break, dinner, afternoon tea, supper, bedtime snack.

The act of writing down every mouthful and every sip was very effective discipline, which I know my husband realized when he proposed it. For eternal vigilance is the price of reducing as well as of liberty. But this is not nearly so trying with a good comrade beside you right in your own home, and my husband certainly proved to be the best of partners.

I recall one day I went on a binge and consumed an Extra Special Butterscotch Sundae at the local milk bar. It was after a particularly exhausting shopping tour with a friend who is as skinny as a telephone pole and who urged that I let her treat me. I didn't want to be rude—and it did look gorgeous—so I gobbled it up regardless of a twinge of my reducing conscience.

Conscience, however, had the whip hand that night when I had to write down those awful words "Extra Special Butterscotch Sundae" in my diet diary. Instead of getting annoyed my husband just laughed and pointed out that I couldn't expect one hundred per cent progress, but "How about making a new start?"

When I was baking it was extremely hard to break a long-established habit of sampling my cookies, cake or pie. When I was a child, mother used to let one of us children "clean out the mixing bowl" after icing a cake and taste the new concoction which came out of the oven smelling so tantalizing. Without thinking—and with my own children off at school where they couldn't help me with the cleaning up—I had been consuming a staggering number of calories every baking day. So there was point to my "no bites when baking" rule.

My husband realized that I needed a substitute pleasure for my midmorning snack and afternoon tea, not to mention our little lunch at bedtime. Quite a few women take the edge off temptation by smoking, but since I don't smoke, my husband suggested that I drink clear tea or coffee or bouillon. If I was really ravenous at these half-points between meals, I chose tomato juice, or sometimes buttermilk, which of course I subtracted from a meal. A glass from a can of frozen orange juice was a real treat which I permitted myself on rare occasions.

Another time of temptation was when refreshments were passed at an afternoon tea or social evening, and such affairs are frequent in the life of a minister's wife. My husband thought that rather than be conspicuous by

"Both pleased and proud" about her linoleum floors, says Mrs. Memberg

Today's linoleums are for all your "living" rooms. Here, for example, is how Mrs. Memberg has used Dominion Linoleum floors in her lovely suburban home. Not just in the kitchen — though there of course, too — but in the dining room, the hall, the master bedroom, the children's bedrooms, the bathrooms . . . Notice the interesting use of color and pattern, and how they contribute to the total effect. What you can't see is the restful, noiseless resilience of Mrs. Memberg's floors, and the hours of "floor-work" they save her every month (dirt just swishes off linoleum's satiny surface). These truly modern, permanent floors were built right into the house — just like hardwood — over a low-cost base. In fact, you can "build with linoleum" for no more than you would pay for hardwood.



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The charm of Jaspe pattern J/724 and Marboleum M/93 are combined to match the blithe spirit of the master bedroom.

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One Basic Dough makes 4 yummy dessert treats!

1. Cinnamon Square



2. Apricot Figures



3. Fruit Coil



4. Sugared Jelly Buns



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You make a single quick-rising dough with the new Fleischmann's Fast Dry Yeast . . . your oven produces four thrilling dessert treats! When you bake at home, see how this sure, quick-acting yeast helps multiply variety on your table. Needs no refrigeration — get a month's supply!



Basic COFFEE CAKE Dough

Scald

2 cups milk

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm. In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

1/2 cup lukewarm water

2 teaspoons granulated sugar and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

2 envelopes Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well. Stir in lukewarm milk and

4 well-beaten eggs

1 teaspoon vanilla

Sift together twice

7 cups once-sifted enriched bread flour

1/2 cup granulated sugar

1 tablespoon salt

Stir about 6 cupfuls into the yeast mixture; beat until smooth and elastic.

Work in remaining dry ingredients and 2 1/2 cups (about) once-sifted enriched bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in a warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into 4 equal portions and finish as follows:

1. CINNAMON SQUARE

Combine 1/2 cup granulated sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon; sprinkle on board. Place one portion of dough on sugar mixture and roll into a 12-inch square; fold dough from back to front, then from left to right; repeat this rolling and folding twice, using a little flour on the board, if necessary; seal edges. Place in greased 8-inch square pan; press out to edges. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled. Cream 2 tbsps. butter or margarine, 1/2 cup granulated sugar and 1/2 tsp. cinnamon; mix in 1/4 cup broken walnuts and 1 tbsp. milk. Spread over risen dough. Bake at 350°, 30 to 35 mins.

2. APRICOT FIGURE EIGHT

Combine 1/2 cup brown sugar, 1 tbsp. flour, 1/4 tsp. mace and 3/4 cup finely-chopped nuts. Roll out one portion of dough into a rectangle about 22 by 6 inches. Spread with 2 tbsps. soft butter or margarine; sprinkle with nut mixture. Fold dough lengthwise into 3 layers. Twist dough from end to end; form into figure 8 on greased pan. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350°, about 30 mins. Fill crevices of hot figure 8 with thick apricot jam; spread other surfaces with white icing; sprinkle with nuts.

3. FRUIT COIL

Knead into one portion of dough, 2 tbsps. grated orange rind, 1/2 cup raisins, 1/4 cup chopped nuts and 1/4 cup well-drained cut-up red and green maraschino cherries. Roll out dough, using the hands, into a rope about 30 inches long. Beginning in the centre of a greased deep 8-inch round pan, swirl rope loosely around and around to edge of pan. Brush with 2 tbsps. melted butter or margarine; sprinkle with mixture of 1/4 cup granulated sugar and 1 tsp. cinnamon. Cover and let rise until doubled. Bake at 350°, 35 to 40 mins.

4. SUGARED JELLY BUNS

Cut one portion of dough into 12 equal-sized pieces. Shape each piece into a smooth round ball; roll in melted butter or margarine, then in granulated sugar. Place, well apart, on greased pan; flatten slightly. Cover and let rise until doubled. Form an indentation in the top of each bun by twisting the handle of a knife in the top; fill with jelly. Cover and let rise 15 mins. longer. Bake at 350°, 15 to 18 mins.

refusing all food, I might prefer to lessen my consumption at the meal immediately previous. Then, when being entertained I limited my intake to the least dangerous offerings. Celery and carrot sticks were great allies when out in company. I stuck to sandwiches eaten slowly and passed up the cake.

Our Monday checkup sessions, when Arnold would look over my diet diary for the past week, were a vital part of the program. I feel our partnership in my reducing efforts could have been a miserable failure and a cause of contention had we discussed the subject frequently and at length. But we both lead very busy lives and the time we have together is precious, so we talked over my reducing successes and failures only briefly—usually after noon dinner.

"How is the Spartan progressing this week?" Arnold would ask with a grin as he opened my notebook, and as my weight crept downward he would sometimes congratulate me on "not joining the B. F. S. company." He knew how I hated those three words which just then seemed to be favorites of my thirteen-year-old son David's gang—"big fat slob!"

My husband was just as pleased as I was at my gradual but steady drop of about two pounds each week.

The first fortnight was much the hardest going. The second week I would have thrown away still another reducing attempt if my husband hadn't scoffed, "You're not thinking of giving up now? Why, you've barely started!" Drinking more water between meals was beneficial and may have subdued some of my hunger pangs as well. But possibly my stomach shrank a bit with the smaller food intake, because gradually that gnawing hunger left me.

In fact, as my reducing campaign went on a surprise bonus was my gain in physical fitness. I had more zest for all the activities I fitted into each day. Formerly I used to moan sadly, "The more I do the tireder I am and the hungrier I get! Exercise is no help in shrinking me." Now I realized that sensible eating meant more energy.

Insurance companies would do well to stress this angle, instead of trying to scare people into dieting. It's depressing to read how excess weight can cause heart disease and other ailments. Why don't they tell overweight people more about the increased sense of well-being and pep to be gained as pounds are lost?

Thanks to my husband's faith in me, I stuck by my diet for a month and to my delight and his too I had lost ten pounds. That was when Arnold had his flash of genius. He handed me a cheque saying, "Pick out a new suit for yourself, a couple of sizes too small. Don't wear it until you have lost ten more pounds."

This was an inspiration. New clothes are a potent morale builder for anyone, but the overweight woman has a more limited choice and her clothes cost more than the standard size shopper's. So I had great fun buying a new blue suit in a size that offered a much wider choice. I remember the clerk pointed out tactfully that it was "a bit tight" but I kept to my part of the bargain. I didn't wear it until I had reached one hundred and thirty-eight pounds.

My next goal was to squeeze below one hundred and thirty.

When the scales finally showed one hundred and twenty-eight pounds I

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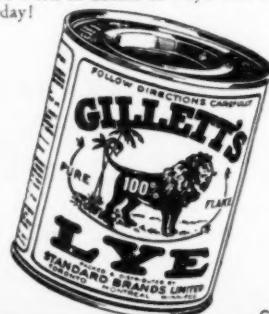
Ice costs little so use it lavishly... for table service and iced drinks—don't risk running short



Most ice companies supply ice in Cubes, Crushed and Block form, delivered to your home, or available at Cash-and-Carry Ice Stations and the Automatic Ice Vending Machines.



Water, water everywhere—and you struggling with an old fashioned plunger! What a waste of effort when Gillett's will unblock that drain in a jiffy! Just pour in 3 tablespoons of Gillett's full strength, and your work's done! Gillett's cuts through grease, clears drains right out, allows water to run freely. Gillett's also makes light work of cleaning floors and toilets, destroys contents of outside closets, deodorizes garbage pails. Saves you work in dozens of ways. Get some today!



GL-222

promptly celebrated by shopping for a smart black bathing suit although it was only early May. I tried it on at home, looked in the full-length mirror and could hardly wait for vacation time to go diving with the small fry.

Why in the world, I asked myself, had I not shed those pounds long before?

That is what my husband asked me too. But it wasn't hard to discover the reason. It had never occurred to me before that I had to have a partner in my reducing regime to keep me from faltering—and that the best of partners was right in my own home.

If you gain weight easily, why not enlist the help of your husband? After all, who is more interested than a husband in improving a woman's appearance—not to mention her health and happiness? Tell your man you really need his help to reach the weight at which you look and feel your best. Plan your diet campaign, check it with your doctor—and let the head of the house be your reducing boss.

Our reducing project was our own—and of course it will not fit another couple exactly. But it worked. It would work for you, too, with some variations of your own. Then you can know the thrill of watching your weight drop and your figure improve each week. *

MY LITTLE BLACK BOOK

Continued from page 15

will come in handy—so I've been collecting it for more than twenty years in my little black book. At any time I may want to contact a champion horseshoe pitcher, a woman store detective or a Canine Caterer. I may find it useful to have lists of Men, single and Women, unattached, for inviting to parties; a prescription number to help fight off high blood pressure, the address of a crippled man who earns his living selling tombstones (well, I might want to order me one, some day) or the number of keys on a standard piano—52 white, 36 black, total 88.

Under H, for Hollywood, my book lists the private telephone numbers of many stars (like to talk to Bette Davis, Dana Andrews or Clark Gable?) And likewise under H, for hairdressers this time, are addresses of those who curl my light brown tresses when I travel to Montreal, New York, London, England, Vancouver, Paris, Bermuda, Edinburgh and other oft-visited spots.

If I want to check in a hurry on how to spell Chihuahua, broadcast about Canada's highest mountain (Logan in the Yukon, 19,850 feet) or name the Indian Tribes of the Six Nations in proper order of rank (Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga, Seneca, Tuscarora) or telephone the world's most famous woman magician, Dell O'Dell of New York (Havemeyer 97043)—my little black book will turn up the information for me with the accuracy of Univac, the electronic brain, as fast as I can flip the pages.

For me—and for lots of other people, too. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds upon hundreds of total strangers from all over Canada and parts of the U. S., radio fans and business acquaintances, telephone or write me in a year with pleas for information and a strange variety of

questions that would stump the experts, but not my little black book.

We are glad to oblige, my little black book and I, with any of the material we have gathered together in twenty-three years. We will tell anything—but we will not divulge the material in the pages marked X. Under X, all is sealed and private. No one opens or reads these pages but myself and it would require more than a truth serum to extract from me any of the particulars therein.

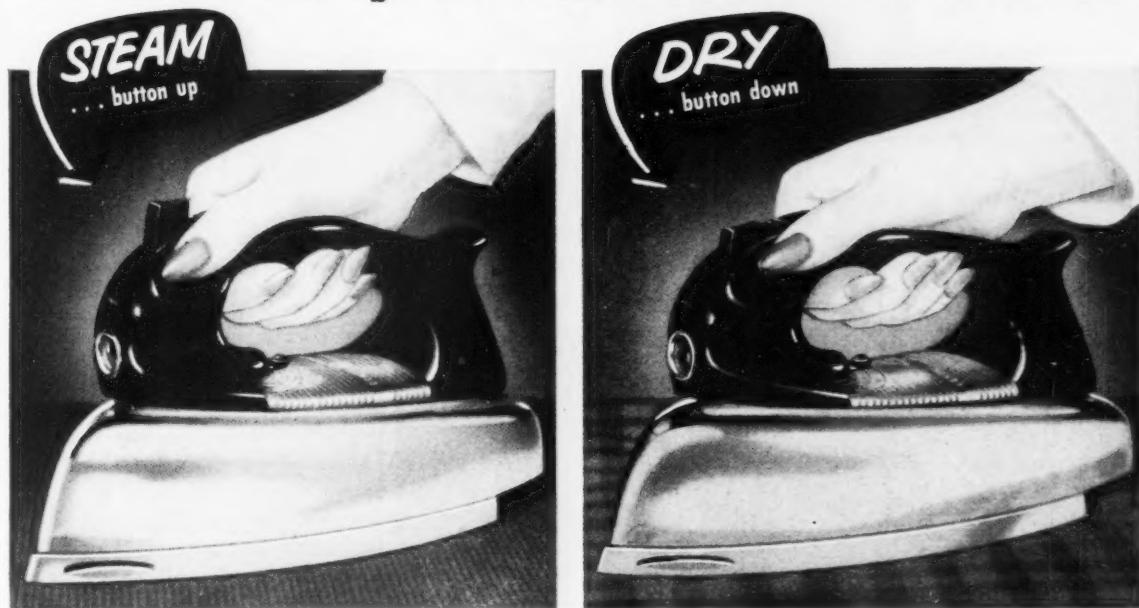
Among these secret notations are the honest-to-goodness ages of a few friends. My own honest-to-goodness height, which I dislike and refuse to discuss, is marked down to the last long half-inch. We all know a few people who borrow and neglect to pay back; the few who have made holes in my pocketbook and forgotten to fill them up again have their names and the sums crossed off in the private pages marked X in my valuable little notebook.

A listener to my broadcasts claims she

has evidence which can upset the verdict of a famous U. S. murder trial of a few years back, which has already sent one man to the electric chair. If the information in her possession were made public right now, she would fear not only for her own life but also for those from whom she obtained it. So, the startling details are in my little black book for safekeeping until the crucial moment—a few pages that may not be worth the ink or could be a scoop of worldwide proportions.

2 IRONS IN 1

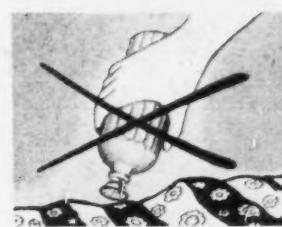
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The G-E Steam Iron is just wonderful to use . . . saves you so much time, does so many ironing and pressing jobs for you easier and better than ever before! You'll wonder how you ever got along without it! You'll steamiron light cottons, rayons and other fabrics *without dampening* . . . steampress suits, skirts and other heavy woolens as professionally as a tailor . . . steampress seams as you go when you're dressmaking!

At the flick of a button, changes from Steam to Dry *Automatic Ironing*—and back again. Easy-to-fill, there's no waiting for water to boil because the water, one drop at a time, instantly turns into steam as the iron is being used. Dry irons to perfection with no need to empty the iron when changing from Steam to Dry. *Small Appliance Department, Canadian General Electric Company Limited.*



MUCH LESS SPRINKLING! Because the G-E Steam Iron dampens clothes with steam, your light cottons, rayons and many other fabrics can be ironed to perfection without time-wasting sprinkling.



PRESS LIKE A TAILOR! You can do almost all of your pressing without a pressing cloth . . . your corduroys and woolens can be steam-pressed with that "professional" touch.

CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

Little black book, how I love thee! I wouldn't think of writing a script or article, making a speech, telephoning or interviewing a noted person without consulting you first, for data or dates.

In the C pages, you give me this item, among others: the phone number of the first publisher who asked me to write a book and with superb confidence even sent me a contract. The telephone number of a Clock-winder is there, too, an elderly little man named Mitchell who, in his declining years, worked up

quite a good business winding clocks weekly for the rich. I accompanied him one morning as he made his rounds.

He left his home in Richmond Hill, a Toronto suburb, in time to reach the city and make his first calls before the occupants were stirring, using front door keys they had entrusted to him. Quietly, he wound and set correctly clock after clock — French ones of hand-painted china, Swiss ones in gold, family heirlooms, grandfather and cuckoo clocks; some chimed, others played dainty tunes

or performed amazing mechanical tricks. In a luxurious home, he wound twenty-three timepieces on each visit—one clock worth three thousand dollars which played a tune for every day in the week, starting with "Abide With Me" on the Sabbath.

The history of my black notebook starts in 1930 when I first set out as a nervous novice and fluttery freelance to interview a woman bent on rejuvenating Canadian women with a new type of beauty treatment (she didn't). I

hoped fervently that the story I wrote would be accepted by the editor I was pestering and that it would launch me on a newspaper career (it did).

Besides my ignorance, which was matched only by a determination to make good, my entire equipment to meet the business world consisted of three yellow pencils and a little black-covered notebook.

I was soon buying pencils by the gross, the notebooks by the hundreds and still am. A dozen notebooks went along when I attended the wedding of our Queen to Prince Philip and a baker's dozen will be in my suitcase when I fly over to occupy one of the gold chairs in Westminster Abbey and witness the Coronation.

Yet even I hadn't realized that the little black notebook is in way of becoming a national custom until a United States businessman who has taken up residence here, said to me recently: "Everyone in Canada carries a little black notebook! Policemen on the corner make notes in them, reporters carry them, so do milkmen and club-women. My secretary keeps a little black book for me with birthday and anniversary dates of family and friends. It's the first thing I noticed about Canadians and now I have the habit—and he whipped out a little black notebook.

My book is different. Through the years, as each of the thousands of notebooks has fulfilled its mission by being crammed with scribbled notes and then converted into a magazine article or broadcasting script, it has been consigned hols-hols to the wastepaper basket. (*Secretary's note:* We never hate to tear them up because only two people in the world can read Claire's handwriting—herself and myself.)

Only one has survived with me the busy two-decade period and still lives to tell this tale. In this one, twenty-three years ago, I began to jot down facts and figures, phone numbers, addresses, contacts, oddity items, secrets. This one has become my guide and mentor, my dictionary, encyclopedia and second Bible.

Where else could I find so quickly the name of a singing garbage collector who gives with the operatic arias while he carts away Montreal's refuse? Or the name of a concern where, about once a year, it is possible to obtain buffalo meat?

Many's the time the page marked F has provided a frantic speech-making clubwoman with the list of Canada's official flowers by provinces. (Newfoundland, pitcher plant; Prince Edward Island, lady's slipper; Nova Scotia, trailing arbutus; New Brunswick, purple or blue violet; Quebec, wild blue iris; Ontario, trillium; Manitoba, anemone or pasque flower; Saskatchewan, prairie lily; Alberta, wild rose; British Columbia, flowering dogwood.)

R doesn't signify reading, writing and arithmetic in my notebook. R stands for Rammed Earth House, which is also listed under M for mud house and B for Burrows. Miss Blair Acton Burrows of King, Ont., is Canada's only woman builder of a house of this type. She did it with her own hands, and by request of the Ontario government has written a booklet on the subject entitled: "Building with Mud—Out of the Earth a House."

Her house is practical, pretty and painted pink but ramming enough earth

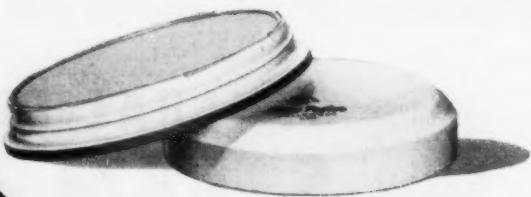
Give sparkling radiance to your complexion beauty

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MAKE-UP

Precious is the feeling of radiant softness and natural loveliness you can forever possess when you know your grooming is perfect . . . with Pan-Cake* Make-Up by Max Factor Hollywood. The favorite of Hollywood's glamorous stars—on and off the screen—you'll love Pan-Cake for the new freshness and captivating allure it will give to your complexion. Pan-Cake will cover tiny skin blemishes, too, without the slightest "made-up" look. Stays on "just right" for hours and hours. It's so easy to use . . . and cannot dry your skin. Do try Pan-Cake, today! It's available in nine fashion shades at leading drug and department stores.



*Pan-Cake (trademark) means Max Factor Hollywood Cake Make-Up.



SUSAN MORROW
in "BLAZING FOREST"
A Pine-Thomas Paramount
Picture (Color by Technicolor)



1 Use a sponge that's wet—squeeze just short of dripping. Rub *lightly* over your Max Factor Pan-Cake. The weight of the sponge is enough to pick up the right amount.



2 Use quick, light strokes to put a thin film of Pan-Cake over your entire face and throat. Be quick—*speed* is the secret of a light film. Squeeze sponge dry and finish blending with reverse side.



Blow winds blow!
But your locks will stay
tidy...and your hair-do
just so.

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Extra-fine 15 denier nylon makes our new "French Style" net the most invisible hair net yet achieved.

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SO LITTLE
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...IT'S WISE TO
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Absolutely pure MINERAL OIL
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Regular as clockwork
Ask your druggist for
Nujol for constipation

together to build a house is quite a chore; I don't think Miss Acton Burrows will have any trouble retaining exclusive title to her achievement.

R, in my little black book, also lists Ronnie and Roxanne, the names of Mary Pickford's two adopted children, so I can enquire for them when we exchange the occasional letter; E, Epperson, Fay of Chicago, from whom I took whistling lessons in my early broadcasting days in a vain effort to gain breath control and lose my nervous giggle.

W for Jane Wolverton of Vancouver whose name is synonymous with courage for she has had both legs amputated, lives in a wheel chair but carries on a remarkably cheerful, normal life and is always doing things to help others; Y signifies yodeling and Warda Hall, an attractive young Toronto woman who hails from Switzerland and is a master of this musical art, Yo-de-le-oh-lay-o-oh!

The W pages also turn up a complete list of Wonders of the World, and each time I wonder again why we refer only to seven when there were in reality fourteen Wonders—seven Ancient and seven of the Middle Ages.

How many can you remember? Those of antiquity, says my little notebook, were: The Great Pyramid of Cheops, outside Cairo; the Hanging Gardens of Babylon; the Colossus of Rhodes; the Temple of Diana at Ephesus; the Statue of Zeus at Olympia, Greece; the Lighthouse of Alexandria; and the Tomb of Mausolus at Halicarnassus.

The so-called Modern Wonders of the World are: the Roman Coliseum; the Catacombs of Alexandria; the Great Wall of China; Stonehenge in Wiltshire, England (though "modern," the stones are believed to have been placed there in 2,000 B.C.); the Leaning Tower of Pisa; the Porcelain Tower of Nanking; the Mosque of St. Sophia.

The Wonders are almost a chapter in themselves, in my little black book. But let's flip some more pages.

The second publisher to ask me to write a book comes under M; D gives me Dislikes in food of close friends so I won't serve the wrong thing when they come to dinner: Lillian, no chocolate cake, cucumbers . . . Les, no onions.

F for food gives me the current list of things to send to England and a note that the best preserved strawberries in the world come from Prince Edward Island, the best canned salmon from British Columbia, and the most unusual pickle is the Kitchener, Ont., favorite of miniature corn on the cob. (Pickled whole, the tiny cobs are only an inch to three inches long, pencil thin, and you eat them cob and all. They are made from an old German recipe, have a half sweet, half tart taste, and are positively delicious.)

When I look under M for Joan Marshall, attractive broadcaster of Moncton to whom I owe a letter, or M for Moodie, meaning handsome and helpful Campbell Moodie of Canada House, London, who is a great friend of all Canadians, I also come across M for Murder—and am carried back to an unusual experience I once had with a book entitled "Stand-in For Death."

Its author is Margaret Echard and I first heard of it when a listener who had read it pointed out that the heroine, suspected of murder in the plot, was a tall, fair, blue-eyed radio commentator named Claire Wallace. As the

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heroine is exonerated and proven pure as the driven snow by the book's end, I considered the whole thing good publicity. However, I was curious to know how this U. S. author happened to choose my name for the feature character of her book. Thinking it would make a story for my broadcast, I wrote asking her.

No answer from the author but a snippy letter from her lawyer who explained that there are lots of Claires in the world and a good many people,

including Sir William Wallace, had that name long before I was ever thought of. I replied with a "don't be like that" letter, explaining that I was merely intrigued—I wasn't going to sue and I could give the book some publicity that might be helpful toward its sales in Canada. Back came a cordial letter, from the author this time. She had a favorite friend whose name is Claire; she liked the name Wallace and thought the two went well together.

She would be delighted to have some

publicity in Canada. And not only that, but they had already heard from two or three other Clair, Claire or Clare Wallises or Wallaces and if a few more turned up to make it sensational, the book's agent would take us all to Hollywood as a publicity stunt. Alas, there weren't enough of us to make news and when I finally got to Hollywood last summer, it was under my own steam, with no fanfare.

F pages give me many listings, including a furniture mender, a furni-

ture arranger, Sir Ellsworth and Lady Flavelle, Jane Froman and—Mrs. Dorothy Murray. What's she doing under the F's? Is she in fashions or fencing, a fisherman or a financier? My little black book is holding back, for once.

B for books that I like. P for personalities reminds me of interviews with Hedy Lamarr (when my phone call reached her she was in bed with a cold—but very friendly anyway), Dana Andrews, Frankie Sinatra (he called me "dear" throughout our conversation—today Hollywood says "Doll"), Jack Benny, Jo Stafford. And the odd one like Jane Wyman who was not very cordial and Ronald Colman who was rather stuffed-shirtish.

G, for the favorite grace spoken in Canadian homes: "For what we are about to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful"—and how thankful we should really be, in this wonderful country of ours.

G also lists the man who works in the Cincinnati General Hospital and who collects gallstones—the only man in the world to do so. He has over 100,000 of them, gathered in thirty-five years. And, if you're interested, the most found in one man was two thousand.

H stands for the third publisher to ask me to write a book and one day I'll manage it; S, the phone number of a statue cleaner and "sick and lonely women to visit."

There are more of these—under U, Upset women, under L, Lame ducks; under B, Broken hips—each woman to receive a phone call or visit periodically because I remember all too well when I was all those things combined—sick, upset, and a lame duck with a broken hip—and was helped immeasurably by thoughtfulness from others.

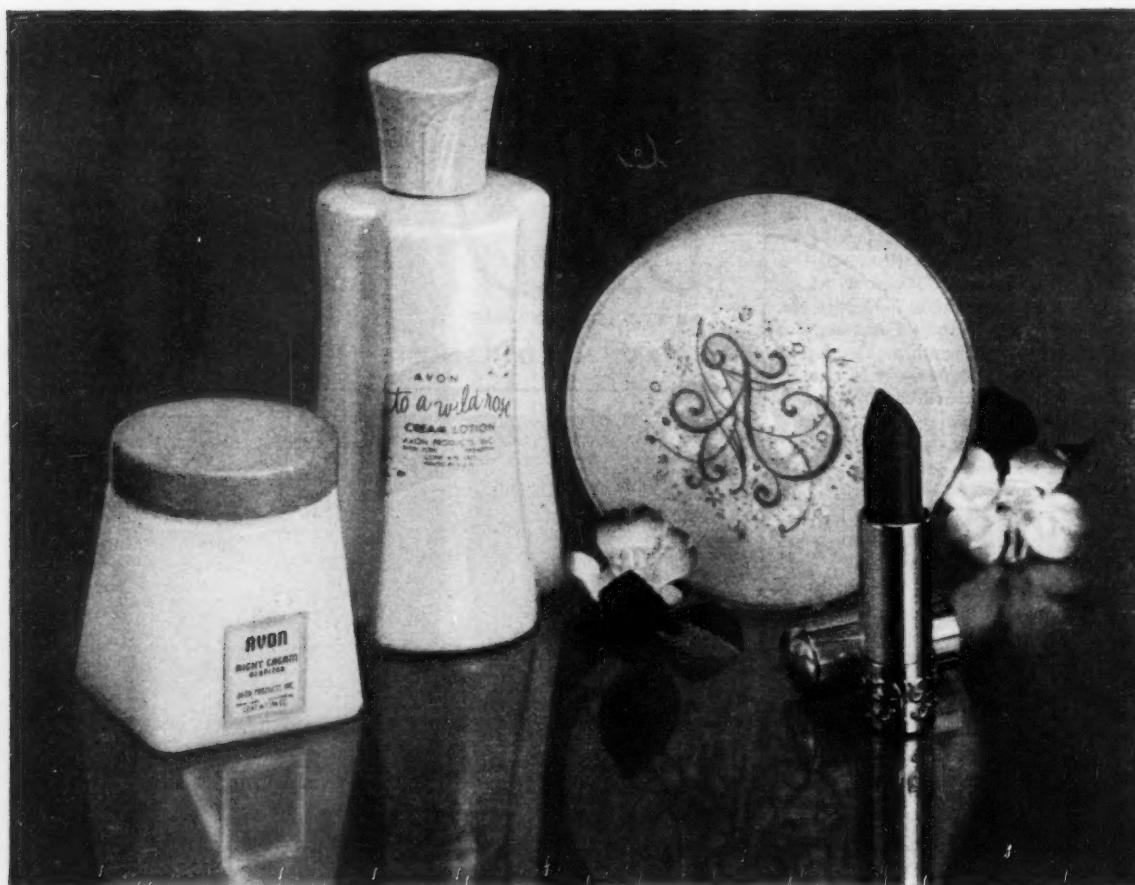
I have a sucker page in my little black book, too. As a class, I think broadcasters are very generous about helping others; sometimes people take advantage. One day, I received a pathetic letter from a woman who said she needed a winter coat very badly. I bought her a fur-trimmed coat that would do any woman proud, added a dress and hat for good measure and, on crutches at the time, hobbled around to deliver these items which had cost me quite a bit. I wondered when I found the woman living in surprisingly comfortable circumstances. I was disappointed when she never phoned or wrote that she liked the things or they had been of any help. When I received a letter a year later asking me to outfit her again, I ignored it. There are so many to help who have real need.

Under C for cemetery, Mount Pleasant, are plot numbers where lie three generations of our family; under P for pigeons, the address of a Toronto man with a strange avocation—he destroys pigeons which get to be a nuisance.

Robert goes out by night, his only tools a ladder and a cotton sack. At the household which has hired him to banish pigeons, he quietly puts his ladder in place, climbs, seizes the sleeping pigeons one by one, wrings their necks and drops them, lifeless, into the sack. About every third night he is on his pigeon prowl a suspicious neighbor will phone the police, who always dash around to check but now know Robert well enough not to run him in.

The findings of an American woman who is a color expert employed by an

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association of paint companies appear under C. Red is most women's first choice, said she, and such a preference indicates a better housekeeper and mother, than mate. Yellow, second favorite with women, is tied up with sex appeal and the woman who favors it will be a loving wife, even if she doesn't shine as the best housekeeper in the world.

Man's favorite color is blue; his second choice green. The authority added that if a man's favorite color is woman's choice, red, it means he has a more gentle nature, is more kind and thoughtful than the average man.

From A for J. L. Adam, my bank manager, to Z for Zurich, one of the places I am visiting this summer, little black book how I love thee! The past, present and future meet within your covers. For quick reference or a warm insight into human nature and the goings-on of the past quarter century, you are a treasure and it's all right with me if you become a national custom. *

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE

Continued from page 16

knowing the fatigue that had been constantly with her this past year, and which had no physical source in the long slender strength of her body. Then she moved across the room, across the wide hall, and opened the door a small way.

A young man stood there. He was bare headed, with reddish curly hair and so tall he had to bend awkwardly at the neck to peer in at her.

He said, "You open the door as if you expected a burglar."

"What do you want?" she asked.

"Well, now," he said deliberately, and his greeting smile went away some place. "I came to do a little business with you. You, or whoever holds the title to this land."

Joan lifted her eyebrows. "What kind of business?"

The young man shook his head and put his grin back on, this time like a deliberate protection against something. "I don't know how a door and a soft voice can be ungracious," he said to himself. "But they can, and so can eyebrows."

Joan pushed the door more nearly closed. "I don't want to buy anything," she said, her ear tuned to the slight scratch of the needle on the empty part of a record. "And I'm busy right now."

"I'll wait till you turn it off," the man said.

She closed the door. The knob seemed to slip out of her hand, somehow, and there was a sharp thud. Ungracious, she thought.

She crossed the wide hall, slippery with random-width boards worn shining by loving hands and many years. She caught a glimpse of herself, slim, cool-skinned, blue-eyed, in the cracked hall mirror. She took her time about getting to the record player, puffing a pillow as she went, straightening Aunt Mandelon's starched crochet doily. She lifted the needle at last and said, aloud, "He'll be gone if I just wait a little."

She sat down and stared at the fire. It was hard to recapture her sense of well-being with an insolent copper-headed man leaning against the front door. She found herself waiting for

something. When the knuckles on wood sounded again she knew what it was. He didn't look like the kind of person who would go away of his own accord.

She went to the door again, opened it its accustomed space, and then found herself, self-consciously, pulling it closer toward her.

"Now that's better," he said. "Not really generous yet, but it shows a desire to improve."

"I can't go about my affairs," she said, "with you pounding on the door.

"Do you mind stating your business?"

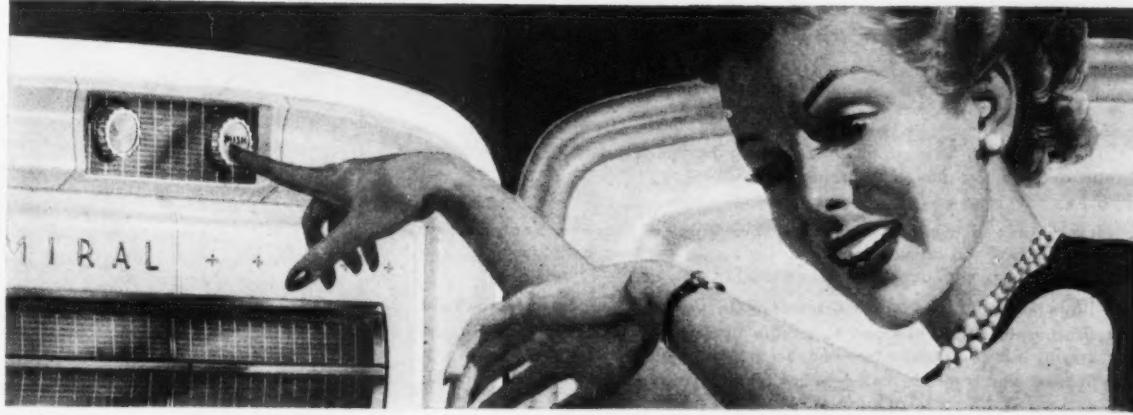
He shook his head sadly. "What they say, I guess, is true," he mourned. "And it's too bad."

Joan didn't ask him what they said. She knew. Not that anyone had ever told her. But she knew it in the respectful distant way the townsfolk tipped their hats to her, without actually speaking. In the fact that in all of Villamont she did not have a friend. She had known it always, ever since she came to live with Uncle Jasper and

Aunt Mandelon after her parents died when she was less than four years old.

"If you mean," she said, "that the Ellisons mind their own affairs, you are quite right and it is none of your concern, anyhow. Now will you please tell me what you want or do I have to shut the door in your face, permanently this time?"

He looked serious and a little shocked. "I beg your pardon," he said quietly. "I couldn't believe it, being a friendly soul myself. I hope you won't let a



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bad beginning prejudice our business deal."

Joan asked, "What business deal?"

He leaned toward her, earnestly this time. "For the past five years, whenever I've come through town," he explained, "I've taken a minute out to look at that corner on the east end of your property. You know?"

Joan nodded. She knew. The eastern corner had a group of trees that were spaced so evenly they made a ring. A fairy ring, where she had played when she was young.

"With the brook," the young man added, as if to set it certainly in her mind.

She nodded again. "What of it?" she asked, more curt than ever.

You can't tell a stranger of the times you sat beside that brook, your sobs as loud as its song. When the children at school were cruel. When loneliness in the big old house with the two old people was a crawling thing that seemed alive in her. When she returned, rejected, after that year in the city.

For the first time the man seemed uncertain. "My name's Evan Winger," he proffered.

Joan looked at him. He was younger than he had seemed at first and the old-fashioned surname had something to do with it. "Oh," she said.

He took a deep breath. "I'm ready to settle down," he told her. "I've got some money saved and I want to buy a piece of land and put my house on it."

Joan took a deep breath herself. The shape of his coming began to grow clear to her. "And you want to buy the corner acre, with the trees and the brook?" she asked, not asking.

He nodded. "I've had my eye on the land there for five years. I always stopped to eat in this town. Liked how clean it was and how the people seemed to be busy and smiling."

Busy and smiling, Joan's mind repeated. Well, perhaps they were. She never had looked close enough to see. "Every time you came through?" she repeated.

"I'm a truck driver," he said and nodded his head toward the street.

Joan peeked out. There, beyond the long drive, blatant and vivid, was a high red cab and a long flat back of a truck. She shuddered.

"You don't like trucks?" he asked.

Joan ignored the question. "Where would you eat in this town?" she asked, not meaning to, seeing the lopsided hotel, the drugstore fountain bar, the corner restaurant that always seemed to be circled with flies.

"Diner over on Twelfth," he said. "Good clean food. Cheerful joe running it. Mighty pretty waitress. Maisie. Honest, that's her name!"

Joan stopped the flow. "I see," she said. "The place where all the truck drivers stop."

She saw the huge trucks, like prehistoric flowers, clustered around the white streetcar-like building. In her mind she saw this Evan Winger strutting into the place, clicking a cheerful finger under the dimpled chin of somebody pretty named Maisie, and indulging in wisecracks. Her picture seemed slightly vulgar to her and she shivered a little.

Seeing her Evan suggested, this time without brashness, tentatively, "I could come in."

"There's no need," Joan found herself saying. "The land is not for sale."

She didn't look at him as her hand instinctively pushed the door closer.

He sighed. "I told Maisie she had it all wrong," he said. "Old beautiful house like this, people like you all. Money is no object."

"None at all," Joan said stiffly.

For some reason she thought of her last trip in the old car, the way it had puffed along like a steamer, taking her to the city. She thought of pulling up before the city library and taking the records and the books out on rental instead of buying them. Always on rental and needing to be returned, no matter how much she wanted to repeat them, to keep them.

Evan Winger said, "Okay and excuse me." He grinned at her with that suddenness. "It isn't the first time I've put my foot in it and it won't be the last. I'll get along now. You can go back to your Brahms."

Joan asked, "Brahms? You know what I was playing?"

There was no grin on his face when he said, "Sure. You think you got a monopoly on music, too?" He swung abruptly and paced down the uneven brick walk.

Joan shut the door. She went back into the living room and poked up the fire. It doesn't work, she told herself in swift annoyance. It had never worked to let them in. Any of them. Even John. It didn't work to go out, either. Like that year in the city. It only paid to stand alone.

In her mind she saw Evan Winger, standing tall again because he wasn't leaning toward her, pace down the front drive, pushing against the cold wind. She saw him open the iron gate, almost heard, above the trucks, the rusty scream of the ancient hinges.

Where does he go from here, she wondered. Down the street in a long full stride, back to the diner and that girl Maisie? What will he do then? Shrug his shoulders and laugh and tell her all about the ungracious Ellison girl?

She shook her head quickly. A long time ago she had learned that trying to figure out what the rest of them thought of her paid very small dividends, sharp hurting dividends that took her mind and warped her attitude.

Aunt Mandelon had said once, when Joan was about ten, "Of course child, we are no different than they. Oh, I am from France and I speak queerly. And your Uncle Jasper is bound by that desire to paint, and the shy fear that would not let him be a city lawyer—" She had looked out over the gardens and sighed. "For me, it would have been so happy in the city." She smiled. "I am sociable, you know? But I, too, love your uncle. When he wanted me to come back here, to hide where he had been young—" She shrugged thoroughly.

Joan had stood before her, looking up at the grey hair set high in many curls, at the eyes that tried to make echoing laughter in the eyes of Uncle Jasper, and her tears had dried, slowly.

"But nobody likes me," she had said forlornly, an enormity of self-pity choking in her throat. "The girls all belong to the town. They laugh at me and shut me out."

Aunt Mandelon had put a hand on her thin shoulder. "As I say, we are no different. For them too, strange gestures, and shyness and fears. They are a little afraid, I think, that we

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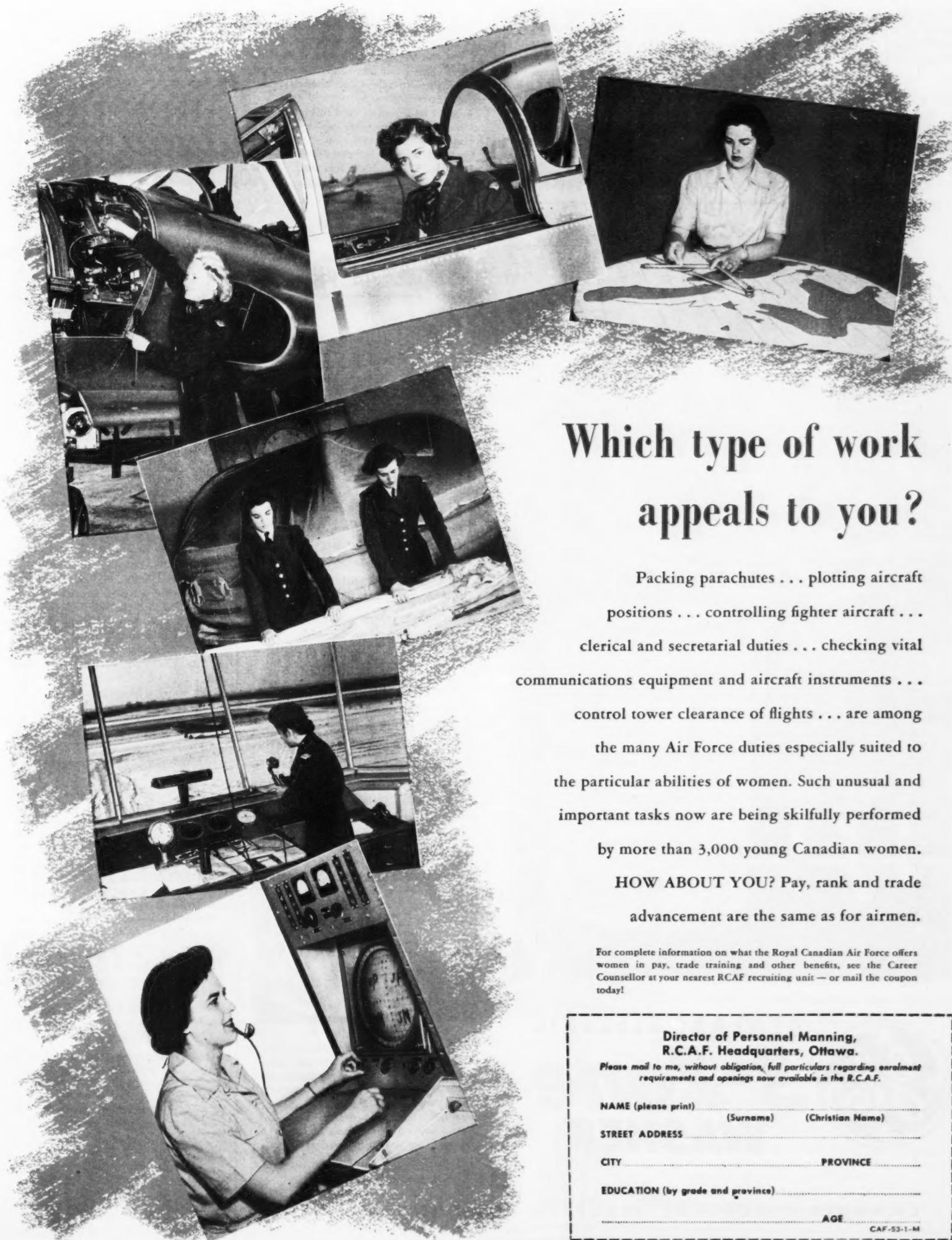
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may snub them. You, with your quietness and your dreaming eyes—" She sighed again. "We shall try a private school, down the line. It will be better."

It had been better, some. The girls all came from houses like Uncle Jasper's, or rich new big ones. They accepted Joan casually, and shut out the world beyond the campus.

Perhaps if it had lasted into her late teens, with the dances and the mingling, perhaps if Aunt Mandelon hadn't been

ill for so long, hadn't lain on the wide bed in the big front room and listened to the trucks come, quietly lying there, using up before she died, so much of the money, all of the courage, all of the love, asking nothing, but taking it all, perhaps the time in the city wouldn't have affected Joan.

She was eighteen that day they held services for Aunt Mandelon. She stood quietly beside the grave in the old cemetery, and her grief, experienced so deeply when Aunt Mandelon was suffer-

ing, was all used up too. Was replaced by pity. Pity that there were so few of them to mourn the gallant old lady who had buried herself years before, for love of a husband, who had watched the rare friends from the city lose interest or move away, and who had always and always tried to give a light touch to the sombre old house, the sombre old man.

Uncle Jasper stood between two cousins whom Joan had never seen before. One of them was thin and old

and proud like himself, distinguishable only by the fact that his head, unlike Uncle Jasper's, was lifted and not shaking. The other cousin was young, tall, slender, with a natural graceful sort of elegance, and very blond. He caught Joan's eye and smiled at her. His mouth was neatly etched around very white teeth. The sight of it disturbed Joan.

She didn't hear the rest of the ceremony. Her own thoughts and a sudden sort of panic were too loud in her ears. But she did hear the younger cousin's voice when he spoke close to her.

"Let me walk back to the house with you," he offered. "You look all in." His hand came to hold her elbow close and the disturbed feeling went through her again, stronger this time.

His name is Ellison, too, she thought, grabbing at anything to push the feeling away.

As if echoing her thoughts he said, "Do I look familiar to you? You do to me. I see a version of you in my mirror every morning."

She looked up at him, trying to make meaning of his words. Then she saw what he meant. There, in the broad forehead, the cool blue eyes with their dark lashes, the sleek blond hair, was a masculine counterpart of herself.

"We might be brother and sister," she murmured.

He nodded. "That's it." He smiled down at her, slow and gentle. "But somehow I'm very glad we're not."

Despite the fresh spring breeze on her cheeks Joan felt a quick hotness, a giddiness, that kept her silent until they were in the house. Once there, she hurried to the kitchen, poured the clear amber wine into the small glasses, carried the tray to the big drawing-room, and passed it among them.

Six of them, she thought, counting out the other five, keeping her glance away from John Ellison. A half dozen people who cared enough, or felt obligated enough, to make the thirty-mile trip from the city. Unexpectedly, the tears that she hadn't been able to know before lifted to her eyes. She put the tray down quickly and hurried out to the kitchen.

Through the window above the sink, through her tears, the long stretch of yard reached out to meet the fields. Beyond them, surrounding them, was the town that lived and breathed, that read in the paper about the death of Mrs. Jasper Ellison, but which did not come to mourn, nor send flowers, nor friendly little cards of sympathy.

"It's like an island," she said, the first of talking aloud to herself, "an island surrounded by indifference."

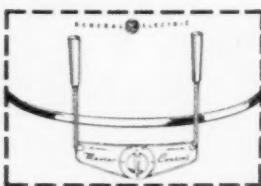
She was not too surprised to hear John Ellison's voice agreeing with her.

"Some people," he said, "are very much of the world. But we Ellisons—" He shrugged his well-tailored shoulders. "We live within ourselves."

She thought about that. "I don't know that I do," she said at last slowly. "Something in me wants to reach out



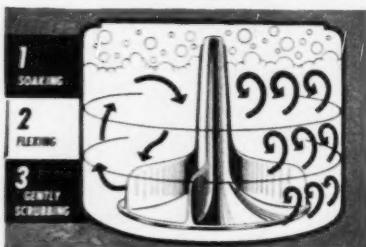
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—it even used to try to. But it was rebuffed."

He nodded. "I know. You have to be blatant, in this world. And our little attempts at friendliness are so subtle they're not even recognized."

"Our." He had said, "Our." An overwhelming sense of gladness took hold of Joan. "I've never had anyone to talk to about it," she said.

He looked down at her and she read tenderness in his eyes as clear as written words. "You're a lovely thing," he said softly. He leaned toward her, and without touching her, put his lips against hers.

It was an island again, only this time a much smaller one, and it didn't matter that the townspeople only nodded, that there were no friends who came to call, that only a handful noticed Aunt Mandelon's passing. What mattered was that the word Our had drawn a neat perfect sphere in which they were both enclosed for a magic and exclusive moment.

"What will you do now?" John had asked her later, after Uncle Jasper had moved slowly, painfully, up the stairs to the attic, there to lock his door and find his salvation in the bushes and canvasses that he had never shared with anyone. "Is there enough money?"

They sat side by side on the old love seat. The house was very still, so that the sound of the trucks came harshly to them.

John frowned. "Every thirty seconds," he said. "It's worse than the city."

Joan said, "I know. It's been this way ever since they put the highway through." She looked down at her wrist. Her hand disappeared under John's. "I don't know about the money," she went on. "Uncle Jasper never has discussed anything practical."

John asked, "Would you like to come to the city?"

For a moment something wild and sweet pounded thickly in Joan's throat. Not so fast, she thought. Love and a proposal all in one day.

"I could find a place for you," John went on. "I'm in charge of a small museum. The Bartlett one."

"What could I do?" she asked, suddenly forlorn, feeling unequal even to the simplest tasks.

"You can learn filing," he said. "You can dust and sort the relics." His smile flashed briefly into the twilight room. "It's not very exciting for a young girl. It's not even very exciting for me. But I enjoy it in a mild way."

So Joan Ellison packed one of the old suitcases she found in the musty basement of the house. She found a woman who had once served Aunt Mandelon to look after Uncle Jasper. She found a tweed suit and two new sweaters and a pair of sensible brown oxfords and she took the train to the city.

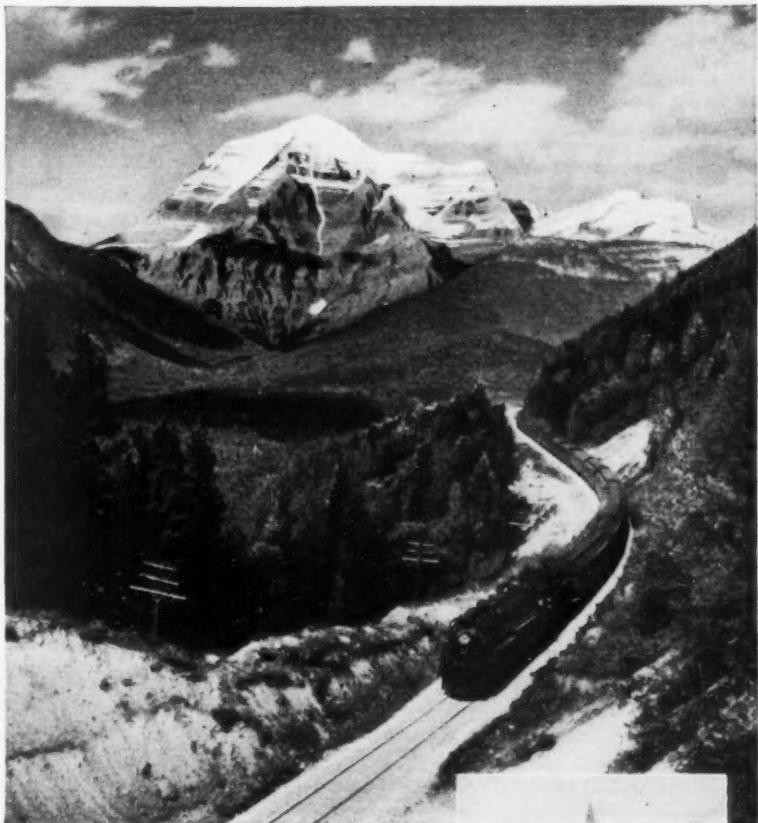
She liked the museum at once. It was neat and high ceilinged and cool. The showcases were filled with bones and jewelry, scraps of paper and bits of drawings, feather headdresses, and even a shrunken human skull. She learned to type quite well, to sit in the stillness of those dead years and feel alive, and at home.

She felt alive because of John, of course. At home, too.

John said, "Joan, this is my mother."

Continued on page 83

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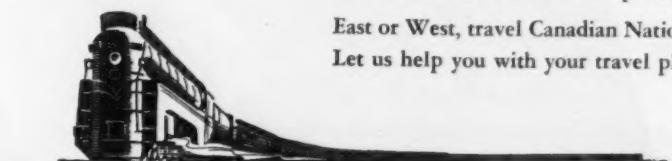
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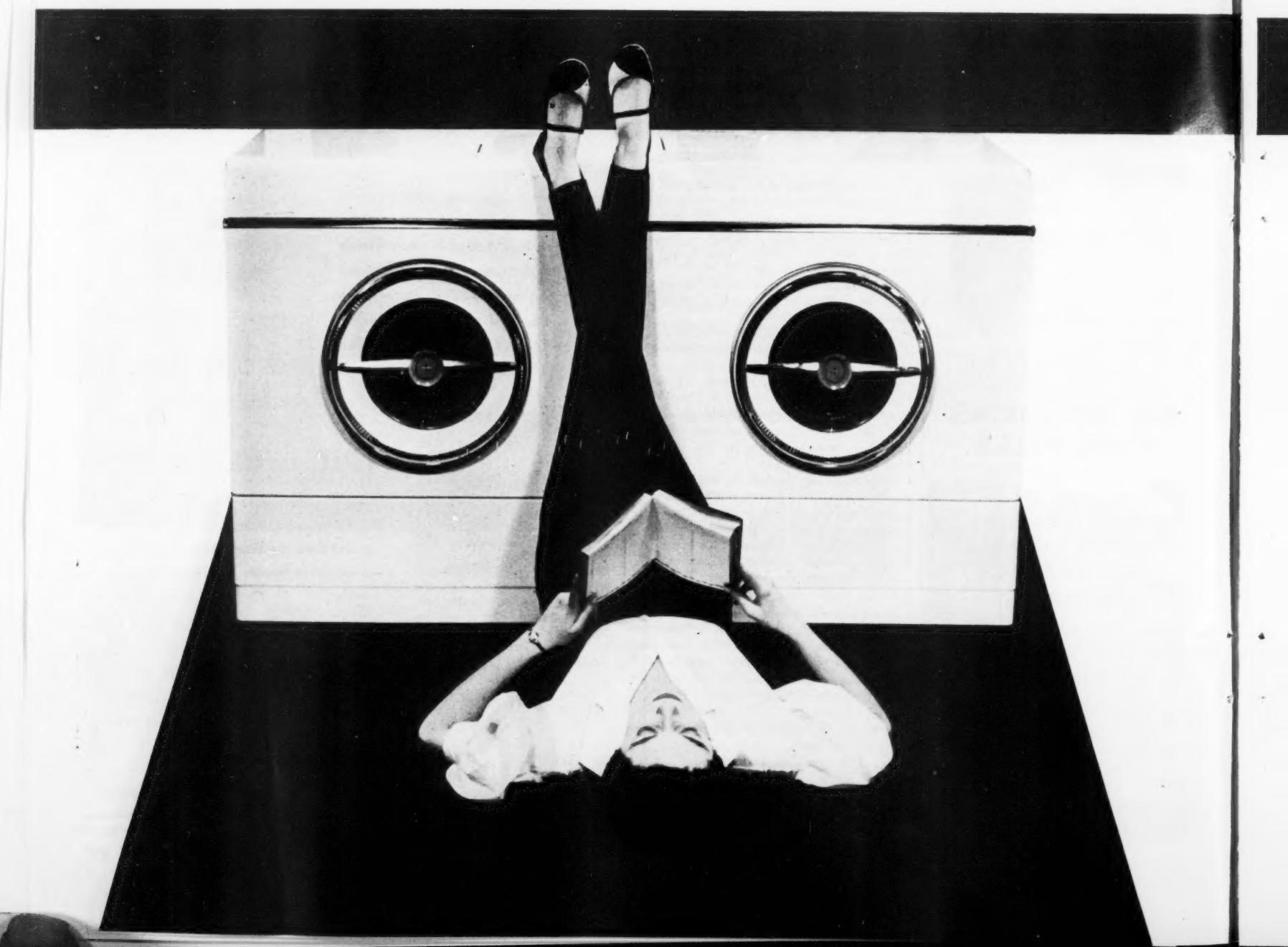
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**LOOK
WHAT'S HAPPENING
TO WASHDAY**





WITHIN SIX MONTHS the Canadian homemaker will be able to put a load of dirty laundry into a gleaming electric cabinet at bedtime, and take it out in the morning *washed and dried* in a single automatic operation.

Behind locked doors across the border, engineers are already working on an even more amazing magic box which will take in dirty clothes at one end and pass them out washed, dried, and ironed at the other.

The dream laundry that will do it all isn't here yet—but already science has revolutionized washday and is introducing new changes almost weekly.

The latest Chatelaine Consumer Council Survey shows that 93 percent of all Canadian homes have some kind of washing machine. Even in frontier homes the chug-chug of a gasoline-powered washer has replaced the rub-a-dub of washboard washdays. Country or city, the old-fashioned "Monday washday" was followed by Tuesday's ironing. But today the lucky housewife with the automatic washer, dryer and ironer can literally do the whole job in a day if she wishes. More likely she will observe no washday at all, doing two or three small washes through the week. By banishing backbreaking treks in and out to the clothesline, and making it possible to wash in any weather, the dryer has perhaps done more to

change washday than any other item. Canadian housewives who haven't one, put a dryer at the head of their "expect to buy soon" list.

Thus washday can be almost whatever the individual woman wants to make it—if she knows how to make the most of the available equipment, the new soaps and detergents, the plastic starches and the steam irons.

But . . . "What's a proper load for my standard gyrator model?" . . . "Can I wash blankets in an automatic?" . . . "Will my clothes come as white from the dryer as from the line?" . . .

These are a few of the questions Councilors asked when polled on washday problems. Three quarters of them hastened to add that washing is the household chore they dislike least—but all asked for help with one problem or another. The one Chatelaine homemaker in ten who has an ironer uses it chiefly for flat pieces, never having mastered its full talents for ironing shirts and other specialties.

So Chatelaine Institute is launching a running report on what's happening to washday—and how you can take greater advantage of the new short cuts and new aids. We begin this month with basic laundry equipment—what to look for, the advantages of each type and the answers to questions women ask. Next month the Institute will tell you what the new soaps, detergents and bleaches are doing to washday, with other topics to follow in subsequent issues.

by MARIE HOLMES, Director, *Chatelaine Institute*

THE AUTOMATIC WASHING MACHINE



DESCRIPTION: Fully automatic run by electricity—operates on 110-120 volts A.C. Washes by water action, usually with an agitator or plunger. Two models have tumbling action in revolving tub. This is a gentler washing action and the machine can be adjusted to use less water. All require special water and drain connections.

ADVANTAGES: Washing, rinsing and spinning is done in a continuous cycle, leaving clothes ready for drying. Other housework can be done while the clothes are being washed. Not necessary to put hands in water.

WHAT WOMEN SAY ABOUT IT: Prefer putting clothes in top of machine rather than front door . . . Feel price too high . . . Use too much hot water . . . Would like a model that has a shorter cycle for washing operation.

WHAT WOMEN ASK:

How to get the best results with it?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Do not overload: Fill tub loosely with dry clothes until about seven eighths full. Follow manufacturer's directions carefully. For hard water use medium or strong all-purpose detergent unless otherwise specified by manufacturer; or soften chemically. With soft water, soap can be used. Wash very dirty clothes alone, then wipe out tub before washing white shirts and fine linens. Add bleach to wash water before putting in clothes—liquid bleach (diluted) for white clothes, powdered

bleach for synthetics and colorfast garments, following manufacturer's directions.

How much hot water does an automatic take?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Amount varies with wash cycle of machine: some have pre-soak period and rinsing cycle varies. A fifty-gallon tank is needed for an average four loads of wash. If you wash several times a week, a thirty-gallon tank should provide enough hot water.

Can I wash blankets in an automatic washer?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Yes, if the machine is the type that can be stopped or changed at any point; otherwise too much agitation may cause matting.

Is there any way to save hot water in an automatic machine?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: One model has a special device for pumping hot wash water into the laundry tub, then returning it after first washing cycle is complete.

THE AUTOMATIC DRYER



DESCRIPTION: Some models you set for desired heat and drying period; others you simply set for "dry," "damp dry," etc. All-electric dryer requires heavy-duty wiring, as for stove. Gas dryer has electric motor to turn dryer cylinder which operates on ordinary 110-120 volts A.C. All use tumbling action.

ADVANTAGES: Takes just one sixth the time to load dryer and fold clothes as hanging, taking down clothes on line. Carrying, lifting, stooping and stretching involved in



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hanging out clothes practically eliminated. Banishes rainy washday worries. Reduces number of clothing items required for family since clothes dry so quickly. Reduces ironing by at least fifty per cent because many fabrics come ready for wear direct from the dryer if properly handled. Leaves terry cloth and chenille fluffier. Colored clothes don't fade as when dried on line.

WHAT WOMEN SAY ABOUT IT: Still too high priced . . . No place to put it . . . Wonderful—dries snow suits in a few minutes; completely changes washday.

WHAT WOMEN ASK:

Will clothes be as white when dried in it?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Hundreds of tests have proved that dryer drying is just about equal to ideal sunlight conditions. Clothes put outside are subject to dust, soot, smoke, insects and strong winds. Dryer clothes have the fresh clean smell originally associated with fresh air and sunlight drying.

Do clothes shrink more when dried in the dryer?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: When there is a little more shrinkage it is slight. Much of this shrinkage can be eliminated if garments are removed from dryer and stretched while still slightly damp.

Does the dryer cause an accumulation of steam and heat?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: This early problem has now been largely overcome although some steam may be noticed in small laundry rooms. Some have outdoor vent, others condense moist air within machine.

Is there an accumulation of lint?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Yes, some lint comes off the clothes just as in outdoor drying, but it is collected in a trap which empties easily.

I have an old conventional washing machine that still operates well. I can afford to buy either a new automatic washer or dryer — but not both. Which should I buy?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Buy the dryer, for the greatest added saving of washday labor. You can buy an automatic washer later.

THE CONVENTIONAL WASHING MACHINE



DESCRIPTION: Motor run by electricity, or by gasoline where electricity unavailable. Washing action by gyrorator. Price variation according to quality of finish and extra features. Look for two-year guarantee. Most models have attached wringer with automatic safety device, some with rollers that adjust to thickness of garment. One model has a separate spinner basket to extract water. Some models automatically pump out dirty water and some also have automatic timer and switch. Several are semi-automatic; tub acts as spinner to extract water, but you must stop one action and start the other manually.

ADVANTAGES: Ideal where there is limited water supply, or where machine must be rolled in and out of kitchen or where plumbing cannot be changed. Less expensive than automatic type. Can wash more than one load in same suds.

WHAT WOMEN SAY ABOUT IT: Suggest better drainage attachments in some models . . . Would like pump attachment for drainage. (Note: some models have pump) . . . Would like longer drainage hose.

WHAT WOMEN ASK:

How to save time and energy, water, soap or detergent for large washings?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Wash white clothes first, start garment through wringer. Let wringer action lift remaining garments out of water and carry them through. Wash colored clothes in same wash water. Rinse first load in laundry tub (if you have one) while second load is being washed.

What is considered a load?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Non-automatic machines average seven to eight pounds; study manufacturer's directions for best results with



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your machine. Do not overload. Combine large articles with small ones. Typical load: two full-sized sheets, two pillowcases, six to eight handkerchiefs, two shirts, one small tablecloth, two slips.

How to prevent buttons and buckles from being ripped off or broken in wringer?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Fold buckles and buttons to the inside of garments before putting through wringer. This prevents rips, as well.

How many minutes should I operate my machine for best results?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: For slightly soiled and for delicate garments five minutes should be enough. Even for heavy soil, never longer than fifteen minutes. Too much agitation forces dirt back into clothes.

THE AUTOMATIC IRONER



DESCRIPTION: Most ironers are the rotary type with temperature control, plug into any 110-120 volt A.C. outlet and are available with either 25 or 60 cycle motor. Models vary as to size of roller and table surface, are usually easily stored when not in use.

ADVANTAGES: Cuts ironing time by more than half. For a family of four, machine ironing will do in one and a half hours a weekly ironing that would take most housewives three hours by hand. No bending, no standing, no back and front pushing, as with hand iron.

WHAT WOMEN SAY ABOUT IT: Too much trouble to get out and start operating . . . Does only flatwork. (Wrong: see below.) . . . Too expensive for average home laundry.

WHAT WOMEN ASK:

Can blouses and shirts be ironed with it?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Yes, almost every garment can be ironed if directions are followed.

Can heat be regulated as with hand iron?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Yes, current models can be adjusted for various kinds of fabrics.

Is there any way to find out how to use an ironer? I would like instruction on ironing men's shirts.

INSTITUTE ANSWER: The best way to obtain information about any specific piece of equipment like an ironer is to write the manufacturer. Home demonstrations of ironers are given in many centres.

OTHER IRONING EQUIPMENT

DESCRIPTION: Ironing boards on the market range from the standard-shaped wooden board to the light-weight metal adjustable model that can be regulated to suit the height of the person ironing—standing or sitting. Hand irons should be light with even heat in the sole plate, comfortable to the hand, and with heat adjustable for different fabrics. Steam irons—some models are dual purpose, can be used as dry irons or for steam.

ADVANTAGES: New style ironing boards (adjustable) are easier to use and cut down on bending; are light to handle and easily stored. Hand irons with controlled temperatures make ironing of synthetic fabrics easier. Steam irons helpful for pressing suits, trousers and other garments that formerly had to be sent to commercial presses.

WHAT WOMEN SAY ABOUT IT: Wish irons did not have such sharp points: present one tends to tear lace cloths, frilly curtains and cut-work unless carefully used . . . Steam iron runs out of steam too soon (half to three-quarters of an hour) and sputters dangerously if filled when hot.

WHAT WOMEN ASK:

What is the proper height for an ironing board?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: The surface should be just a little below the waistline if you stand while ironing. This makes ironing easier on the shoulder and arm muscles. For sitting position, have board at waistline height.



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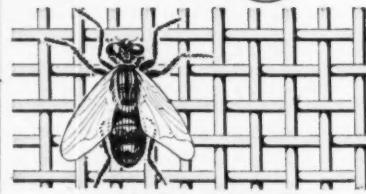
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Can I use my steam iron for all my ironing?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Most ironing can be done with steam iron. It is fine for nylons and rayons that need very low heat and very little ironing. For starched clothes, turn off the steam (if possible on your model) or use a dry hand iron or ironer.

How can I prevent my iron cord twisting and getting in the way?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: Buy an iron-cord holder that clamps to the end of the board—a spring-mounted rod that holds cord off the board and prevents tangling.

Can you suggest a way to save steps and energy required to put shirts, blouses, etc., away as I iron them?

INSTITUTE ANSWER: There is now an excellent garment holder combined with cord holder that can be clamped on wide end of the board. Ten or twelve hangers for blouses and shirts can be hooked on this rack without moving from the ironing board. *

A second article in our Washday series, appearing in June Chatelaine, will answer all your questions about soaps, detergents, bleaches and starches.

THE GOLDEN CIRCLE

Continued from page 77

The tall spare woman with the proud features and the snow-white hair didn't try to kiss Joan. She proffered a slim dry hand and said, "My dear, you must stay with us." She led Joan up three flights of the narrow stairs of the narrow city house and left her in a room that might have been her own, back there in Villamont. The furnishings were different. But the atmosphere was the same. An Ellison air, an air of the past.

It was good, though. Good to eat by candlelight with John across the table from her, to walk with him before bedtime down the tree-lined street of the square that was also of the past, to sit across from him reading a book he had recommended. Few people came to the city Ellisons' house, too. Joan didn't even notice. It seemed natural, as if nobody else was necessary.

Most week ends they went back to Villamont. Joan baked special delicacies for Uncle Jasper and mended his clothes. She shined the old house a little and she and John rode together through the town, buying commodities for the week. They walked together, too, across the fields, with the antique Ellison dog snuffing at their heels. Some day, Joan told herself in those happy moments, I'll take John down to the corner acre, by the brook, in the circle of trees. Any wonderful thing can happen there.

She never did, though. She put it off, waiting for exactly the right time. It didn't come. Instead, she returned alone to the big house, to Uncle Jasper, her heart feeling the size of a pea in her breast, a tiny hard lump that would never soften nor grow lifesize again, and a straight rod up her back, the rod of determination never again to merge, nor try to. Always to stand alone.

Now she sighed, staring out at the grey day, seeing the days since her return from the city as a panorama of grey, dull, foggy, without highlights. It was strange that she should see it that way, when she had learned to comfort herself, had found substitutes for the reality of emotion she had known for awhile.

It had something to do with that Evan Winger. With the original friendliness in his eyes, the quick cooling of

them, the scorn of his final words. Something to do with the sparkling aliveness of him there at her door.

Uncle Jasper came into the room with the slight shuffle that, along with his trembling hands, was his only concession to age. His back, under the worn broadcloth coat, was pencil straight, and his chin had an angle to it, almost unnoticeable unless he were driven to his rare cold anger. Arrogant, Joan thought, and buried it quickly, knowing that her own chin reflected the direction of his and had since childhood. Knowing, too, that the word arrogant, like ungracious, came to her because of the young man at the door.

"Are you ready, girl?" he asked in the voice that had always been the same, hesitant, but level and cool. He held a well-brushed hat in his hand.

"I forgot," Joan said hastily. "I'll hurry."

The car took seven tries, but it finally got under way. They rode slowly and noisily down the wide winding drive, through the trees. They stopped at the entrance to the highway and Joan felt the familiar dislike rise in her throat.

They came around the bend with total disregard for the safety of the town: great trucks loaded with heaven only knew what, carried forward down the hill by the sheer weight of themselves, spitting out the filth of their used oils on the air.

Uncle Jasper shook his head. "I can remember," he said, "when a pair of frisky horses coming out of our driveway was the worst hazard we knew. And quiet! Girl, the quiet was a blanket over the town, sweet and restful."

It was a telling Joan had heard before. She half listened, her eyes strained to the left for her opportunity, for the split second, when she could force the old car to take its chance out in the mad world. It came, and she breathed a sigh of relief when they putted along as near to the curb as they could.

"Why do you want me to go to the bank with you?" she asked Uncle Jasper finally.

He said, "All in good time, girl, all in good time." His bright old eyes looked right, looked left. His old head nodded occasionally to people on the streets. Joan was reminded of those pictures she had seen, royalty, or returning heroes, in the middle of a parade. All he needs to do is raise his hands in a gesture of gracious condescen-



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4-3

THE **Salvation Army**
RED SHIELD APPEAL

sion, she thought, and the picture will be complete.

As she switched off the motor before the ivy-covered bank building, Uncle Jasper did just that, spying the bank's manager behind the gold-lettered window. Joan found her lips twitching and then was annoyed. Darn Evan Winger, she snarled to herself.

Mr. Leechmont bowed them into place, set himself behind the slick surface of his desk, opened a manila folder.

He said, "I've dreaded this day, Mr. Ellison."

The angle of Uncle Jasper's chin grew more oblique. "Let us dispense with sentiment. The facts are simple. I have come to the conclusion," he stated, "that I shall part with a parcel of the property. Contingent, of course," he continued, "upon my approval of anything to be built there."

Joan leaned forward. "Uncle Jasper, she said, "you should have told me. How much money do we need? Why?"

"A thousand dollars," Uncle Jasper said, as lightly as if it didn't matter. "For a loan I put on the house when your Aunt Mandelon—passed away." He switched his head, hawklike, to Mr. Leechmont. "What do you have that stupid expression on your face for, Leechmont?" he asked.

The banker shrugged his shoulders and coughed roughly. "You know Villamont," he said apologetically. "Nobody new ever comes here." He brightened. "Now if it were just Townley. They're putting up a dozen new tracts in Townley. Steel, you know, the factory. Running double time—" He let his words fade against the scorn in Uncle Jasper's eyes. "Well, I just thought—"

Joan said, "You mean that even if we were willing to sell part of the land nobody would want it? The Ellison property? Why, it's been the most valuable land around here for a hundred years—"

Mr. Leechmont pulled himself together and for the first time he looked like a man of business. "My dear Miss Ellison," he said firmly. "This is not a hundred years ago. People, believe it or not, raise no cattle in this area, have no stretching farms and graze no horses. We are thirty miles from a metropolis that is reaching out to swallow us up. We have no industries, no fresh blood—"

Uncle Jasper snorted. "The blood we have is the best in the country."

Joan patted his arm. "And if we don't sell the land?" she asked quietly. "Or if it can't be sold?"

Mr. Leechmont looked down at the folder, the flesh of his face falling sadly. "Then the bank will have to take it over, including the house, and hope that we can find some wealthy city man to buy the whole thing."

Joan watched it happen. She watched Uncle Jasper lose the substance that kept him straight and proud. When they got out of the car back at the house, she took his arm to help him. He let her. An ache started at the back of her throat that promised to choke her.

That afternoon she swung recklessly in between two trucks in front of the diner. She slammed the old car door and pushed into the place. It steamed with heat and coffee and the arresting odor of hamburgers.

The girl behind the counter was pretty, no doubt about that, if you

liked them curving and pert with light brown hair curling every which way. She was leaning forward toward the half dozen truckers, and there was laughter on her face. It stopped when she saw Joan.

"Miss Ellison," she said formally. "And what are you doing here? Slumming?"

It took Joan's breath. I don't even know the girl, she thought, and she is my enemy. "You must be Maisie," she said. "I must say your manners fit your name."

The girl flushed a little.

Joan's breath came back with the sight. "Do you know Mr. Winger?" she asked. "Mr. Evan Winger?"

Maisie said, "Yes, ma'am." She looked irritated with herself for the title. "Comes in here off his route every day at about three. Was here this morning instead, though. Twice." She put her hands on her very nice hips. "Twice" Once all happy and planning about a dream coming true. Once all busted up and quiet because he'd been frozen to death and put in his place."

The men at the counter were living statues, only their eyes shifting from one opponent to the other. Cheering for Maisie, of course, Joan thought.

"Do you know where I can get in touch with him?" she asked.

Maisie asked back, "What for? Ain't one brush-off enough?"

"I can't see that it concerns you one way or the other," Joan said.

"That'll hold you, Maisie," a rough voice announced.

"Oh, will it?" Maisie cried, and this time her chin was a round ball of determination. "Evan Winger is just about the nicest guy in the world. He's been showing me the plans for that house for almost three years now. And what does she have to do? With land to burn she's gotta turn him down and make him feel cheap, with his saved money in his hands—"

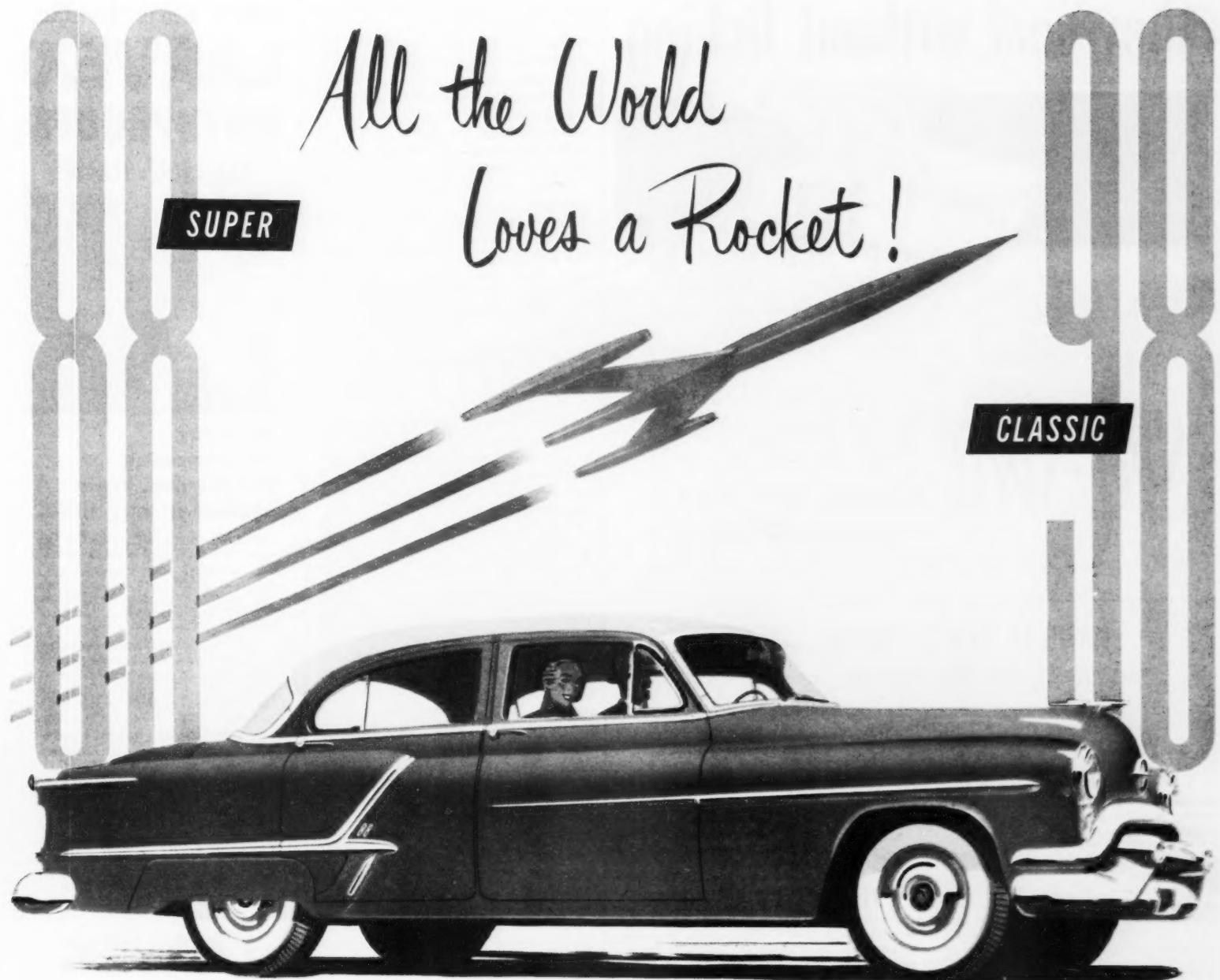
Joan thought desperately, "I've got to get out of here. I've got to get back home and shut the door and be safe. It was the same feeling she had known in the city, when John came to her that last time.

It had gone along so smoothly then, so beautifully. John's mother liked her. She said, "You have the dignity, the delicacy, that so many girls lack nowadays, Joan. You are a lady. There aren't many left." She sighed. "There was a hoydenish girl—she chased John unbelievably—"

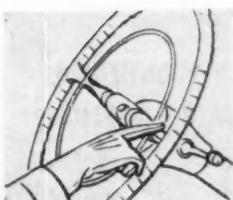
A little shiver ran through Joan at the thought. Time with John those days was time set apart, with the peaceful touch of his hands on her hair, his tender lips on hers, his quiet voice saying, "We're right for each other, aren't we, my dear?" There was no place for a hoyden in their magic circle.

John's mother went on, "But since you came, I've stopped worrying. John seems so content. The restlessness that filled him for awhile, the strange comings and goings, the phone calls from that girl—they've all stopped." She touched Joan gently on the shoulder. "Daughter," she said softly. It was like being knighted.

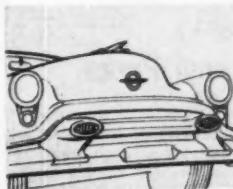
Only it didn't last, Joan discovered, and John's mother didn't speak for John. Because there was that day when she stood in the quiet museum behind the high desk and John looked at her



Illustrated above: Oldsmobile Super "88" 4-Door Sedan.



1 Power Steering

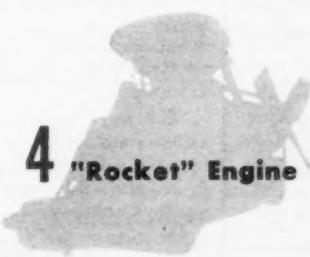


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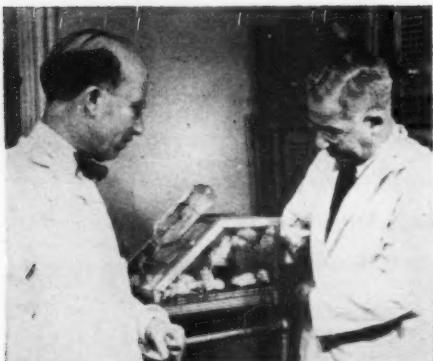
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with serious earnest eyes and spoke to her in a troubled voice.

"She got tired of chasing me," he explained. "Of my vacillating. She went away. I tried to forget her, too." He looked over Joan's head. "But she came back, Joan. She came back."

Joan knotted her hands tightly together and fought to keep the gasping out of her breath.

"What is she like?" she asked, impelled.

He shook his head. "She's little and dark and—sort of rosy. She chatters like a magpie and her grammar is often bad. She's loud, too—" He turned his palms outward in a gesture of complete helplessness. "But—" He tried to smile. "You're everything she's not, Joan."

Joan swallowed lumpily. "I see," she said.

John said, "No, you don't. You couldn't. I know she's cheap, but she has exactly what I want and need."

For a long terrible moment his eyes met hers and held tight. Then Joan saw the harshness of her swallow in his own throat.

"I talked you into coming here," he said. "It's been wonderful, what we've had. But it isn't quite enough—not for me."

Joan walked around the desk and into the coatroom. She walked out of the gentle secluded place where she had been so happy working for almost a year, she walked past John standing there with his fine hand on an Indian arrowhead, and she had gone home, safe, locked in, alone again.

Standing in the steamy diner, feeling the strange eyes like arrowheads themselves flick against her, watching the girl who must be like the girl John loved, little, quick, alive, slightly vulgar, she knew that she had to run away again. Evan Winger or no. She swung on her heel and walked out, trying to let nothing show in her shoulders, her step.

The car started, surprisingly, at the first touch. She rode back to the house in the centre lane of traffic, for once unaware of the roar of great motors around her. She parked the car at the top of the drive and found herself walking toward the eastern corner.

The trees enclosed her almost at once even without the help of leaves. The brook ran fast, with that hurried voice that had always stirred her to the feeling of something running by her, leaving her stranded. She stood quite still, rubbing her bare hands against each other. After a little the tumult inside of her quieted.

The voice was very close to her. "I didn't mean to trespass," it said. "I was just sort of saying good-by to it."

She swung around, startled. It seemed to take her eyes awhile to focus on Evan Winger's face. He looked older than this morning, as Uncle Jasper had in the bank, and as she somehow knew she did since those minutes in the diner.

She swallowed. "It's all right," she managed to say. "I was looking for you anyhow."

"For me?" he asked. He leaned a little toward her. "You look unhappy," he said softly. "This morning you looked remote, but sort of serene. Now you look unhappy."

She turned her face away. "How much would you be willing to pay for

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this—this piece of land?" she asked sharply.

Evan circled around her so that she couldn't turn away again without making it obvious. "You mean," he asked slowly, "that you've reconsidered?"

She shrugged. "Call it that. How much?"

He seemed to be figuring. "I see it that about fifteen hundred is a fair price." He hesitated. "I'd have to cut down on my house if I pay any more."

"I'll take it," she said quickly. Let him build a house, she told herself. Let him ruin the land, and bring that sassy little bundle here to live.

His face was radiant and his eyes seemed to be full of amber lights. He reached for her hands and held them tight. "You mean it?" he asked. "You really mean it?" He pulled her down beside him on a fallen log. He looked down at her hands and took a long breath before he let them go.

Joan sat there and wondered why she did. Wondered vaguely, as she wondered about the warmth that seemed to be coursing from her hands up through her arms, why the log seemed comfortable and right.

Evan was pulling papers out of his pockets. He was spreading them before her. Neat wide sheets with lines and letters. "See," he said, "I've designed the house to fit the rise of the land. It's part of the corner, you see—"

She looked down at the house. It was flat as a pancake on top and there was glass everywhere, in great shimmering blocks, even on the drawing.

"It looks like a garage," she said flatly.

Evan patted the picture. "Nope," he said cheerfully, "this is the station. It will be right on the corner down there—" He pointed past her face and Joan's head swung with his finger. "That's the ideal spot. I've got it all figured out. Before the trucks hit the stop-light downtown, before the haul into Villamont—"

"A—a gas station?" The phrase was a small broken thing and not worthy of Joan Ellison.

He held suddenly still. "You mean—you'd mind? It's a good way from the house—"

Joan fastened her mind firmly on fifteen hundred dollars. "It's just that that modern—stuff—" she gestured, "would look so silly beside the old house—in this old town—"

He leaned toward her, eyes quiet and intense. "What this town needs," he said, "is something modern. I have such plans—" He looked away from her and his profile was sharp and dreaming and the wind fingered his copper hair and something very strange and new moved inside of Joan.

"What sort of plans?" she found herself asking.

"Some day," he said, "I'm going to build houses all around here. Townley is dirty with the mills and Villamont is only ten miles away. Someday this town will have to wake up. I want to be here when it does. The gas station—it's sure to go. All the truckers know me. I'll live in my house and build others—and people will come here to live. You wait and see."

Joan looked from his face to the country surrounding her, to the soft rolling hills across the highway.

Evan's sigh dragged her back. "But now, I suppose," he said, "it's all shot."

I should have known better than to show you the plans—until it was too late." He smiled ruefully. "You couldn't understand, of course. I had to quit school when I was sixteen. I got a job loading trucks and finally got a truck of my own. I never rightly knew a home and after the war—" He stopped.

Joan asked, "How did you learn—this?" She flipped the sheet.

"You wouldn't know about that, either," he said. "Correspondence courses. By mail." He stood up abruptly.

"Well," he said, "what's the verdict?"

Joan looked up at him. He seemed very tall from that angle. The sharp branches of the trees made a frame for the brightness of his head.

She looked back down at her hands on the papers. They were fine soft hands with uncolored nails. The wool of her coat was old and worn but soft, too, and colorless. She stared at the tweed weave for what seemed a long time.

"You will have to discuss it with Uncle Jasper," she said finally. "And

I must warn you I don't think it's a very hopeful project."

He reached down a hand and pulled her to her feet. "Where there's life—" he said, with the grin he had given her that morning, there at the door. He gathered up his papers and they walked back toward the house.

Knocking at Uncle Jasper's door, having left Evan Winger to stand before the fire, she felt as if the old house had been invaded.



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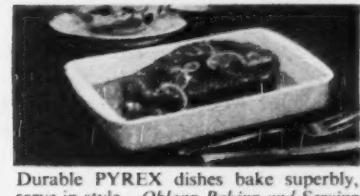
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The key turned slowly in the lock, the door opened just wide enough to permit Uncle Jasper to slide through. For the first time since she was a child, Joan tried to peer into the secret room. Uncle Jasper, despite his trembles, was too fast for her though.

"Yes, girl?" he asked and his voice was rusty with tiredness.

She touched his sleeve, and because she loved so few people, it was a concentrated gesture, the essence of all the affection in her.

"There is a young man downstairs," she said softly, although there was no need, "who wants to buy the corner acre. He will give us fifteen hundred dollars for it. Cash."

She watched the wrinkles fade a little, the old eyes color a little, the old shoulders straighten.

"Tell him we'll take it," Uncle Jasper said hoarsely. "Don't let him get away."

She shook her head. "You'll have to see him, dear," she insisted. "He has—plans—"

"No matter," her uncle said. "No matter." He was older than the hills across the highway suddenly. "Girl," he said and it was almost a whimper, "I'll die, right off I'll die, if I have to leave this house."

Something stiffened in Joan. "You won't die," she said sternly, "because you won't have to leave it. Now you just brace yourself and come along with me. This Evan Winger, he doesn't bite."

She took Uncle Jasper's dry hand and pulled him, like a stubborn child, toward the stairs. Aunt Mandelon, she thought, surprising herself, should have done that years and years ago. Pulled him right along on the tide of her own sociability, her own courage.

Once started he came meekly enough. It took only a small push at the living room door to face him toward Evan.

The big room seemed cracklingly alive and it was a moment before Joan realized that its unusual vitality came from the expectancy of Evan Winger's position, the eagerness in his eyes, the way his strong mouth, full and warm and very different from John's, seemed ready to spill words.

"Uncle Jasper," she said, "this is Evan Winger."

Joan smiled inwardly at the thought that Uncle Jasper and the trucks had met at last. Past and future, as separated as the old house and the plans in Evan's pocket.

Evan said, "I've heard a lot about you, sir. You're a painter, aren't you?"

Uncle Jasper took back his hand. "No, no," he said. "I just—dabble a bit—"

"Maisie said," Evan went on, "that the whole town is bursting with curiosity about your work. They're dead set on the idea that there's sort of a male Grandma Moses holed up in your attic. That when you get around to showing your things you'll set the whole county on its ear."

"Maisie?" Uncle Jasper asked. A dull red of pleasure marched up his cheeks steadily and he took one step toward Evan. "I assure you," he said, "there isn't the slightest similarity between my work and Grandma's."

"Maisie," Joan found herself interrupting, "is a pretty little thing over in the diner on Twelfth street. She and Mr. Winger are very close—friends."

Evan shot her a quick glance, and the corners of his mouth twitched. But

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his eyes were ~~snow~~ on her own. "Maisie is indeed a real friend of mine," he said smoothly. "Especially if you and Mr. Ellison decide in my favor. She's the one who told me that you might be willing to sell."

"And helped you with the plans," Joan added.

"And helped me with the plans," Evan acknowledged.

"What plans?" Uncle Jasper asked.

Joan said, "Now, Uncle Jasper, suppose you just sit down here. Mr. Winger has some unusual ideas." She flashed a look at Evan and once again knew the emotion of conspirator, of traitor, almost.

Evan smoothed out the papers. "Mr. Ellison," he said, "you look to me like a man who knows the meaning of progress—" His voice moved on and Joan stopped listening to all but its texture. Vibrant and cheerful, trying to keep the hope on a choke chain, it filled the room. She let it swirl around her and for a long moment it gave her warmth as great as a wool cloak. Then she thought of Maisie and she shrugged the cloak off and was once more herself, Joan Ellison, standing alone and interested only in saving their security, hers and Uncle Jasper's.

It took a long time and there was a tense minute of silence when Evan was through. Uncle Jasper stood up slowly, as if he cracked ancient bone after bone to make it fit in a new shape.

"Well," he said at last, "there are times when a man has no choice. We'll sell you the land, Mr. Winger." His mouth was wry and somehow hurt. "Leechmont at the bank thinks we need new blood here in town. I sincerely hope the transfusion won't kill the patient."

At the door Uncle Jasper stopped and turned toward them.

"Where will you stay while you're building, young man?" he asked.

"I can't get started until spring," Evan said. "I planned to commute from the city. Or find a boardinghouse out here."

"We have seven bedrooms and three baths right here," Uncle Jasper said with a touch of pride. "You're welcome to share our simple fare." He swung on his heel and went steadily from the room.

"Well," Joan gasped. "I've never known Uncle Jasper to invite anybody to the house. You've made a conquest, or else he's taken leave of his senses."

"Don't worry," he said, "I won't take him up on it. I know how it is with you. How you hate intrusion—"

Joan stared at the floor.

"Besides," he went on, "as a matter of fact, Maisie has found a place for me. It won't have any of this—gracious charm—but I'm sure it will be comfortable."

"I don't doubt it," Joan muttered.

"Look at me," Evan commanded.

Joan took a deep breath and did as he asked. He was grinning all over his silly face.

"Ah," he said softly. "Ah, good."

There was such a look of pleasure and accomplishment about him that Joan could have slapped him.

She pulled herself to herself. "Now that you have managed to disrupt the household for the entire day," she said, "would you mind excusing me? I'm very tired and I have some things to do."

"Not at all, not at all," he said, still grinning. "Though I'm disappointed,

I thought maybe you'd like to go out for a hamburger with me. I'm starved."

He looked it. He looked like a man who could do with a steak.

"To the diner, of course," Joan said. "Of course," he grinned.

"Oh go away," she said crossly, petulantly. "Go away and let me rest."

He walked to the door. He said, "I'll never be able to thank you enough." He paused. "You are very beautiful, Joan Ellison," he said, not looking at her. "You've handed me a star today."

Joan didn't look at him, either. She waited for the sound of the front door. When it came, she ran to the window. Her heart thudding, shame all through her, she pushed aside a fragment of drapery. Outdoors there was purple through the trees and across the front drive, a luminous sort of hushed color that molded and melted around the tall male figure, running, running down the drive toward the huge red truck parked at the corner. Running like a kid.

She peered closer, waiting for the final glimpse of the flying heels. She watched him near the truck, saw the truck door open, saw a rounded figure jump from the high running board and race toward him. She saw him grab the girl around the waist and lift her high in the air in exultation, and in her mind she could picture the curly hair, the bright inquisitive eyes, the shared smile, on Maisie's pert face.

She dropped the curtain abruptly. All around her she heard the soft cultured voice of John saying, "I know she's cheap, but she has exactly what I want and need."

In the days that followed Joan told herself that it was almost as if nothing had happened.

There was a morning, finally, when Mr. Leechmont called her and asked her to sign some papers. Joan sat once again in the hot mahogany-paneled office, and tried to make sense of the fine print of the contract.

"It's all in order," Mr. Leechmont said. "Nothing to worry you, Miss Ellison." He sighed. "Don't think I don't understand what a wrench this must be. Ellisons been clinging to their property around here for generations."

Joan picked up the pen. "Your sympathy is very generous," she said coolly. "But we'll make out all right."

Leechmont slid a cheque toward her. He looked embarrassed. "Miss Ellison," he said hesitantly, "do you type?"

Joan thought of the quiet rooms of the museum, of the brisk businesslike sound of the typing keys under her fingers. "Some," she admitted. "Why?"

"I wouldn't want you to take offense," he went on slowly, "you know, take it in the spirit it's meant. But when that's gone—where will you find a buyer for

another piece of land to live off?"

Joan stared at the rosy little man and remembered Evan's words. "Me, I'll save my money and live in my house and build others, and people will come here to live—"

She said, "I don't think it will be too difficult," and realized the depth of her faith in the truck driver.

Leechmont stood beside her. "We could use another girl—another young lady—here at the bank," he said shortly. "Doesn't pay much, but it would be steady—and it would keep you busy."

He studied her face. Joan couldn't tell what he read from it. She only knew that it took all of her control to keep it from showing the sudden fear that lifted in her. She was ten years old again and all the people of the town were strangers who didn't like her.

Mr. Leechmont said, soothingly and kindly, "No hurry. You think it over. Talk it over maybe, with your Uncle Jasper."

She nodded. "Thank you," she said, and knew that her flight from the place was revealing and undignified.

But aside from that morning, the weeks passed and nothing happened. The lower acre stayed untouched. Snow came and covered the ring of trees with white eiderdown puffs. Joan walked down there sometimes. After awhile she could almost see Evan's house, there in the middle, its wide flat fireplace sending up a grey feather of smoke, its glass windows hoarding the winter sunshine.

One day a letter came, addressed to Uncle Jasper. He read it through at breakfast time, opening it slowly, savoring its rarity. Then he handed it across to Joan.

"Dear Mr. Ellison, I want to thank you for what I know was a personal sacrifice. I'm working day and night, trying to get money ahead and I figure along about the first of March I'll be able to sell my truck and start the foundations.

"I want to ask you a favor and if it's no go please feel free to say so. I'd like to change my mind and make your house my headquarters until I'm settled in. I'd try not to trouble Miss Ellison. I'd eat out, tell her. But it would mean a great deal to me just to be there."

Joan held the sheet before her and saw her hand move in slight rhythm, as Uncle Jasper's did.

Because of it she said sharply, "It's out of the question, of course. A man like that, clumping around—upsetting your painting—"

Uncle Jasper looked at her and for once there was nothing either cool or shy in his glance. "I can't hear a thing up there," he said. "After all, I practically invited him," he said. He paused. "And we need the money," he finished flatly.

Joan looked at him then and felt her eyes grow questioning. "We really do?" she asked. "It's not just the loan?"

Uncle Jasper said, "Girl, we're what the slangy people say, flat broke." He shivered.

Joan got up and hurried around to him. Poor old darling, she thought, worrying away up there in his attic, knowing it was all gone and not trusting me.

She said, "Flat broke no more, Uncle Jasper. I've got a job."

Once she had said it only the light on his face kept her from retracting it wildly. A job. To get up every morning

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and walk downtown, with the townspeople peering from their windows and talking about how the high and mighty have fallen. To face strangers and take orders and try not to make mistakes on clean white paper.

Uncle Jasper didn't even doubt her though, didn't even ask her what kind of job. He snatched her hand with his old one.

He said, "Girl, girl, if you knew what it means." He bent his head so that Joan saw the thin spot in the white soft hair, and watched the thin shoulders shake.

For a strange, brief and somehow wonderful moment, the first in her life, she forgot herself completely. She forgot her own timidity, in her understanding of a greater hesitancy. She was Uncle Jasper for that moment, and knew, like the bite of a knife against her flesh, the regrets that pursued him. For a clear-cut time she thought, It's up to me to face it or I'll be like Uncle Jasper when I'm old.

The mood held her through the period of dressing in her fresh white blouse, her old suit, her best shoes. She brushed her long blond hair and put a little lipstick on her mouth. She wrapped her tweed coat around her, and knowing the old car wouldn't make it, stepped out down the drive.

She rounded the last curve to the street with all courage gone though, melted behind her as the winter snow was melting. For a second she stood still, her face lifted, and took a deep breath. Then she swung toward town and bumped abruptly into a tall figure.

Two hands reached out to steady her, and before she looked, before she spoke, she knew who it was.

"I was just coming to see you," Evan said.

He looked a little thinner and quite tired, but his dark eyes were alive with greeting and the excitement he seemed able to generate. Joan shrugged her shoulders and he let her go.

"I'm sorry," she said, surprised to hear her voice come out pure and quiet. "But I have an appointment downtown."

Evan said, "Let me take you. We can talk on the way." He paused and studied her face. "Unless you object to riding in a truck." He waited.

Joan looked at the truck, then back to him. "Thank you," she said.

He grinned and took her arm. "Score one," he cried.

It was a high step and a high seat. From it Joan could see the length of Villamont, as far as the crossroads lights. "You have quite a view," she remarked.

Evan didn't start the motor. He sat quietly with his hand on the great wheel. "Miss Ellison," he said at last, "I came to renege on my letter. I got to thinking after I sent it. It wouldn't be right. It could only make things tougher. I couldn't accomplish anything." He swallowed. "Nothing can accomplish anything and the sooner I realize that, the better."

Joan stared straight ahead, too, a lump climbing into her throat. "You mean, you're not going to build—"

He shook his head. "I'm going to build, all right," he said slowly. "This has nothing to do with houses. It's just better if I stay in town."

Joan found herself talking. She said, "I'm on my way down to see about a job." Even to herself she sounded

rattled. "I'm going to try to get a job in the bank. Clerical work. Do you think I'll be any good at it?" She waited this time. She waited quite awhile.

"Let me get this straight," Evan said. "You are going out of your house? You're going to mingle with the low-brows and make a living?"

Anger melted the lump instantly. "Did I ever say they were lowbrows?" Joan cried furiously. "Did I ever give you to understand that I am a snob? Just because we like quietness and privacy and—and living with ourselves—"

From the glare she shot at him she could see admiration in his eyes. "Score two, score three," he cried exultantly. "Look at her steam, will you? Look at her going to work like a big brave girl. Swimming out of the stagnant pool — being friends with us outsiders —"

"I said nothing about friendship," Joan went on wildly. "It's nothing to me whether you room here or in Timbuctoo. But I will not have you condescending to us as if we were — were bloodless paper dolls—" She was stopped by her own fury and the choking tears in her throat.

Evan's voice was very gentle. His hands on hers were gentle, too. "You're not bloodless," he said softly. "Joan, Joan."

She snatched her hands away. "And if you don't mind, I prefer to walk to town." She pushed one foot toward the high running board. "I remember now, this seat is reserved for a—a—dame named Maisie."

She jumped angrily to the ground. Her ankle turned and she went down, ignominiously, on the melting pavement.

Evan's arms were around her, his hands were lifting her up against him, he was pushing her head against his shoulder. He was saying, over and over, "Did you hurt yourself, Joan? Did you hurt yourself?"

She stayed there, warm and sheltered for a moment. Then she pulled herself away and tested her foot. "I'm quite all right, thank you," she said brusquely. "And I'll also thank you to let me go about my business."

She swung away from him.

"All right," he said behind her. "This time I will. I certainly will. I told you it would accomplish nothing."

She paced down the street. Her emotions were so riotous, so confused, that she had gone two blocks before she realized that her ankle was swelling and that every step hurt. It felt good, in a strange way, and she kept going, savoring the small steady throbbing.

Mr. Leechmont said, "Well, Miss Ellison, tell you the truth, I did hire a girl when you didn't come to me. But she didn't work out. Mind on men all the time."

Joan tried to smile. "I can promise you there will be no similar difficulty with me."

Mr. Leechmont smiled back. "That I know," he said. "For sure."

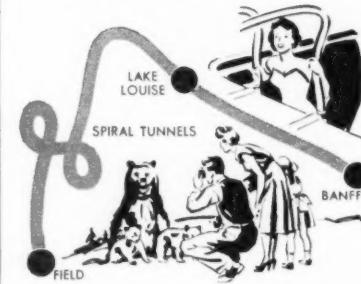
Probably the whole town knew about John, and her period of mourning for her lost love. The village grapevine. For a moment it swelled in her, the fear she had known there at the end of the drive before she met Evan. Then she thought stinging, Evan. The fear went away.

Mr. Leechmont escorted her to the door. He looked around him proudly, as if he had made a personal conquest.

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As he had, Joan thought, standing at the crossroads, waiting for the light to change. An Ellison, clerking in the bank, well, well.

She didn't know that she was going to turn into the diner until it was an accomplished fact. Like that other time, steam greeted her, and a good clean odor, compounded of soap and hot water. She didn't look toward the counter. She sat down in one of the booths and stared out at the slushy street.

"I'm scared, Evan," she had wanted to cry, back there that moment when he held her. "I'm scared of Villamont and the people in it, and knowing that there is no money now except what I can earn, or for the land you'll buy."

She had wanted to say it so much that she almost had, and that fact was a thing she had to look at and try to comprehend. Just as she had to try to understand what she was doing here, in the middle of the morning, her heart going thick and fast, waiting for Maisie to move around the counter to the booth where she sat.

And if I had said it to him, she asked herself, what good would it have done? It takes only a girl like Maisie, she thought clearly, a lift of her soft shoulder, a promise in her eye, and a man like John, a man like Evan, any man... She turned reluctantly away, impelled, to face the bar as the swinging door from the kitchen opened and Maisie came out.

Maisie's bright pretty mouth made an oh. So did her pretty eyes. She moved gracefully, every curve co-ordinated, just as Joan had visualized, around the end of the counter and across the narrow floor.

"Coffee?" she asked.

Joan nodded.

She watched Maisie's trim body as the girl moved away from her, reached for two cups, sputtered them full of amber liquid, and walked, carefully this time, back to her.

"Do you mind if I take a load off my feet, too?" Maisie said, setting the cups down. She didn't quite look at Joan.

Joan shook her head. She stared down at the brimming cup.

"I twisted my ankle," she said in excuse. "It hurt. I wanted to rest before I walked back home—"

Maisie's face turned concerned. "Gee," she sympathized, "that's too bad. Could I get you a pan of hot water, nobody comes in this time of day. It's when I sit a little and have my second breakfast—"

Joan said, "It's quite all right, thank you. I just want to rest it."

"Sure," Maisie said, "Sure. Go ahead." She spooned sugar lavishly into the thick cup and added cream. She sighed. Then she said, abruptly, "I spoke out of turn, Miss Ellison. That other time, you know? Here you were looking for Evan to sell him the land and me, I almost bollixed the whole thing."

"That's all right," Joan said.

Maisie denied it. "It isn't," she said earnestly. "Only me, I think the sun rises and sets in Evan Winger—"

I know you do, Joan thought irritably. You don't have to rub it in.

"Me," Maisie went on, leaning forward, "I've had it tough. There aren't many men like Evan. He's such a kid,

so excited about everything." She sighed again. "And such a man."

The feel of Evan's strong arms lifting her up, holding her tight, swept overwhelmingly over Joan. She raised the coffee cup quickly to her lips, and ignored the near scald of the liquid.

Through her confusion Maisie's light voice went on. "That house he's going to build—it'll be a lucky girl gets to share it with him. Having Evan Winger love you would be a fine lifetime thing."

Joan felt Maisie's eyes on her, suddenly shrewd and considering. She lifted her chin and faced them.

"You don't know what I'm talking about, do you?" Maisie asked. "You don't get the drift. You sit there and you're not there." She shook her head. "It's a funny feeling, like Evan said."

Joan slid quickly from the booth. She stood up, feeling tall above the lifted face. That, she thought, reaching into her purse for a dime, is quite enough, thank you. The picture of Evan, high on a stool, leaning on his elbows, chewing on a piece of sticky-looking pie that sat in the round glass container, discussing her with Maisie, with other truckers listening happily, was not only enough. It was too much.

She slapped the dime down on the table. "I must go," she said. She opened the door.

Maisie, behind her, cried, "Well, for Pete's sakes." She hurried to the door. "I said something wrong again," she said directly to Joan. "It's hard not to do something wrong with a girl like you. You're prickly. Like a porcupine. All I wanted to do was say thank you for Evan, I'm sorry for myself—and good luck on the new job."

"So you know about that, too," Joan said coolly. "News certainly travels fast."

"Evan was in not ten minutes ago," Maisie said reasonably. "He told me." She smiled. Joan supposed it was a good smile. "So did Mr. Leechmont. He always comes in for morning coffee."

Joan said, "I see." It didn't seem to be enough. She added, "I would consider it a favor if from now on you and Mr. Winger would concentrate on whatever it is that exists between you, and omit me from your conversation."

She stepped out of the door. Before she could get it shut—with a thud, she thought, with an ungracious thud—Maisie's final sentence reached out to her.

If she wasn't mistaken Maisie had said, "The hell with you." If she had heard right, Maisie had also said, "Poor Evan." She couldn't be sure.

What she could be sure of was that if she stepped out firmly, ignoring her ankle, and walked straight ahead for four blocks, she would come to the path up the trees, she would come to the wide, thick old door, she would open it and she would shut it behind her and the house would enfold her.

She thought, If only it had worked out for John and me. She yearned, as she hadn't in a long time now, for the way John talked, the way he thought, which was a pattern she understood and which didn't confuse her. Never, never made her feel the way she did now, the way Maisie and Evan Winger and even Mr. Leechmont made her feel. As if she were guilty of some mean thing.

She opened the front door and John rose to face her.

Continued on page 94

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YOUNG PARENTS



WHY CHILDREN TELL LIES

They all do it—at different ages and for various reasons. To stop the habit you should first find the cause

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D.
Director Child Health Clinic

It is quite a shock when your child tells you his first deliberate lie. Your first impulse is to do something drastic about it, because the thought of having an untruthful child is very distressing.

But although we all prize truthfulness, we must admit that occasionally all of us withhold the truth or even pervert it in order to live agreeably with our families and our associates. This makes the training of our youngsters more difficult.

It helps, however, to realize that although all children tell some lies, most of them grow up to be honorable citizens. Also, it has been found that stern measures are not as effective in curbing this tendency as those designed to relieve the trouble underlying it.

Why, then, do children tell lies?

A child under six often mixes up actual events with ones that he has imagined, without any intention of deceiving you. As you know, his imagination is very active and he loves to play pretend. When he tells you one of these "tall" stories, your cue is to listen politely and then say "That was a good story, but it was just make-believe, wasn't it?" Pretending

to believe it or even worse, adding to the story on your part, delays his developing the ability to discriminate between fact and fiction. True stories about animals and people, and teaching him to watch actual events happening about him, also help him in this direction.

A small child, too, has little idea of amounts and time; long and short, few and many and similar measures don't mean much to him. So his descriptions are often highly inaccurate but not purposely so. He doesn't thoroughly comprehend the meaning of truthfulness until he is six or seven years old.

Plenty of parents color events in the telling to make them more interesting and amusing. If you exaggerate, you should certainly expect your children to follow suit. They soon realize that you sometimes say things that are not quite true and they naturally assume that the same privilege should be extended to them. Also they have to be older before they can recognize whether someone is lying in jest or lying seriously—they are quite literal-minded and so such joking may have unforeseen results.

Some youngsters boast and brag to impress their playmates, teachers and

even their parents. This is especially unfortunate if their friends find them out and tease them as a result. Bragging means that the child feels unable to compete with his fellows. Such a child needs intelligent and active support or "building up." Anything that you can do to make him more skillful and confident will help him get over this habit. This may take quite a bit of time and thought on your part but it will mean a great deal to your youngster. Encourage him to improve his skill along some line in which he is already interested and for which he seems to have some aptitude. Above all, don't be too critical of him.

Some children tell lies to attract attention to themselves, either by what they have said in the lie or merely by the fact that they did lie. Such bids for attention mean that the child feels neglected for some reason. Try to find out why this is so. Sometimes children tell lies to gain praise. If they can't do well enough at school to win your approval, they make up stories about their successes. Could it be that you are demanding more from them than they are capable of achieving? If a child learns to do his work as well as he can and to enjoy doing it, apart from the praise, he has grown up a lot.

A child may find it difficult to get along with another youngster, sometimes one of his own brothers and sisters. He may refuse to do what his brother asks him to do and invent untruthful excuses for acting that way. He may even lie just to provoke him. Here the best help is to try to find out why they are at odds. Are they both getting the same deal from you? Often it is hard to see that you are favoring one child unduly and jealousy is a common cause of bad feeling between children.

Occasionally youngsters feel they have been unfairly treated by their parents or that they are not a welcome part of the family and they tell lies to annoy their mothers and fathers. Too much parental bossing and managing may also encourage them to lie. One of the most difficult things we parents have to learn is to allow our children to do more on their own and to gradually assume responsibility for their own behavior.

Defensive Lies

These are the commonest lies—the ones the child tells to escape punishment or correction. A help here is to have as few rules as possible. If the child has certainly broken a rule, punish him in some suitable way, avoiding force whenever possible. If you are sure he is to blame, don't ask him if he did it, because that tempts him to lie. In fact he may pile lie upon lie in his efforts to shield himself. If you are not sure he was responsible, give him the benefit of the doubt and don't punish him. Some people try to extract promises from small children that they will do, or not do certain things. Often the child doesn't know what a promise is—he may not even really understand what he is not to do. Consequently he should not be held responsible for his errors. The story of little black Samson is a case in point. His mother said, "Be careful how you step in dem pies," when she put a batch of blueberry pies out on the back porch to cool. When an hour or so later she went out to bring them in,

she found Samson's little footprint carefully planted in the centre of each pie!

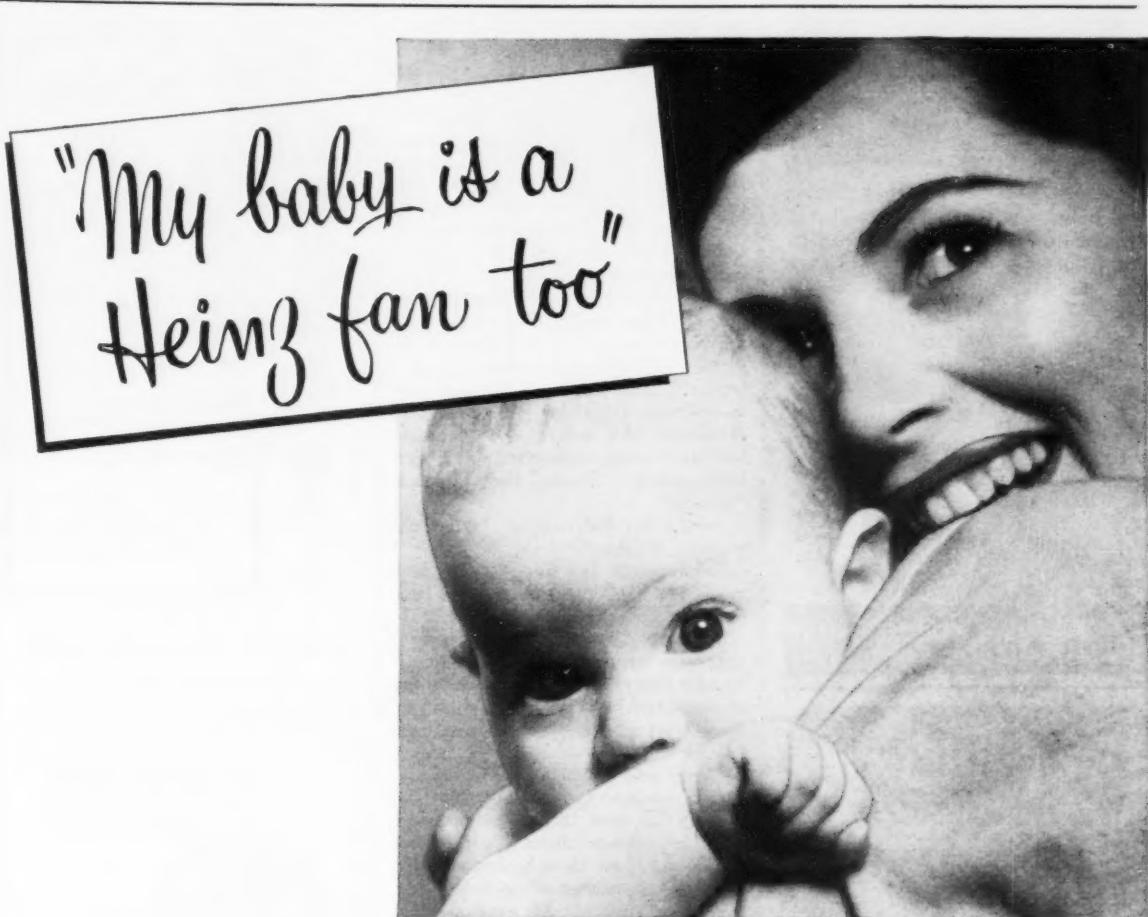
A child is more apt to lie to defend himself if your punishments have been unduly severe or if he is unusually timid. Easing up on the punishments and explaining to him that lying is a cowardly way of meeting his troubles are wise moves. Children don't like cowards and tattlers and don't want to be classed as such. Of course you should be as honest as possible in dealing with your child and you should not doubt

his word. If you trust him, he will nearly always live up to it. One little boy who was asked what a lie was, said, "A lie is an abomination unto the Lord and an ever-ready help in time of trouble." He certainly got his texts mixed but he knew what a defensive lie was, all right.

In this case the youngster lies for no reason that his family can find out. This type of lying does not usually start until later childhood or adolescence and it may persist for years. It is fortunately

rare. It has a basic cause which can be discovered by trained psychiatrists or psychologists and in certain cases it can be corrected.

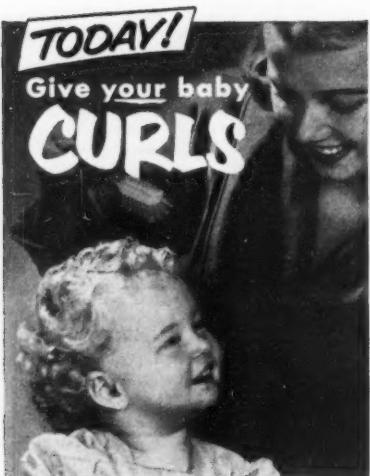
To sum up, in most cases you can find out why your child is lying and you can help him to get over this habit. If you don't seem to be able to do this and if your youngster lies frequently, you would be very wise to seek expert help from a qualified psychologist or psychiatrist on this and the other problems connected with his training. *



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Continued from page 91

Somewhat it didn't seem strange. It was so familiar, the way he unwound from the deep chair beside the fire, that she knew she had been waiting for it. Lying before the fire those days and lying quietly in bed those nights, she had dreamed that John would come back to her, penitent and abashed, but loving her again.

She said, surprising herself, "Well, well, this is certainly quite a day."

John's fine mouth was turned up in a tentative smile. His eyes, so much like hers, were tentative, too. "Joan," he said richly, "my dear."

Joan asked briskly, "Have you had lunch?"

He raised that eyebrow. "Lunch?" he asked, as if it were a foreign language.

"Lunch," Joan repeated. "Centre of the day meal. Full of vitamins and calories to stoke the human engine."

John stared as if she had turned crazy. I sound it, she thought. She shook her head in answer to his look.

"Quite sane," she said calmly, "just hungry. Come along, I'll let you help."

Something smelled very good in the kitchen. There was a pot on the back burner. Joan lifted the lid and bent toward the appetizing conglomeration of carrots and onions and pieces of beef that were simmering in a rich brown gravy. "Pixies," she whispered. "Ghosts."

Behind her John asked, "What did you say, my dear?"

She swung to face him. "I said, how would you like a great big plate of Irish stew?"

John came swiftly toward her with that easy aristocratic grace. "Joan," he said softly, "I have so much to say to you. And I can't say it in a kitchen. I can't say it over—what is that mess—Irish stew."

"Why not?" Joan found herself asking. "You have to have moonlight and stars? You have to have an open fire and Hepplewhite chairs?" It rubbed off on me, she thought astoundedly. Maisie's talk rubbed off on me.

John reached out his arms and put them around her. Joan stood very still, waiting. Now we'll see, something inside of her whispered.

"My dear," John said soberly, "I have been a complete and utter fool."

I agree with that, Joan thought. "Who hasn't?" the something added.

"It is never wise to step out of your class," John said. "It is a mistake men like me sometimes make. Intrigued by—" he hesitated and a delicate sort of blush tinted his lean cheeks—"physical characteristics," he finished sturdily.

"Did you marry the girl?" Joan asked.

He loosened his arms a little and stared out over her head. "I must be truthful," he said slowly. "My—insanity—extended even to a proposal of marriage. But in the end—" he took his arms completely away—"she wouldn't have me," he finished.

Joan could feel the tag end of his anger, the little flick of hurt vanity that still lived with him, as it did with her. Or had, until she walked into the room and saw him there.

John thrust his arms out again. He pulled her to him. He held her tightly and put his mouth against hers. Joan tried to concentrate. Maybe that girl didn't learn anything from John, but he had certainly learned something from her.

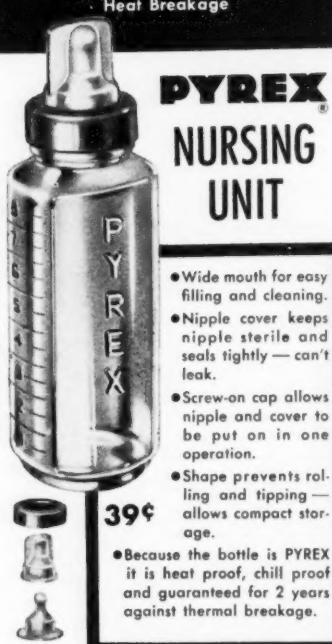
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A voice from the doorway said, "Oh, excuse me. I came to check my stew."

John let Joan go, suddenly, nervously. Joan put one hand to her mouth and stared at the doorway.

Evan stood there, looking very large. Under his arm was a flat board, and peeking out from behind him was Uncle Jasper, also laden with a similar board.

"So, it's your stew?" Joan asked. Nice, how steady her voice was.

Evan said, "Yes." He said, "I started to go, after you fell—"

Uncle Jasper's thin voice picked up the story, "And I saw him from the attic. I hurried down and stopped him."

"Why?" Joan asked. "Oh," she added politely, "Mr. Ellison, may I present Mr. Winger."

The men bowed formally.

Evan said, "You made it pretty clear this time, Miss Ellison."

"Made what clear?" John asked. He reached out an arm and put it possessively around Joan's waist.

Uncle Jasper answered her. "Because we need the money," he said. "And if you can get the courage to take a job in town, I can at least"—he searched for a word—"snag a boarder." He smiled. "Especially a boarder who can cook."

Evan said, "He really seemed to want me. So I went downtown—"

"And talked it over with Maisie," Joan put in.

"I'm slightly confused," John said. "Just who is this man, Joan?"

"Mr. Winger," Joan explained, "has bought the corner acre. He is going to build a modern house there, and a gas station especially for trucks." She looked up at John's face. It was horrified.

"Why didn't you tell me?" he asked. "Why didn't you let me know so that I could have helped—could have kept the land in the family. If you needed money—"

Joan said gently, "That girl. Remember?"

Evan took a deep breath and stepped into the room.

"If you'll excuse me," he said, "I'll just stir the stew so it doesn't stick and—" he took another deep breath—"get out of this stagnant mixed-up atmosphere where everything and everybody has been dead and gone for the past hundred years. Zombie house, propped up by false pride."

He sounded very angry and as if, now started, he couldn't stop. He swung to the stove and stirred the stew furiously, his eyes avoiding Joan's, fastened tight on Uncle Jasper. "It won't spoil our deal," he said evenly. "I'll go through with that. But I won't build on any sacred Ellison land, you can bet your so-called life on that. When Miss Ellison marries this first cousin or whatever he is, she can buy back the land from me. I'll sell it at a loss. Just to unload it."

Joan watched him very carefully. It seemed immensely important that she should study his white tense face, the way his lips folded tight, the fury in his voice and clenched stirring hands, discover why he was so angry.

She repeated John's earlier question. "What did I make clear, Evan?" she asked, and didn't realize she had used his first name until she heard it.

He stopped stirring. This time he looked right at her. "Clear that there was no room in your narrow golden

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circle for a truck driver," he said. She held her breath. "Now just a minute," she said softly. "Just a minute."

John's arm tightened. "Let's get out of this wrangle, my dear," he said. "The man is trying to bulldoze you. He has insulted us all. We'll let that go, considering the source. But as he obviously wants to leave"—John turned toward Evan—"if you will just step into the living room," he said, "I'll write you a cheque for my fiancée that will pay you off."

He sounds as if he were dismissing a servant, Joan thought, and swung her glance upward to John. Oh, he was graceful and charming, and breeding showed in every line of his bones.

Uncle Jasper took one uneasy step into the room. "Fiancée?" he asked.

Evan's eyes were waiting for Joan's. She turned them again to him.

Uncle Jasper's mild face looked stormy. He clutched the board and squared his shoulders. "I have something to say about that," he said. "This girl came home like a—like a wounded dove, last year. Your doing," he tossed out to John decisively. "Took her months to get over it and here you are again. Just in time to ruin a good thing." He looked as if he wanted to swallow the end of his last sentence.

John asked politely, "What good thing, sir?"

"Never mind, never mind," Uncle Jasper said sharply.

Joan couldn't look at Evan any longer. Not with John's arm around her. She stepped out and away. She clenched her own fist and faced him.

"What narrow golden circle?" she asked.

Evan repeated, in the sudden hush that came upon Uncle Jasper and John, "Never mind, never mind." He sounded tired and discouraged. "I thought you would see it. But of course, you don't. You can't, poor kid. You can't see beyond your front door."

Joan stood very still and let remembered words whirl around her.

Aunt Mandelon's, "For them, too, strange gestures and shyness and fears." Mr. Leechmont's, "My dear Miss Ellison, this is not a hundred years ago." Maisie's, "She's gotta make him feel cheap, with his saved money in his hands." And Evan's, "I have such plans—where there's life—you've handed me a star." And more recently? She reached for the phrase. It wasn't hard to find. It must have been sitting right there waiting, all the time since this morning. "I couldn't accomplish anything. Nothing can accomplish anything and the sooner I realize that, the better." "Joan," he had murmured, holding her, "Joan."

The kitchen seemed hot and too still and swirling and waiting. A jigsaw puzzle she could put together if only she could think clearly. A great and intense eagerness filled her to hurry with it, to put the pieces into place before Evan walked out of the room, leaving behind him the fine rich odor of his solid virile Irish stew, his solid virile self.

When she came to Maisie's words again, she found the piece she was seeking. Maisie had said, "You don't know what I'm talking about, do you? Having Evan Winger love you would be a fine thing." Would be, she had said, not is.

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Joan snatched it. "Why," she asked clearly into the quiet, "would Maisie look at me and say, 'Poor Evan?'"

Evan's eyes slipped from her this time. It gave Joan a fine sensation in her chest, a lift, a victory, as if she held the cards and knew what to do with them.

Evan said, "I haven't the slightest idea." His mouth was stubborn.

She smoothed down her hair. She folded her hands before her. She reached for a breath, and stood as straight as she knew how. This was going to take everything she had, was going to deny everything she had been.

"Could it be that Maisie feels sorry for you because Maisie loves you?" —she lifted a hand against Evan's sudden head shake—"and Maisie knows that you are unfortunate enough to be in love with a narrow-minded, complex-studded, nasty little snob?" It took all of the pulled breath, as she had known it would, and left her feeling as if the whole of her, head to toe, were simply one great exposed beating heart.

Evan took two steps. They were enough. "You're not," he cried. "You're the most glorious—the most wonderful—the most beautiful—if I've made you think you're what you said—" He shook his head and Joan couldn't be sure, but his eyes looked more glistening than ever.

"She is," Uncle Jasper's shrill old voice sounded between them. "But she's young enough to change."

Evan leaned his head toward hers and his voice was very soft. "I don't want her to change," he said. "I love her just the way she is."

There. That was it. That was all of it and forever and Maisie and Mr. Leechmont and John and Uncle Jasper and the people in the houses all the way to town, and in the stores and on the streets, were hers, were one with her, were friends, to be spoken to first, and studied and known.

Reach first, she told herself, reach up and hold and cling and make the initial gesture. She did just that.

The board under Evan's arm hit the worn linoleum with a thud. But Joan Ellison didn't hear it. She was beyond hearing anything except the beat of Evan's heart which matched her own so perfectly in a wild excited rhythm. She was beyond seeing anything except the intensity of his eyes so near hers. She was beyond feeling anything except a swelling of happiness so great that she couldn't contain it and didn't care if it spilled, out of her eyes, her lips, her hands, her heart.

The world came back slowly. Joan looked first at John.

He stood quite still with the board Evan had dropped in his hands, examining it. She saw Uncle Jasper behind him, his face a mixture of worry, shyness and curiosity.

John's words floated to her above the look she turned to share with Evan. "But this is good," he said. "Good."

Uncle Jasper hopped toward him and extended the board he held. "Evan said it was. Evan said they'd sell. I've got hundreds of them and he said—"

Joan moved very slightly in Evan's arms. "Uncle Jasper," she said, "you never showed them to anyone. How did Evan—"

Uncle Jasper looked at her and there was a world of understanding in his gaze.

"He came looking for me," he said. "He just opened the door wide and walked in." He moved toward Joan. He put his hand on her hair. "Same as he did for you, girl," he said. "Just the same."

John's eyes were quiet and reflective. "If you don't mind, Uncle Jasper, I'll take these along with me. Joan," he added, "I wish you happiness."

Joan went to him. "John," she said, "stay for some stew."

He shook his head. "I don't seem to be very hungry."

Uncle Jasper offered, "Get the stew in you, boy. It's what you need."

John smiled wryly. "It would take more than stew." He grasped Joan's hands. "I wish I could have done what you did today," he said. He swung abruptly toward the kitchen door.

Evan spoke up, slowly, and contentment was a warm breath through his voice and humor and understanding were woven there, too. "On your way out of town, Mr. Ellison," he said, "there's a diner, corner of Twelfth. Best food you ever ate. Wonderful coffee. And there's a girl—Maisie her name is—give her a message for me, will you? Tell her everything worked out the way she said it would. And that it's wonderful." He stared down intensely at Joan.

"Give her a message for me, too," Joan put in. "Tell her I love her like a sister. Tell her I'll be down to see her with a dozen things to say. Tell her—I'm sorry and I hope she'll forgive me."

John said, "It seems like a lot. But I'm obligated to stop, of course, if you ask me to."

John was almost to the door before Joan got her first clear view of Uncle Jasper's canvases. She stared at them, astonishment riding her. "Oh, no," she cried. "Oh, no."

Uncle Jasper bristled. "Oh, yes," he said. "Oh, yes."

Even held lopsided by John, Joan could see that the canvases were trucks, no doubt about it. Whimsical, chubby, lampooned, friendly, rollicking trucks, in loud solid colors, and cubes and squares and triangles and bold symmetrical lines.

"Abstracts," she breathed.

It began to tickle in her stomach and she knew she couldn't help it. Something new it was and ripe and demanding. High-riding, rich, amused laughter lifted from her and filled the room.

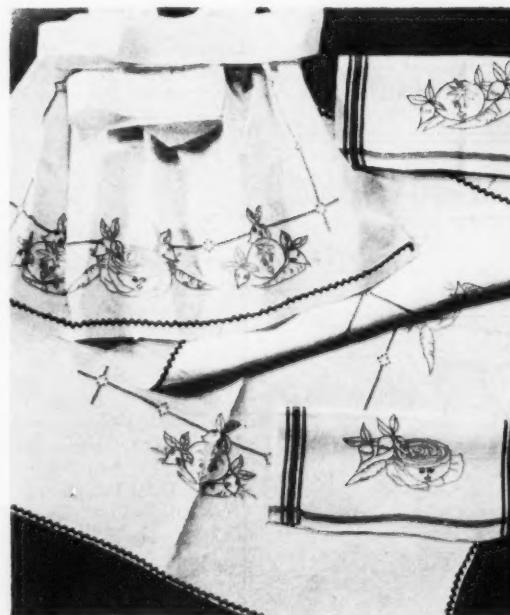
Evan's was the first to join it. "More modern than any of my house plans," he cried.

John cried, "In the ancient attic—"

"Of a hundred-year-old house," Joan gasped.

Uncle Jasper said nothing. The tears just rolled down his face and he looked as if such laughing hurt him. But he looked wonderful, too.

Joan watched him through the tears in her own eyes and she wanted to pull them all into the circle with her. No, no, she wanted to stretch the circle outward, round and full and generous, until it included the whole world. *



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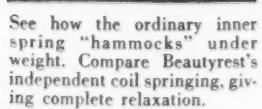
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